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and a girl
John Smith

THE
L I F E
OF
JOHN JEBB, D.D. F.R.S.

BISHOP OF LIMERICK, ARDFERT AND AGHADOE.

WITH
A SELECTION FROM HIS LETTERS.

BY
THE REV. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D.

PERPETUAL CURATE OF ASH NEXT SANDWICH, AND
ONE OF THE SIX PREACHERS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST, CANTERBURY:
FORMERLY DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO BISHOP JEBB.

Second Edition.

LONDON:
JAMES DUNCAN, 37. PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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'In all revolutions, as he had espoused principles constant to truth and duty, so he stood firm to his principles, as a wise and honest man; bearing up with his great abilities against the stream, while reason could be heard, and afterward retiring within himself, and wrapping himself in innocence and patience; more affected by the public sins and miseries than by his own suffering; always as cheerful as one that had the continual feast of a good conscience, and the happiness to learn, in what state soever he was, therewithal to be contented.'

*Character of Bishop Sanderson,
ap. Memorials of Eminent Persons.*

LONDON:

Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

TO

HIS GRACE

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

MY LORD,

It is with sentiments of gratitude and veneration, of which words would be wholly unexpressive, that I avail myself of your Grace's permission, to connect the name of Archbishop Howley with the memory of Bishop Jebb.

The Life of that eminent and lamented Prelate can be inscribed to no one now living, with equal propriety, as to your Grace ; since, to no one now living did he, in his earlier course as a theological writer, owe equal encouragement, or, to his latest days, acknowledge equal obligation.

The opinion expressed by your Grace, to whom he was then personally unknown, on his first published volume, gave him, what his humility of mind ren-

dered peculiarly needful, confidence in himself. And, when ‘Sacred Literature’ appeared, you were not only *the first* to give the sanction of your station and authority to that original work, and to pronounce the discovery, which it establishes, one likely to open a wide field to future commentators on Scripture; but you found time, amidst the arduous duties of the See of London, to accompany your favourable judgment by strictures, as valuable in themselves, as, to my own knowledge, they were gratifying and encouraging to the author.

When it pleased Providence to raise him to the highest office in the Church of Christ, Bishop Jebb continued, on every opportunity, to experience from your Grace the kindest attention, and the most cordial co-operation. And when it seemed good to unerring Wisdom to visit him with that great affliction, which withdrew from the public service of our united Church (if I may use your Grace’s words) ‘one of its brightest ornaments,’ you ministered to the last, every thing that human sympathy could minister, to cheer the hours of sickness, and to animate his latest efforts in the service of your common Master.

May I be permitted to add, that your kindness reached even beyond the grave, in that protection

and countenance so graciously extended to the Bishop's friend and fellow-labourer in the Gospel, which, by giving him a home in your Grace's own Diocese, and in a situation healthfully blending lettered leisure with active professional duties, has enabled him to execute, according to his limited ability, the faithful portraiture contained in this volume. And may I further be forgiven for owning, before I take leave, that, while engaged upon the Life of my departed Friend, I have been often, and irresistibly reminded of a gracious living Benefactor, . . . that I have seen a similarity of spirit, on which I could delight to dwell, did I not feel, with Dr. Jortin, in his classical inscription to a predecessor of your Grace, the seemliness of that custom of the ancients, . . . never to sacrifice to Heroes before sunset.

That the sun of your Grace's influence and example may long shine upon our Zion, is the earnest desire and prayer of,

My Lord,

Your Grace's most obliged, and most
dutiful humble Servant,

CHARLES FORSTER.

Ash Vicarage, Wingham,
Feb. 16. 1836.



In a conversation with * * * * *, I recollect my having been led to observe, that, while sectarianism of the Calvinistic kind has a tendency to vulgarise persons even in the higher walks, of life, Wesleyan Methodism, in its happier days, and best form, has frequently refined and elevated persons of the humblest condition. In confirmation of this latter remark, I repeated, so far as I could recollect, the letter of a poor pious woman, a sickly, but industrious lace-maker, addressed to Mr. John Wesley: he had advised her, from regard to her health, to give up working; and, doubtless, had offered to provide some other former of maintenance. The letter seemed to please * * * * ; and I have now great pleasure in sending a copy of it. The words are given, as they were dictated to me by a friend; they slightly differ from those of a printed Copy, which I afterwards saw, - but I can vouch for their substantial correctness.



"As to the not working, I cannot prevail with myself to agree to it, as I have not yet learned how long a woman can be idle and innocent. I also do not know when I have had happiness in my soul, than when I have been sitting at work. With nothing before me, but a candle and a white cloth, and hearing no sound, but that of my own breath; with God in my soul, and heaven in my eye, I think myself one of the happiest of human beings. I do not rejoice, because I have not a little skin-deep beauty, or because I am not a fine creature, set up to be gazed at: but I rejoice in being exactly what I am; a creature incapable of loving God, and who, as long as God lives, must be happy. I get up, and look for a while out of, the window; and gaze, for a while, at the moon and stars, the work of an Almighty hand. I think of the grandeur

of the Universe; and then sit down, and think myself one of
the happiest beings in it."

Differing as I do, on several important Subjects, from Dr.
Wesley, I cannot but admire and love him. The depth of
his piety, was equalled only by its clearness. His writings
abound, indeed, with enthusiastic passages; but he is always
elegant, and, for the most part, full of good Sense.

Specimens of Bishop Jebb's
first draft of Sacred Literature.

αὐτὸν τοὺς καρποὺς αὐτῶν επιγνωσοῦθε αὐτούς,
μή τι συλλεγούστη από ακανθῶν γαρδίνην;
η αὐτὸν κύβοις συκά;
δοτὼν τὸν δενδρὸν αγάθον, καρποὺς καλούς ποιεῖ.
το δέ σαπρὸν δενδρὸν, καρποὺς πονηρούς ποιεῖ.

οὐ δογαται δενδρὸν αρίθμον, καρπούς πονηρούς ποιεῖν
οὐδὲ δενδρὸν σαπρὸν, καρπούς καλούς ποιεῖν.
λαν δενδρὸν μη ποιούν καρπούς καλούς
επικολιε γατ, καὶ εἰς πορὰν δαλλεταιε'
αγαθε, οὐδὲ των καρπῶν αὐτῶν, επιγνωσοῦθε αὐτοὺς.

אָשֵׁר אֲדֹם צוּ-לִי בְּצַד
סְפִילִזֶת בְּלֶבֶב מִצְבָּרִי
בְּצַמְקָן הַבְּכָא מַצְעֵן וַשִּׁיחָתוֹה
צָה-בָּרְכִוָת יְצַחַת מִוָּרָה
לִכְבָּר מַחְיֵל אַל-חַיִּים
וְדָאָה אַל-אַלְחִים בְּצִוָּה :

Psalms LXXXIV. 5.

Blessed is the man, whose strength is in Thee ;
(The passengers in whose heart are the ways [to Zion]
[While] in the Valley of Baca make it a spring,
The rain also filleth the pools,
They go from Strength to Strength ;)
He shall appear before God in Zion.

Written with the left hand

Lemington, Jan. 5, 1831.

My dear Friend,

We were truly gratified by your letter, and seasonably dispatch: we have, indeed, frequently heard, on our hearts most wished, of yourself and Lady Inglis, of the Dowager and your sister. But, to have those good tidings confirmed, under your own hand, and at this peace-giving season, is matter of real thankfulness. You must, however, soon encounter the strife of tongues; but it is an insuperable blessing, that you have that within, which will shield and keep you from the proaching of all men: and, I trust, you will have it yet more and more!

Our lot is, indeed, cast in troublous times; and it is, perhaps, impulsive, not sometimes to feel alarmed, at the awful aspect of things. But still, I have an unswerving reliance on the goodness of Divine Providence. I have it in true, long-earred to have any confidence whatever in mere politicians, and probably, were I now called upon to act, I might feel considerably bowed, to take a different part, even from you. But, between you and me, there never can be any uncomfortable difference of opinion, — certainly no difference at all, of principle.

It is one of the most cheering consolations possible, especially intimes like the present. That there are some spirits, more, probably, than we think of, who are living for eternity. Such is, I believe my friend x x x x x to be: indeed, I have good reason to know it with certainty. And, with the exception of a very few private friends, he is the singly political mover, in whom I am disposed to place full confidence, whether in power or out of power. — But, I am deeply satisfied, that all human confidence is, at best, uncertain. I look therefore to the Rock of Ages, on whom I may, in the interim have trying difficulties to encounter: but we have the privilege and blessing, if we but employ it, of looking forward to the end. (And my firm belief is, that, if we confidently and religiously seek for them, we shall find, even in the present unsettled, and unsettling times, some 'glimpses', (as I think, Robert Hall terms them) of a better futurity.)

— We unite, in offering the best wishes of a happy and healthy season, for yourself, Lady Inglis, and the good inmates of Nhillion Bryan.

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,
Your most faithful
and affectionate friend,
John Dimerick.

Sir Robert Henry Inglis, Bart.,
M. A., &c.

LIFE
OF
BISHOP JEBB.

SECTION I.

IT was a remark made by the subject of the following memoir, that there is not, perhaps, an educated human being, who may not throw some light on his own character, and contribute somewhat to the philosophy of the human mind, by recalling and preserving minute and early features of his life and habits.

Upon this principle, in compliance with a suggestion of the present writer, he accordingly drew up, from memory, in October 1818, a short account of the early features of his own life, to the close of his fifteenth year : and, in March 1823, he resumed and continued this private autobiography, to the year 1810.

From these materials, and information incidentally communicated to the author, during a residence of many years under the same roof, are derived the particulars related in the first part of the ensuing narrative.

John Jebb, D.D., Bishop of Limerick, was born

on the 27th of September, 1775, in the city of Drogheda.

The family had been settled, towards the end of the seventeenth century, at Mansfield; and previously, for several generations, at Woodborough*, also in Nottinghamshire; where the names of many of its members are still preserved in the parish registers, from the commencement of the reign of Elizabeth; and where the family arms are said to have occupied a place in the principal window of the parish church, until it was destroyed, probably in the general wreck of painted windows during the great rebellion.

The Jebbs of Mansfield have been distinguished, as a literary family †; several anecdotes of them have been related by Mr. Nichols, in his *Literary Anecdotes*; short lives of some of them are given in the *Biographical Dictionary*; and a memoir of Dr. John Jebb, of Peter-house College, Cambridge, whom the Bishop characterizes, as his ‘very honest and able, but wrong-headed and heretical cousin,’ is prefixed to his miscellaneous works.

Samuel Jebb, the great grandfather of the Bishop, married, in 1689, Elizabeth, daughter of — Gil-liver, Esq., of Banefield in Yorkshire, and of Amelia De Witt ‡, a near relative of John De Witt, Grand

* In 1826, the Rev. Dr. Cursham, Vicar of Mansfield, was so kind as to make personal inquiry at Woodborough, after the Jebb family, once seated there. Upon mentioning his object to the Curate of Woodborough, who had served there for many years, the old man rose from his seat, went to his book-shelves, and taking down *SACRED LITERATURE*, expressed his delight at having it in his power to furnish any information respecting his family, to the author of a work, which had been to him a source of the highest instruction and enjoyment.

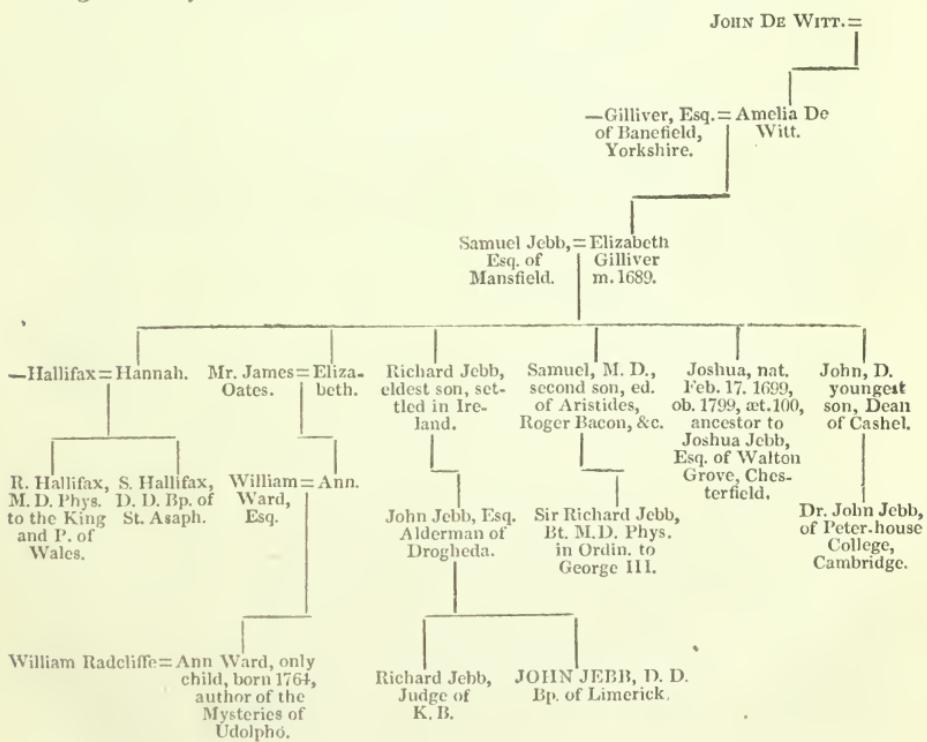
† ‘Few families have produced more persons, connected with the literary history of the last century, than the JEBBS.’ *Nichols, Literary Anecdotes of the 18th Century.*

‡ John De Witt, father of Amelia De Witt, and uncle, it is thought, to the Grand Pensionary, came over to England in the reign of Charles I., for the purpose of draining the Fens of Lincolnshire. In recompense for this national

Pensionary of Holland: a stock, from which his descendants would seem to have inherited, strength of character, independence of mind, love of freedom, and indomitable ardour in all their pursuits. ‘With strength, however,’ the Bishop adds, ‘weakness was sufficiently mingled: and prudence, in the ordinary sense of the term, was by no means their characteristic. Some of them were tolerably successful in the acquisition, but none proceeded to the accumulation, of the goods of fortune. They were apt to spend,

service, he had large parliamentary grants assigned him, out of the recovered lands; but these estates were lost to his only daughter and her descendants, or rather were never obtained possession of, in consequence of the disorders which prevailed during the civil wars. A medal, in silver, of John and Cornelius De Witt, now in possession of the Rev. John Jebb, is the only heir-loom of their descent remaining with the family.

The following genealogical table may illustrate Mr. Nichols’ remark, respecting the family of Jebb: —



with more rapidity than they acquired ; and many of them were liberal in the transactions, and almost profuse in the charities of life.'

By his marriage with Elizabeth Gilliver, Samuel Jebb had six sons, and three daughters. Richard, the eldest son, the Bishop's grandfather, went over to Ireland early in the last century ; and settled in Drogheda as a merchant. He is described as a man of strong sense, and sound principle ; of hasty temper, indeed, but good-natured and benevolent in an eminent degree. In the opinion of his nephew, the late Sir Richard Jebb, Bart., he was the best of the family ; and respect for his character, together with his seniority, determined Sir Richard to bequeath his fortune to Richard, the Bishop's elder brother, the grandson of this gentleman.

Richard Jebb died in 1767, leaving an only son, John, born about 1719, who married, 1. Priscilla Forbes, by whom he had no issue ; and 2. Alicia Forster. He died in 1796 : leaving, by his second wife, three daughters, and two sons. 1. Richard, second Justice of the Court of King's Bench in Ireland ; and 2. John, Bishop of Limerick, the subject of the present memoir.

The character of his father, as drawn by Bishop Jebb, will not fail to interest the reader. ' My father pursued trade ; ultimately with bad success. He was too honest, too simple-hearted, and too unsuspecting, for the people with whom he had to cope. He was a man of great simplicity and integrity of mind and heart ; and, though not prosperous in worldly affairs, he failed not to gain the esteem and affection of those among whom he lived. He filled the first civic offices in Drogheda ; and was there universally beloved and respected. About

two years after my birth, he removed from Drogheda, to Leixlip, in the county of Kildare, till, in the year 1789, he went to reside with my brother, in Dublin, and at Rosstrevor, in the county of Down, where he died. He was the most indulgent and affectionate of parents; and I have never known an individual, who appeared so entirely to possess, through a long life, the innocence of childhood. A little circumstance lately came to my knowledge, which afforded me deep gratification. One of my sisters, in the year 1815, was passing through Drogheda; she went to look at the house in which my father had lived; and seeing a very old man in the street, she inquired, . . ‘Who lives in that house?’ The man informed her. ‘Do you recollect who lived there formerly?’ ‘Yes,’ quickly and emphatically answered the old man, ‘the best man that Drogheda ever saw lived there, . . Alderman Jebb.’ My sister, I must observe, was quite unknown in Drogheda. If it be weakness, I trust it is an excusable weakness, to feel complacency in this testimony of a ‘smutched artificer,’ to the good name of my father; so long after his death; and nearly forty years after his benefactions had ceased to that place, where, it seems, his memory is still cherished.’

In 1777, the period of his father’s commercial misfortunes, John, then an infant of two years of age, was taken from Drogheda, into the family of his aunt, Mrs. Mary McCormick. His debt of gratitude to this parental relative, and to her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Sotheby, sank deep into his heart; and he thus affectionately commemorates it and them, at the distance of above forty years. ‘My aunt McCormick, the widowed sister of my father, a woman of many sorrows, resided at Rosstrevor. She

taught me to read ; and, I may add, to think ; instilling into me early, to the best of her skill, the principles of christianity. My religious instruction began very early ; and, so far back as memory can reach, I can recall the good old usage of hearing read, each morning after breakfast, the psalms and chapters for the day. On sundays, I was catechized : and I have still the faint impression on my mind, that sunday was to me a day of enjoyment. During the five years that I remained under her care, this excellent woman watched over me, with the tenderness of a parent : to her instructions, and to those of her sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Sotheby, also a widow, I was indebted for the first principles of education, and the first rudiments of religion. They were both valuable relations : to me, I may say, invaluable. Mrs. M^cCormick had a natural vein of sprightliness and vivacity ; which, however, was overcast, at least so far as my memory extends, by a deep tinge of melancholy. She had lost several children by the small-pox ; some of whom took that disorder by infection, others received it by inoculation ; and, in both instances, she was too apt to lay the blame of the fatal catastrophe upon her own mismanagement ; nor, till the day of her death, could she forgive herself, for these imaginary crimes.'

‘ My aunt Sotheby possessed a stronger mind ; indeed, in many respects, the strongest female mind I ever knew. She had married into a most respectable family in the county of Louth ; but her husband dying without issue, the estate passed to a distant branch, and she was reduced to a very moderate jointure. With this small income, she always maintained the appearance and habits of a gentlewoman ; always had money in her pocket ; and was always

doing kind and generous things. Her purse, her heart, and her mind, were ever open to her friends. Her time was divided between my father's family, and that of the M^cCormicks ; to both of which she was the most ready and discreet adviser ; nor do I believe that, in a single instance, her advice was any other than the soundest, and most long-sighted. Had it been uniformly followed, it is impossible to conjecture the extent of inconvenience that might have been avoided, and of advantage that might have been secured... How deeply I am indebted, and in the most important ways, to those two good, and most affectionate instructresses, I shall not know in this world ; but sure I am, that the child of such cares has much to answer for.'

At this period of early childhood, the character and dispositions (to judge by his description of his grandfather, in good measure hereditary) were already apparent, which belonged to him in after life : constitutional warmth of temper, counteracted and softened by the workings of an affectionate heart ; a strong sense of justice, and love of truth, united with great gentleness and docility ; .. were the qualities for which, from infancy, he was most remarked in his family.

In a letter to the present writer, Judge Jebb, who was nearly ten years the Bishop's senior, thus conveys his recollections of his brother, as a child. 'The impression made on me was, that of a gentle, affectionate child, somewhat hasty in temper, but not bold : quiet, and fond of reading ; but, at the same time, lively, and loving play. I think, though he was not backward in learning, he was not remarkably quick, certainly not precocious. We were always very fond of each other. I perfectly remember our

cousins, at Rosstrevor, treating my brother, as I thought, ill-naturedly, for something that annoyed them ; old Jack Henry (mentioned in the Bishop's notice*) taking his part with warmth, and reproachfully, as my father had been kind to them ; and my taking my brother into the wood, and fondling him there ; that Jack Henry's words sunk into my heart, made me love the old man still better, and gave me the first strong impression of the duty of gratitude, and very probably, also, a notion of being my brother's protector.'

How little do we understand the economy of providential instrumentality. It is an instructive fact, that, to the attachment of this humble dependent, may be traced the whole shape and colour of Bishop Jebb's after life : since from him the 'good and generous brother,' to whom, to use the Bishop's own words, quoted afterwards more fully, 'he owed his education, his rank in society, and himself,' appears to have first incidentally received the impulse, which taught that brother, ever after, to feel and act towards him as a parent... If, as may be inferred from Saint Matthew, xxvi. 13., the transmission of a good remembrance to after times, forms a legitimate part of the recompense of our right actions here, then, *old Jack Henry* has not lost his reward.

Another point of character, of equally early growth, was the love of method and order ; . . . a degree of exactness and regularity, so unusual in a child, as to be observed even by strangers, and to fix upon him, among the friends of the family, the epithet of 'methodical.' The epithet was most characteristic. So

* 'I listened, with all the avidity of childhood, to the tales, which an old dependent in my aunt's family, by name Jack Henry, used to pour forth without number, as I sat upon his knee.' . . . B.P. JEBB, *MS. Notes*.

predominant in his nature was the love of order and method, that, to the close of life, the least departure from concinnity, . . . a book out of its place, a letter laid negligently upon the table, or the slightest unevenness or irregularity in the disposition of a piece of furniture, offended his eye, and caused him uneasiness, and he would turn from his most interesting studies to correct it. In this point, as he used himself to remark, there was a striking similarity, between him and the celebrated George Whitefield. One passage in Jay's Life of Cornelius Winter (a book of which Mr. Jebb was very fond) describing Mr. Whitefield's love of neatness, he turned to with congenial interest; observing, that it contained an accurate description of himself. 'Whether only by himself, or having but a second, his table must have been spread elegantly, though it produced but a loaf and a cheese. He was neat to the extreme in his person, and every thing about him. Not a paper must have been out of place, or put up irregularly. Each part of the furniture must have been likewise in its place, before he retired to rest. He said he did not think he should die easy, if his gloves were out of their place.'*

In this connection, I may anticipate an anecdote, related to me by a common friend. Being on a visit with Mr. Jebb at Abington, an aged couple, man and wife, came to the house, and asked alms: learning

* It is very remarkable, that the eminent engraver (Mr. T. Lupton), who executed a mezzotinto print of Bishop Jebb, after a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, but who, at the time, had never seen the original, . . . having spoken of the head, as indicative of high mental powers, and as compressing those powers within the most compact compass he had ever known in his professional experience, . . . concluded by saying, that, from mere observation of the head, without any knowledge of the character, he should pronounce *love of order*, to be the leading feature of its owner's mind.

that they were wayfarers, and struck with their decent poverty, Mr. Jebb gave them a crown. His guest, who had been absent taking a morning ride, met them as they proceeded on their way; and being equally struck by their appearance, noticed it on his return; remarking, as the circumstance which most caught his eye, that, though so poorly clad, the old man had gloves on. ‘Had he gloves on?’ answered Mr. Jebb, with marked interest. No more passed at the time; but, shortly after, my informant discovered, that a messenger, on horseback, had been immediately dispatched to overtake the poor wayfarers, with an additional and much larger bounty.

His love of regularity and neatness particularly appeared upon the eve of a journey. He could not leave home in comfort, without first putting his drawers and papers into the most perfect order: on such occasions, he has more than once observed to me, ‘If any thing should happen to me, I wish that all shall be found decent and in order.’ His spirit was the same to the end. Just before his last illness, he had prepared, with the aid of a friend, to arrange his papers, letters, &c.; evidently, though nothing of the kind was intimated, that all might be orderly, whenever his appointed change should come.

At the close of the year 1782, when he had completed his seventh year, it was determined that he should join his father’s family, at Leixlip. Here, for some time, he felt himself a stranger in his father’s house, so deep was the impression, which the care and tenderness of his two aunts had left upon his infant mind. His mother was not spared him long enough to fill the void. Very shortly after he reached Leixlip, she went to Bourdeaux in a deep decline; and it was the will of Providence that she never

should return. By him, she could scarcely be recollected ; but, by his brother, she is described as a very sensible, and clever woman ; a very good judge of character ; devoted to the care of her children ; and delighting herself, under depressed circumstances, with anticipations of their future success in life.

Not improbably, to this bereavement it was owing, that the serious had early charms for him. A circumstance, strongly indicative of this turn of mind, occurred when he was about ten years of age. While playing, one day, in the church-yard of Leixlip, the boy's eye was caught by the motto on a tomb-stone, *MEMENTO MORI*. He inquired the meaning of the words, and was deeply impressed with it. The next day, his brother, then at the university, and about nineteen years of age, came to Leixlip to take leave of the family, previously to his going over to France for a sister, who had accompanied their mother to Bourdeaux, and remained there, with an uncle, some time after her death. Wishing to possess himself of the words, which he had discovered on the tomb-stone the day before, he brought to his brother a childish album, which he had procured for scribbling, and begged of him to write down in it *memento mori*. The request was made at the moment of his departure, and, instead of *memento mori*, his brother wrote *memento mei*. 'From that hour to the present,' adds the Bishop, 'he has taken special care, that the impression made, while he translated these touching words, should never be obliterated : to me, and to our sisters, he has been, as to our father he was for several years, *loco parentis* ; his heart and house ever open to us ; every advantage, with which

Providence has been pleased to favour him*, affectionately shared with us ; and he has been dealt with accordingly : blest with a most valuable wife†, and children of the highest promise, he has just attained

* I have never known a stronger sense of a special Providence, than in the case of this distinguished layman. One saying of his to myself, I shall record for the benefit of others : . . ‘ It is my full conviction, from my own actual experience, that, if a man would only habituate himself to survey the events of his past life, under this aspect, he would see the hand of Providence as distinctly marked, as the towns and countries upon a map.’

† This inestimable blessing it pleased God to withdraw, in November 1823. The character of Mrs. Jebb, from the pen of the Bishop, by whom she was loved with a truly fraternal affection, may be, not unappropriately, inserted here. Its strict fidelity will, at once, be recognized, by those who had the privilege of being admitted to her intimacy.

‘ Died, on Saturday, the 8th inst., in Rutland Square, Dublin; Jane Louisa, wife of the Hon. Mr. Justice Jebb, and daughter of the late John Finlay, Esq., of Corkagh, in the county of Dublin. She was exemplary in the discharge of every relative and social duty; for her conduct flowed from the best natural qualities, raised and regulated by the influences of true religion : sincere, prudent, and disinterested, she united masculine strength of mind with a truly feminine delicacy and tenderness of heart: simple in her tastes, and sober in her wishes, she was herself a practical testimony, that moderation is the true secret of enjoyment: her religion was suited to her character; earnest, rational, and deep, it was noiselessly cultivated in her closet, and unostentatiously manifested only in its fruits. During a protracted, and hopeless malady, it sustained her, not merely with resignation, but with cheerfulness; and, as her latter end drew near, she was more and more detached from that world, above the vanities of which she had habitually lived. The writer of these lines had the happiness to witness the calm, placid, unpresumptuous confidence, which, in her last hours, deprived death of its sting; and the wish, which he then fervently breathed, he now dispassionately holds, that he may be enabled like her to live, and like her to die.’

At this edifying death-bed, Bishop Jebb, as here intimated, had ministered; and the strength and comfort, the peace and serenity, which his presence and conversation, under a divine blessing, proved the means of imparting to his dying relative, and of diffusing through the family, returned, like the Psalmist’s prayer, into his own bosom. What I relate, I witnessed: it is not, I feel, my part to dwell upon domestic sorrows; yet one instructive incident I cannot withhold. About two years before her death, Mrs. Jebb had happened to receive, on the same day, two gifts, . . from her affectionate husband, a costly pair of diamond earrings, and, from the Bishop, a small copy of Thomas à Kempis. During her last illness, as the Bishop sat by her bed-side, she drew from beneath her pillow the little homely manual, and, pointing to the diamonds, said, . . ‘ Oh ! John, how different are my feelings *now*, from what they were this time two years; *then*, I could feel complacency in those empty baubles; *now*, I would not exchange this little volume, for all the diamonds of the east.’

(1818) a Judge's seat on the King's Bench ; the public voice bearing testimony, that the appointment is honourable to the government of the country. Nor can I omit, that he has risen by the force of pure merit ; that he never courted business, or asked for office ; that he kept most delicately aloof, when many might have thought him to blame in not putting himself forward. And I am confident he has been right.*

At eleven years of age, in the autumn of 1786, he was sent to Celbridge School : not because it was the best, but merely because it was within two miles of Leixlip. The schoolmaster is graphically described

* When preparing my materials for the Life of Bishop Jebb, I could have little anticipated, that this tribute to the best of brothers, could, with propriety, be communicated to the world. August 27. 1834., and little more than nine months after the Bishop's death, he who was the subject of it, . . . too soon, alas ! for his country, though not untimely for himself (for he lived in constant preparedness for the last great change), . . . fell a victim, after an illness of thirty hours, to malignant cholera. To the justness of the high testimony borne, by fraternal affection, at the period (December 1818.) of his elevation to the judicial bench, the public judgment of the united kingdom has long set its seal. And the name and memory of Judge Jebb will, henceforward, live, worthily associated with those of his brother : . .

' They were lovely and pleasant in their lives ;
And in death they were not divided ! '

Judge Jebb was educated at the endowed school of Drogheda, under Dr. Norris, a name of great and merited local celebrity ; and, afterwards, in the University of Dublin, where, among other eminent contemporaries, he was the class-fellow, and became the intimate friend, of the late Dr. Magee, Archbishop of Dublin. In 1799, he published 'A Reply to a Pamphlet entitled, Arguments for and against a Union.' This pamphlet (his only publication) made a great impression. Mr. Knox (at the time private secretary to Lord Castlereagh) told Mr. John Jebb, many years after, that it had stamped his brother, in his estimate, as a man of first-rate powers. And Lord Glenervie, who succeeded Lord Castlereagh as Secretary for Ireland, cited Mr. Jebb's pamphlet, and it alone, as comprising all the arguments of real weight against a legislative union of the countries : the whole of which, he said, he felt himself to be replying to, in answering Mr. Jebb. Shortly after the Union, a seat in the Imperial Parliament was offered him, by the Government which he had opposed ; but, on mature consideration, he declined it ; nor could he, subsequently, be induced to stand, though with a certainty of being returned, for his native city of Drogheda.

by his pupil, as ‘a thin, tall, formal, and somewhat austere, though not ill-natured, layman, of the Roman catholic persuasion, by name Owen Begnall: well-intentioned, but in no degree qualified for the education of youth.’ As a classical school, it was miserable: but, as the larger proportion of the boys were not intended for any of the learned professions, English education was better attended to; and, in this important particular, he had some advantages, which are wanting at many, or most, of our great classical schools. Here he remained, till the Christmas vacation of 1788.

His recollections of Celbridge were far from pleasing. The boys were, for the most part, of low and vulgar habits; their manners and principles, generally, bad. In three years, he had lost sight of them all; nor was he afterwards aware, that any one of them had emerged into respectable life.

The discomforts of a situation so utterly uncongenial, may be but too easily understood. He has thus depicted some of them. ‘The elder boys wanted to enter me as a boxer: for this I had no relish, my disposition being rather quiet and pacific. Hence grew much misery: they hunted me through the school-yards; they ridiculed, they teased, they beat me. I experienced sufferings the same in kind, though inferior in degree, as those which Cowper has so pathetically described, in his history of his Westminster life.* Unlike the sickly and sensitive

* This account of his school-boy sufferings, recalls to my mind the similar, but more prolix narrative (the prolixity of old age) of an eminent prelate of a different country and communion, the learned Bishop of Avranches. ‘Cùm invidiam illorum [condiscipulorum] excitaret amor ille literarum qui in me erat, nihil prætermissum ab illis est, quo me averti posse crederent à studiis: libri mei surrepti, chartæ concerptæ, vel aquā perfusæ, vel sevo illitæ, ut scripturam nostram respuerent; cubiculi nostri oclusæ fores, ne, dum ipsi ludo darent operam, ego

poet, however, there was a buoyancy, and moral resistance in his nature, which kept him from sinking ; and long before he left this unpromising training-school, he contrived, without becoming a boxer, to assert, and maintain his independence. To observe, and discriminate, the characters of his school-fellows, was, at this period, his favourite solitary exercise. His mature estimate of the seminary itself will be judged of by this, that he considered the best circumstance about it to be, that every morning, immediately after leaving their beds, the boys all plunged into the stream of the Liffey, which bounded the garden. It should not be omitted, that these morning ablutions, on one occasion, nearly cost him, and two of his companions, their lives ; they having, unawares, got into deep water ; whence, by timely and unexpected aid, they were narrowly, and most providentially rescued, when at the point of drowning.

At Celbridge, jointly with a school-fellow, he wrote, what they called, ‘The adventures of Thomas Curtis, and John Jebb.’ They supposed themselves great travellers and voyagers, who, at length, were cast on a desert island. It was, of course, a childish imitation of the manner of De Foe. By some

illuc cum libello delitescerem, quod et s̄epe factum a me deprehenderant. Cūm autem rure ageremus, per autumnales ferias, tum verò nefas esse putabant libros attingere ; totosque dies, vel lusitando, vel venando, vel deambulando, duci jubebant. Me verò cùm alia traheret voluptas, antequam excitati essent e somno, exidente sole, domo clam egressus, vel condebam me in silvam, vel raptim certè opacam aliquam sectabar umbram, quaē me, placidè legentem et studentem, ab oculis eorum protegeret. At illi me, diu per dumos quæsitum, et velut indagine cinctum, extrahebant tandem à latibulis, vel lapillorum madentiumve globorum jactu, vel aquâ clam, per siphones, inter arborum ramos immissâ. Sed quantum conatus nostros tardabat condiscipulorum livor ac malignitas, tantum eos provehebat insitum mihi à naturâ infinitum illud discendi desiderium. . . P. D. Huet. *Com. de Rebus suis*, p. 14, 15. The sufferings of the thoughtful, studious school-boy, it appears, have always been the same.

means, the manuscript fell into the master's hands ; and he rewarded their young imaginative effort, by giving a holiday to the whole school.

In December 1788, it was determined by his brother (whose first act, on succeeding to the property of Sir Richard Jebb, was to take upon himself the charge of his education,) that he should remove from Celbridge, to the endowed diocesan school of Londonderry. The letter announcing this change, was read by him with unmixed delight. From uncongenial association, and incompetent instruction, he was now about to pass into circumstances directly the reverse ; under the care of the Rev. Thomas Marshall, A. M., then master of Derry School. His view of a change to him so important, bearing, as it did, upon his whole future life, can be done justice to only in the Bishop's own words.

' My removal to Derry School, I cannot but consider as altogether providential. It has had a special influence on the whole colour of my life ; on my studies, habits, and pursuits : it has been the means of bringing me acquainted with persons, whom I should not otherwise have known ; of introducing me to those, who have since been the chosen friends of my life, . . . my patrons, and my companions ; some of whom have never seen, and probably never may see, the city of Londonderry. The choice of the school for me was very remarkable. It was by no means a large school ; the number of boarders not exceeding twelve or fourteen : it had not any name, beyond its own immediate district ; and, even within that district, the majority of the gentry preferred sending their children to larger, and more eminent foundations : it was 112 miles distant from Dublin, and upwards of 70 from any of my friends or con-

nnections. The single reason for sending me there was, that the master had been a college intimate of my cousin Mr. M^cCormick ; and, to this day, it seems mysterious to me, that this small circumstance should have outweighed the numerous objections, which seemed to lie against this plan ; that, on this account alone, my brother should have sent me to the northern extremity of the kingdom. With Derry, I had no natural connection ; and, at Derry, I became known to an individual, whose early notice of me determined much of the future destiny of my life.*

The whole scene and system of Derry School were new life to him. The master was a man of considerable talents ; respectably, though not profoundly learned ; a professed wit, and not always prudent in the exercise of his humorous propensities ; attentive to the instruction of his boys in school, and, out of it, their friend, their companion, and not infrequently their play-fellow ; severe to those only, who were in-

* Nearly nine years subsequently to the date of this extract from a MS. notebook, the Bishop thus commemorates his connection with Derry School, and with the admirable and eminently-gifted individual above alluded to. . . ‘I cannot help mentioning, that, at this school, I was educated, under the Rev. Thomas Marshall, A.M. This kind and generous man was the delight of his pupils; and I never shall forget the tragic impression made on us all, when, about the autumn of 1790, it pleased God to remove him. How much I am indebted to his fostering care, I shall never, in this world, be fully able to appreciate. One of my earliest efforts, was a boyish, but sincere tribute to his memory: it was an imitation of the ‘Quis desiderio, &c.’ of Horace. . . But, to Derry School, and to Horace, I have other, and far higher obligations. They were the means of introducing me to the notice of Alexander Knox, Esquire, who was fond of hearing me repeat my lessons from that most felicitous of authors; he afterwards became my guide, philosopher, and friend. From him, in the course of a long intimacy, I derived principles, which I trust will never die. Obiit, cheu! Jun. 17. 1831. J. L.’ Biograph. mem. of William Phelan, D.D., ap. Phelan’s Remains, Vol. I. p. 33. note. Mr. Knox’s impression respecting the providential character of their connection, was equally strong; see Thirty Years’ Correspond. Vol. II. p. 375.

corrigibly idle, or ill-conditioned ; and ever anxious to encourage those, who paid attention to their business. ‘ He possessed,’ says his pupil, ‘ great simplicity, manliness, and generosity of nature ; we all loved him ; and, for my own part, as he favoured me with a special share of his kindness, I felt towards him, as I would towards a near and dear relation. At one time I was guilty of a fault, for which I deserved the severest punishment he could inflict* ; and he did inflict it : he did not flog me, he never did : on this occasion, he gravely and sorrowfully said, ‘ I will not speak to you for three days.’ While under this interdict, I recollect, as if it were but yesterday, his meeting me ; and when he passed me by, with a silence that had more in it of melancholy than of sternness, I was cut to the heart. Poor Marshall knew how to act on human nature : with such a master, one could not but make some progress.’

In his own judgment, indeed, the radical defects of his first schooling were by no means cured ; but, notwithstanding every disadvantage, he was enabled to hold on with the foremost of his class. One error in his training, when at Derry, he ever after deeply regretted : he succeeded first in persuading himself, and then in persuading his master, that he felt an insuperable difficulty in committing tasks to memory :

* At Celbridge school he was once punished, for what he considered ‘ a great fault :’ it was a hurt accidentally given to one of his schoolfellows, who had used insulting and provoking language to him, while they were dressing ; and whom he struck on the hand with his waistcoat, which he was at the moment putting on : one of the metal buttons, happening to light on the boy’s hand, caused a great swelling. The injury was accidental ; but, as the blow was given in passion, he felt, at the time, that it deserved the severest censure. And, immediately after, he thanked the master, before his schoolfellows, for the severe punishment which he had inflicted ; declaring, with perfect sincerity, and from his heart, that ‘ he knew it was for his good.’

the consequence was, that, instead of being exercised, he was indulged ; he was often permitted to slur over a lesson, or a repetition, in the greek dialects ; and his slowness in getting by heart, which, at that time, by proper exertion and perseverance, might have been effectually overcome, was suffered to grow into a rooted habit.

The boys were weekly practised, in translating passages of Virgil, or Horace, into English verse : from these exercises, he derived considerable advantage. The verses, as mostly happens with such school-boy performances, were commonly worse than middling ; but the practice gave him an early taste for composition ; and he attained, by it, some copiousness, and choice of words. Another circumstance, connected with this school, was not without its influence. Derry, at that period, possessed several persons of lively talents, who delighted in ‘ a keen encounter of their wits ;’ among whom was Mr. Marshall. At his table, (where they always dined,) and in their times of recreation, the boys, in consequence, were accustomed to have much literary talk ; and often to see, or to hear repeated, the sportive squibs of the day : a kind of experience, not, perhaps, in all respects, desirable for boys, but manifestly tending to form and sharpen their intellects. Mr. Marshall himself, it has been already intimated, was a wit ; he was also an epigrammatist, and a satirist. The conversation of his pupils, out of school-hours, naturally, and often, turned on such subjects. They frequently passed their evenings with him ; and he encouraged them to talk, and to inquire, as men. These opportunities were not lost on John Jebb. They gave him, unawares, a decided literary taste.

His habits, while at Derry, were in character with the turn of his mind. He disliked school-plays in general : but a quiet walk into the country, with one or two companions, he enjoyed. The play-ground attached to the school was exceedingly limited ; and the boys, out of school-hours, had the free range of the town and its vicinity ; a liberty which, as he justly observed, ought not to have been granted ; and which, he expressed his fear, in some instances, was attended with moral mischief. One consequence, however, of the want of play-ground was, that, instead of joining the boys in their rambles and excursions, John, unexposed to the harassing annoyances which he had so severely suffered under at Celbridge, commonly occupied the window-seat, at a corner of the boarders' parlour : seated in that retreat, he was quite in his element ; . . his body bent into a bow, his knees up to his chin, and his eyes devouring such books as he could lay hold of.

While thus indisposed, however, to the boyish pastimes of his companions, it appears, from a testimony incidentally borne to him by his master, that he was anything but insensible to their wants and feelings, when they needed sympathy. Mr. Marshall observed of him, as a remarkable trait in a school-boy, that, when any boy was sick, Jebb loved to sit with him during play-hours.

In the autumn of 1790, this estimable man was attacked by a malignant fever. The boys were removed during his illness ; and John, being distant from home, was kindly invited to the house of a clergyman, whose sons were his school-fellows, the Rev. Averell Daniel. In less than three weeks, Mr. Marshall was no more. His loss was felt by all his

pupils, but by none more deeply or lastingly than by John Jebb.

After his master's death, he remained under his successor, till Christmas 1790; when, without being in any degree completed, his school education closed.

The following is his own retrospective summary of this part of his course. ‘On the whole, my school-education was most defective. Altogether, it lasted but four years; the first two, at Celbridge, miserably deficient; when I came to Derry, I had much to unlearn, and almost every thing to learn. In latin, or greek grammar, I never was grounded; owing to the cause already assigned, a supposed defect in the faculty of memory, the necessary rules were never stored up in my mind. Geography, chronology, and prosody, were too generally neglected. Mr. Marshall had plans of improvement in view: his death prevented their execution. But, though not a grounded scholar, I carried away from Derry an awakened literary taste; and, if I do not deceive myself, a thoughtful and introspective mind.’

It has been stated, that the number of boarders, at Derry School, never exceeded twelve or fourteen. Yet, within a short space, it sent out some remarkable men, almost all Bishop Jebb's contemporaries: Robert Torrens, now a Judge of the Common Pleas in Ireland: Samuel Kyle, afterwards provost of Trinity College, now Bishop of Cork: Edward Chichester, author of an effective work on the excise laws, and of an argumentative defence of revealed religion, in three volumes, now Rector of Kilmore, in the diocese of Armagh: Hugh George Macklin, an able, though eccentric man, late Advocate-General at Bombay. Mr. Justice Torrens' brother, Sir Henry, was not, it

is believed, a pupil of Mr. Marshall. But, from so small a society, within a space of four years, we have here a remarkable list of distinguished pupils.*

The interval between December 1790, when he left school, and July 1791, when he entered college, was considered by Mr. Jebb a marked period in his mental history. Though apparently idle, and certainly desultory, in these six or seven months, he was yet conscious to himself of a rapid intellectual progress. The advance, most probably, was owing to the favourable, and congenial circumstances, in which he now found himself placed. ‘I was now under the roof of my good and generous brother; who, from before my leaving Celbridge, had defrayed all my expences at school; and who continued to maintain me as a gentleman in college, till the autumn of 1796, when my poor father died, and when I completed my 21st year. My brother then made over to me 2000*l.*, in lieu of my share of my father’s property, which I am confident was not worth 1200*l.* To this good brother, I owe my education, my rank in society, and myself. To me and to my sisters he was a parent, when our own was sinking under in-

* In the summer of 1825, Bishop Jebb accomplished an excursion, which, in his wishes, had been projected many years previous, to revisit the several places where he had lived, in infancy and boyhood. He had often expressed a desire to show these localities, to the companion of his Abington life and studies. In the course of this excursion, his father’s house at Drogheda, in which he was born, being one of a range of three or four handsome brick houses, on the bank of the river Boyne; the house at Leixlip, to which, after Aklerman Jebb’s commercial misfortunes, the family removed from Drogheda, and whence he was sent to his first school, . . . a good house, adjoining the bridge of Leixlip, and considerably below the level of the road; and the site (now a public market) where once stood the Free-school of Londonderry, the dwelling of his favourite master, Mr. Marshall, and the scene of his only happy school-boy days, . . . were successively pointed out with animated interest: an interest, perhaps, heightened (though nothing of the kind was apparent) by the silent consciousness, that the child who had once inhabited these retired dwellings, through the guidance of a gracious Providence had not lived in vain.

firmities, bodily and mental; almost deprived of sight; and, at times, labouring under a partial aberration of his faculties.'

In July 1791, Mr. Jebb entered College. He obtained the first January premium, the most honourable of the year. His competitor, Alexander Bradford, was an excellent scholar. It is doubtful whether they ever met again in the same division: but Mr. Jebb always spoke of him, as far superior to himself in the College course. Some people object to the principle of emulation, in schools and colleges. He was strongly of the opposite opinion: his own experience having taught him, that emulation may exist, without bitterness or heart-burning. Indeed, his own case may be taken as an instance in point: at his next examination, his competitor was John William Reid, who afterwards became his most intimate friend. Mr. Reid was the successful candidate. That day, after dinner, Mr. Jebb's father, as was the fashion of the time, gave him as a toast, his tutor Mr. Magee. 'Now, John,' said he, 'give your toast; and let me see that you match your tutor.' . . . 'I will give you, Sir,' was his reply, 'Mr. Reid, who beat me to-day.' He said this quite from the heart, and took no credit for having done so; it being his conviction, that multitudes have felt, and do feel, just in the same way.

Throughout his under-graduate course, he was not greatly solicitous for College honours. He applied less than many of his contemporaries to the prescribed books. He obtained, notwithstanding, his full share of examination premiums, one in each year. At the regular time, also, he obtained a scholarship; and in the most creditable manner, with a best mark from

each examiner.* From the Board, (the governing body of the University of Dublin, composed of the Provost and Senior Fellows,) he received three premiums, for composition in English verse † ; and two medals, also for composition in English verse, from the Historical Society. Meantime, he read much, and miscellaneous ; and, in conjunction with some chosen friends, exercised himself on points of criticism (a branch of study for which he had shown an early turn), and in English prose composition. Latin composition, whether in prose or verse, being little in request, he very seldom practised : and to Greek composition, he professed himself a total stranger.

While an under-graduate of the university, Mr. Jebb was in the habit of taking long walks ; the only kind of exercise to which he was ever partial. He often mentioned to me the strong moral impression made upon his mind, when about seventeen, in one of these pedestrian excursions, . . . a solitary walk from Drogheda to Rosstrevor, over the lofty Carlingford mountain, . . . when, on gaining the heath-clad summit,

* A sketch of Bishop Jebb's life, published, in the first instance, anonymously, bore, in the part, especially, which relates to his College days, so strong internal marks of being derived from contemporary authority, as to induce me to ask a permission, which has been kindly granted, to quote it with the author's name. I have increased pleasure, accordingly, in quoting it as drawn up by W. C. Taylor, LL.D. . . 'He entered the Dublin University in 1791, and almost immediately became distinguished as a sound and elegant scholar. This was the golden age of the University : never was there a period in its history, when science and polite literature were so ardently cultivated, and so closely united. Among his contemporaries, . . . Jebb shone not the least conspicuous : he won the honours of the University nobly, and he wore them unenvied ; for his amiable temper, his kind heart, and his utter disregard of self, had endeared him to all. His success at the scholarship examination, seemed to be a personal triumph by every member of the University, but himself.'

† On one of these occasions, it was proposed (I think by the late Dr. Browne, afterwards Prime Serjeant) to increase the prize, from 20s. to 5*l.*, on account of the uncommon merit of the prize poem. The proposition was overruled, on the singular plea, that it would *multiply* compositions of equal excellence.'

the beautiful valley and bay of Rosstrevor, opening into Saint George's Channel, burst suddenly upon his view. The impression of the moment has fortunately been preserved, in his own words ; having been embodied, nearly twenty years after (1810), in the following passage of a sermon upon St. Luke, xix. 5.

' In all the nobler works of man, the sublimity and beauty of the general effect are invariably proportional, to the fitness and harmonic distribution of each particular member. Much more in the wonderful works of God : for here alone we can turn, with full complacency, from the vast to the minute, from overwhelming grandeur, to exquisite contrivance. Our mind is elevated, and our heart is cheered, by the glory of a summer noon ; but what miracles will the least ray of that light disclose to the philosophic eye ? We are lost in admiration and delight, after toiling to the summit of a bleak mountain, when extended plains, luxuriant valleys, and the wide ocean, burst at once upon our view ; but, even at such a time, and in such a scene, a religious and well-disciplined imagination would love to trace the finger of Omnipotence, in the simplest flower of the heath, which blooms at our feet.'*

A few months later, when Mr. Jebb was in his eighteenth year, an occurrence of a very different kind, amidst the scene here described, awakened reflections of a still more solemn nature. The event now to be related, was, the common danger and deliverance of himself and his brother, at the quay of Rosstrevor, when on the point of perishing by drowning : an escape on which both, to the close of life, looked back with lively gratitude, as seeing and

* Practical Theology, vol. i. pp. 177, 178.

acknowledging in it the hand of an interposing Providence. The circumstances were as follows. From his brother's house, situated close to the bay, Mr. John Jebb had gone, at a very early hour in the morning, to bathe at the quay of Rosstrevor ; the sloping embankment of which, on the side next the sea, was out of sight from the adjoining road and houses. He had just bathed, and was in the act of dressing, when his brother came, for the same purpose, to the quay. Neither knowing how to swim, Mr. Jebb inquired, whether he might venture into the water, and where ? Mr. J. Jebb answered in the affirmative ; and, forgetting that the tide, meanwhile, had been rising fast, told him that he might safely bathe at the part of the quay, whence he had bathed a quarter of an hour before. Mr. Jebb, accordingly, without hesitation, plunged into the water ; but at a point, by this time, wholly beyond his depth. He sank at once under water, rose, clapped his hands, exclaiming, ‘ I am gone ! ’ and immediately sank the second time. His brother, at first, thought him in jest ; but seeing him sink again gasping for breath, he instantly leaped in after him, in his dressing-gown as he was ; and, as the drowning man rose for the second time, clasped him in his arms. The brothers now went down together, rose, (Mr. Jebb grasping his brother so closely, as to preclude all effort,) sank again ; when, on their rising once more, the elder senseless, the younger nearly exhausted, a maid-servant appeared on the quay, who came, at this unusual hour, to fill a vessel with salt-water : . . . with instant presence of mind, she un-tied her apron ; held one corner fast, and flung the other to Mr. John Jebb ; he had just strength left to grasp it, and their deliverer drew them to shore. Another moment . . . and the brothers must have

perished in each other's arms ! Mr. Jebb's gratitude to Providence was appropriately expressed, by a liberal pension for life to the instrument of their preservation.

Though familiar with the Bishop's account of this wonderful deliverance, I had never heard any allusion to the subject from his brother ; and was, consequently, unaware of the profound impression, which it had made and left in his mind, until the occurrence of a fatal calamity (the death of a nephew, Mr. John McCormick, caused by the bursting of a swivel, when out boating near this very quay,) called forth the expression of what had always lain treasured in grateful remembrance. His letter to the Bishop on this mournful occasion (December, 1829,) vividly described the mingled emotions with which, to use, as nearly as I can give them, his own words, . . . ' I stood to see the dead body of our nephew landed at that very spot, where, more than five and thirty years before, by the mercy of Providence, you and I were rescued from a watery grave ! ' *

* Since writing this passage of the Life, I have been favoured by my friend the Rev. John Jebb, with the following extract from a MS. Journal, found after his father Judge Jebb's death, among his papers. His account of their escape, in his own words, cannot be withheld from the reader. It was written immediately after the shock received by the loss of his nephew.

' December 14th, 1829. While it pleased Providence, for its own wise purposes, thus suddenly to take off this young man, and thus deeply to afflict this poor family, let me adore His goodness, in sparing the lives of my two sons, (Richard and Thomas, who were in the boat with their cousin) ; let me ever be thankful for this signal instance of his bounty, so plentifully bestowed upon me through my whole life ; and let it produce its proper fruits, . . . a never-failing sense of his mercy, an unshaken reliance on his wisdom, a patient resignation to his divine will, and a thorough and lasting amendment of my life, of my actions, and my thoughts.

' There is a most striking parallel between the preservation of my sons, and the escape of my brother and myself, at nearly their age, and nearly on the same spot. I was bathing, and had got out of my depth, not knowing how to swim ; after struggling some time in the water, my brother, who was on shore, leapt in

It would be to leave the record of (what may fitly be called) these family providences, imperfect, were I to omit mentioning, that, in the year 1824, I was the means of saving this nephew from drowning, after he had sunk twice, at the same quay of Ross-trevor, on the very spot where his uncles had all but perished : the accident was owing to the same cause, his plunging, unguardedly, into deep water.

About this period, (1793), there were many plans for Mr. Jebb's destination in life. The linen business in the north of Ireland was spoken of: mercantile business in Drogheda: medicine: the bar: the army. He began to read for a fellowship in Trinity College; but, after one term, and one long vacation, devoted to arithmetic and analytics, he (as he afterwards thought, happily) desisted; partly from disrelish, partly from delicate health; against the

in his clothes, and supported me for some time; but he did not know how to swim either, and we should both have been drowned, but for a providential and unusual circumstance. The place was the back of the quay, a shelving bank of large stones, screened from view by the quay wall; so that we had little chance of being seen, or our cries heard. One of our maids providentially had come down to get some sea-water, and seeing persons bathing, as she supposed, turned back; but thinking she heard a cry, returned, and seeing our struggles, got along the rocks, let herself down to the bank, and was able to get hold of my brother's hand; and having cried out, at first seeing our danger, persons then came to our assistance, and we were saved. I was nearly exhausted; my sight was gone; and my hearing and understanding nearly gone. I suppose I had fully experienced what it is to be drowned. The mental suffering was the keenest; a crowd of thoughts... the affliction of my family, the loss of life, the separation from all I knew, the nearness of the shore, the impossibility of reaching it, vexation at dying in such a way, the taking my brother with me; all these ideas passed through my mind. But, when I was taken up, thought was nearly over, though I was not insensible. It was in the morning, before breakfast; and, being desirous of concealing it from my father, I went to church, (it was on a Sunday) but was very ill in consequence. The maid servant is still alive, and has a small annuity from me.

'Our lives were preserved, I trust for good... My brother probably saved my life on this occasion. We have ever been of help to each other. May my sons in this also resemble us.'

earnest remonstrances of his tutor, Mr. Magee. This eminent man was his attached friend ; and offered him, on this occasion, the use of all his mathematical papers. He continued (as will hereafter more fully appear) his pupil's friend through life ; although, for more than twenty years, without opportunities of keeping friendship alive by intercourse. Among the many fine qualities of Archbishop Magee, the steadiness of his friendships, perhaps, stands foremost. In the decay of body and mind (the price of his arduous labours), which clouded his setting sun, his last act of volition, almost of life, bore affecting testimony to the ruling disposition of the heart : it was to draw a check, with his own hand, for 50*l.* ; being his Grace's contribution to the fund raised, by the personal exertions of Bishop Jebb, then as broken in bodily health as his old tutor in mental, for the relief of the destitute widow, and orphan daughters, of the lamented WILLIAM PHELAN.

Among the plans of life alluded to, all originating with his brother, the idea of the army as his profession, seemed, at one time, to predominate. His brother proposed his raising a company, in a new regiment then about to be embodied ; and, by so doing, setting out in military life with the rank of captain. The suggestion, however, was merely made, and at once put aside ; the turn of Mr. John Jebb's mind, even at that early period, leading him strongly in another direction.

‘ My own hankering,’ he writes, ‘ was always after the church. My brother said, ‘ You will live and die a curate.’ This, however, did not deter me.’

In the first two years of his college life, he published several poems in the *Anthologia Hibernica* ; a periodical journal, of considerable merit, printed in

Dublin. These were his first literary efforts. During the latter half of his under graduate, and the earlier part of his baccalaureate course, a close society of six members was formed, by him and five contemporaries; * who often breakfasted, dined, and supped, at each other's chambers. Literature was the great bond of their union: they read together works of criticism, and belles lettres; composed little essays; and mingled, in agreeable variety, the playful with the serious. They were nick-named, by those who did not like their pursuits, and perhaps a little envied their college name and popularity, ‘The Literati.’ The name, which was originally affixed in dull sarcasm, adhered to them in sober earnest; and, as names are often influential, it had its use in stimulating the possessors to deserve it.

In 1796, on Shrove Tuesday, Mr. Jebb commenced A. B.; and remained in college a resident graduate, till the summer vacation of 1799, when his scholarship expired, and he was of master’s standing. These last three years, he accounted the most useful of his collegiate life. Making every deduction for lost time, and remiss application, during this period, on the whole, his studies were progressive; his mind gained strength; he formed many valuable intimacies; and he began to apply seriously to theological pursuits.

In the summer vacation, 1796, for the first time, he visited England, on a pedestrian tour; accompanied by two college friends, whom he characterizes as ‘the highly-gifted John William Reid, and the eccentric Hugh George Macklin.’ Appearing in the questionable shape of Irish strollers, they, not un-

* Messrs. Reid, Sargint, Macklin, Sandiford, Kinshella (now Attorney General of New South Wales), and Jebb.

naturally, apprehended that the civil authorities might chuse to make inquiry, at a period of general alarm about the state of Ireland, into their real character and objects. They, therefore, armed themselves, not with deadly weapons, but with certificates under the broad seal of the city of Dublin, signed by the lord mayor. These municipal vouchers, however, they never had occasion to produce, except for the amusement of their friends. Upon this tour, they carried with them all necessary changes of linen, &c., in two knapsacks ; a violin, in a canvass bag, was slung, by turns, on the shoulders of him who escaped, for the day, a knapsack ; a flute was in the pocket of Mr. Macklin ; Mr. Reid played well on the violin ; and, wherever they went, among the peasantry, the farmers, and the gentry, ‘the concord of sweet sounds’ proved acceptable. ‘Never,’ observes Mr. Jebb, ‘did I experience from all classes, more genuine hospitality ; and, whatever may have been the experience of others, for myself, and for my friends, with whom, on this and on other occasions, I have crossed the Irish Channel, I must say, that we ever found the hearts, the houses, and (had it been necessary) the purses, also, of Englishmen open to us. With them, performance always outgoes profession : what a man finds them *now*, unless it be his own fault, he will infallibly find them ten years hence : win them once, and you have them always.’

Among other curiosities, the travellers visited the celebrated Dr. Darwin, whose ‘Botanic Garden’ had many attractions for Mr. Jebb’s youthful fancy ; and retained its place, until his ripening judgment was revolted, by the vicious splendour of the versification. By this singular man, they were hospitably received ; and found his conversation interesting, unless when

tinctured by his infidelity. From his society, they brought away much exemplary warning, some useful information, and one good repartee. Dr. Darwin, it is well known, was a great stammerer : a tactless guest broadly noticed the defect, remarking, ‘ It is a pity, Dr. Darwin, that you stutter so much.’ ‘ No, Sir,’ rejoined the doctor, (doing ample justice to his impediment as he spoke) ‘ I consider it an advantage : it teaches me to *think*, before I *speak*.’

The concluding anecdote of this tour, a practical comment on his eulogy of the hospitality of England, deserves to be recorded in Bishop Jebb’s own words. . . ‘ One little anecdote I cannot suppress. We crossed over from Portsmouth to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In the evening, we went to Newport in a stage coach, with another and unknown gentleman for our companion. There we passed a few hours together ; and the next morning, after breakfasting at the same table, proceeded to Yarmouth ; we on foot, and our new acquaintance on horseback. There, after an early dinner, we were to part, and we parted with mutual regret ; but not till our companion earnestly requested that we would favour him with our company, at his house in Berkshire, for a fortnight ; where he would try to make the country as agreeable to us as he could. I expressed the regret of our trio, that we could not avail ourselves of his great kindness ; being limited in point of time. Our friend (for such he proved himself) blushed, hesitated, and at length with difficulty faltered out, . . ‘ Gentlemen, I beg pardon . . I am about to take a great liberty . . but, perhaps, there may be some other limitation.’ And then, drawing forth a large and well-filled pocket-book, . . ‘ May I intreat,’ said he, ‘ that you will indulge me, by accepting any sum for which you may

have occasion : you can pay it at your leisure, on your return to Ireland.' . . I, being the purse-bearer, was able to escape his kind solicitations, only by giving ocular demonstration, that we had sufficient resources : and we parted, never, in this world, to meet again. His name was ALEXANDER Viner, a dealer in hops, resident near Hungerford, Berks.'

Within a few days after Mr. Jebb's return to Dublin, he was afflicted by the death of his good old father ; who was removed to a better world, in the 76th year of his age. 'I never,' writes his son, 'knew a more innocent human being : he was 'an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile.' His devotion was fervent. It was, indeed, his great support, under many and great afflictions. He may be said to have 'prayed without ceasing.' For many years I slept in his bed-chamber : and often, when he thought himself unnoticed by all, but by '*HIM who seeth in secret,*' I have witnessed his devout ejaculations. He was particularly fond of repeating some of the Psalms. In using the Liturgy, he never could join in the prayer of our Litany against 'sudden death :' he was in the habit of substituting the word 'unprovided :' and he often told me it was his wish, if it might be God's will, that he should be removed suddenly. His wish was graciously answered. One evening, in November, 1796, he was in a most happy, placid, and even cheerful frame of mind ; he ate a moderate supper with relish ; and, at bed-time, took leave of his daughters with marked affection. Before morning, he was no more ; an apoplectic seizure came on ; and, shortly after his daughters came to his bed-side, he expired without seeming consciousness, without a struggle, a pang, or a groan. To me, he was ever a fond parent. I have often bitterly regretted, that I

did not always bear his infirmities as I ought. May this, and the other sins of my youth, be forgiven! I cannot help placing before me, at this moment, the atonement made by JOHNSON, for an act of undutifulness, to the memory of his dead father.*

At Christmas, 1796, took place the abortive invasion at Bantry Bay. Immediately after this alarming demonstration, the students of Trinity College were embodied into a corps; of which, till the suppression of the Rebellion of 1798, Mr. Jebb was an active and influential member.

His military duties, however, did not relax his mental energy. In Trinity Term, 1797, he obtained the first prize for a composition in divinity, the subject, the Divine Attributes; and the second prize for reading the Liturgy, on the foundation of Dr. Downes.

In 1798, he was bereft, successively, of his two most valued and intimate friends, Reid and Sargint. To these interesting young men, who had been among its chief ornaments, the Historical Society wished to pay a tribute of affectionate remembrance; and Mr. Jebb, accordingly, was invited to address the Society from the chair, in a speech upon the characters and deaths of their departed friends. His speech was printed by desire of the Society, and passed through two editions.

I borrow with pleasure, from Dr. Taylor's communication already cited, the following account of the occasion and effect. 'These were the days of the Historical Society, of which society Mr. Jebb was a distinguished member; and the charms of his eloquence are still among the pleasant reminiscences

* MS. notes, March, 1823.

of his contemporaries. One only of his addresses has been preserved; it was delivered from the chair of the Society, on the occasion of the death of two young men, Reid and Sargint, youths of high promise, cut off at the moment that the hopes and anticipations of their friends seemed about to be realized. Similarity of dispositions and pursuits had united them to Jebb, in the strictest bonds of affection; and he who had to pronounce their funeral eulogy, was the person who felt their loss most bitterly. No stranger can read this simple and pathetic address, without being affected; but those alone who heard it, can picture the effect that its delivery produced.'

Upon contemporary and kindred minds, its effect, as read, was scarcely less powerful; as will appear from the following letter, addressed to Mr. Jebb on perusal of the printed speech, which had fallen accidentally into the hands, and is now introduced by the permission, of the distinguished writer, . . . Charles Bushe, then a young lawyer, now Lord Chief Justice of Ireland.

Bagot St. Feb. 20. 1799.

‘ SIR,

‘ I TRUST you may not consider me as presuming too much upon our former slight acquaintance, in thus acknowledging the obligation, which the perusal of your late speech in the Historical Society has imposed upon me. I am not vain enough to suppose that the approbation of so inconsiderable a man, if intended as a complimentary tribute, could be of any value to you. You have earned a general fame, which may protect you from the impertinencies of individual praise, or criticism; and this private communication is made, merely from a conviction, which your

work has inspired, that you will hear with satisfaction that your memorial of your estimable friends has been read with interest and sympathy.

‘ Such early worth, and mature intellect, such virtuous friendship, and congenial fates, are as rare as the talent which has preserved the remembrance of them. I write to you in the moment that I have ceased to contemplate the affecting picture which you have exhibited ; and when my feelings are too recent and warm, to suffer me to suppose that they are peculiar to myself. I cannot doubt that you have excited a general sentiment, of hope from the rising generation, and of regret for departed excellence ; while the ability you have displayed affords the best consolation for that calamity, by which ‘ Truth has lost two unwearied advocates, and literature two devoted friends.’

‘ Believe me, with much respect, yours,

‘ CHARLES BUSHE.’

The eminent person, to whose indulgence the reader is indebted for the insertion of this testimony, will, I trust, with equal kindness, pardon a further trespass ; since his Lordship’s tribute to the early fame of Bishop Jebb would seem incomplete, without the addition of the seal to that tribute, which he has affixed after the lapse of nearly forty years.

‘ Dublin, Dec. 5. 1834.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ I COULD NOT refuse you the permission you seek, without being insensible to the honor I shall derive, from its being known that Bishop Jebb felt kindly towards me, and that forty years ago I appreciated, in his youth, the worth and talent, which distin-

guished him in after life, and justify the general regret which his death occasioned.*

It so happened, that, at an earlier hour of the same day, on which Mr. Jebb received the letter just given, an overture had been made to him, by his early friend Mr. Knox, which opened professional prospects of the fairest and happiest kind. Yet these prospects, he ingenuously acknowledges, came, at the moment, less home to his mind and heart, than the unsought and unexpected eulogy of a man of genius.

As the overture, at this time *renewed* by Mr. Knox, determined Mr. Jebb's course for life, some notice seems desirable how it originated. In the Spring of 1797, this friend of his schoolboy days, who, though they seldom met, had never lost sight of him, asked him to breakfast. After some general conversation, he said, ‘Mr. Jebb, may I ask, what profession you mean to pursue? It is not an impertinent curiosity that leads me to make the inquiry.’ Mr. Jebb answered, ‘The Church.’ Mr. Knox inquired, whether he had any interest; and was told, in reply, that he had none. ‘Why, then,’ proceeded his friend, ‘do you think of the church?’ his reply was, because he preferred it to any other profession. Mr. Knox, upon this, observed, that he had some intimacies among the bishops, and thought he could recommend him to one: asking, in conclusion, whether Mr. Jebb would have any objection to his mentioning his name. The offer was most thankfully accepted: when Mr. Knox expressed a wish to see him now and then; accompanied by the assurance,

* The sensation in Dublin, caused by this event, as I learned at the time in a letter from a friend of the family, exceeded any thing similar in the recollection of my informant. Long as the Bishop had been withdrawn, by the visitation of Providence, from Ireland, and from the public eye, his death was now mourned as a public calamity.

that he would not forget the conversation which had just passed.

Shortly after, Mr. Knox left Dublin for several months : the Rebellion intervened : he became Secretary to Lord Castlereagh, then Chief Secretary of Ireland : and Mr. Jebb, not liking to intrude, did not avail himself of his general invitation.

So matters stood, when, in February, 1799, the week only before his ordination, he met Mr. Knox in the street. He asked, why he had not called to see him ? and was frankly told the reason : namely, because his friend knew that he was occupied with more important things, and did not like to intrude. He now inquired, whether Mr. Jebb recollects their conversation in 1797. Being answered that he did perfectly, he resumed by asking, whether he held the same mind still, upon the subject of that conversation ; and being informed that he did, said, that he would immediately speak to a bishop, an intimate friend of his : though he would not mention the bishop's name, desiring, first, to know, how his overture would be received. The next day, he sent for Mr. Jebb, and acquainted him that his friend, who was one of the most excellent of men, would gladly receive him into his diocese. ‘ He then,’ writes my friend, ‘ named BRODRICK, *Bishop of Kilmore* ; and pronounced an eulogy worthy of himself, and of that best of prelates.’

At this period, Mr. Jebb formed and cultivated a close intimacy with two individuals, then residents, like himself, in Trinity College, in whose society he found, then as afterwards, while differing upon some points, much happiness and improvement: these friends were, Dr. Stopford, one of the Fellows, and Mr. Dunn, at that time preparing to leave the bar for

the church, and who had returned to College for the purpose of studying divinity. The former of these chosen associates, who passed before him to his rest, he lived himself to commemorate : of the survivor, delicacy forbids me to state his high estimate ; and I shall venture only to breathe a wish, which will be responded to by very many, that he may long be spared to his generation, a living example of what manner of men they were, who are gone to their reward.

On the 24th of February, 1799, Mr. Jebb was ordained deacon, by Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert (a name well known to science), who had been always kind to him ; and whose reply to the application made to him on this occasion was, that he would ordain him with pleasure, and without any title, for he knew he would prove an ornament to the church ; adding an expression of regret, that the poverty of his patronage did not authorize him to invite Mr. Jebb into his own diocese.

Dr. Hall, afterwards Provost, and for one week Bishop of Dromore, was the examiner. Some one having mentioned, in the presence of Dr. Graves, that Mr. Jebb was nervously apprehensive about the examination, that good and learned man observed, that the author of the speech on the death of Reid and Sargint, could have no just cause for apprehension : adding that, were he Jebb's examiner, he would present him for holy orders, without further inquiry, upon the strength of that speech.

His own feelings, on this solemn occasion, he thus describes: ‘ On the day of my ordination, I had, I trust, a solemn sense of what I was doing. The ordination sermon of Mr. (afterwards Dean) Graves, affected me even to tears. Would that I had ever

after undeviatingly felt, as I felt during that hour ! Too many were ordained that day : an amiable facility was a foible of the great-minded, and simple-hearted, Bishop Young.'

The day after his ordination, he was sent for by Dr. Elrington, then one of the senior Fellows of Trinity College, and subsequently his predecessor in the see of Limerick, late Bishop of Ferns. ‘ Well, Jebb,’ said this kindly-hearted man, ‘ you have now taken orders : do you wish to have something to do in your profession ?’ being answered in the affirmative, he proceeded to state, that the Bishop of Ferns (Dr. Cleaver) had desired him to recommend one or two young men, for curacies in his diocese ; and that, if Mr. Jebb chose to accept it, there was a most eligible cure, in the county of Wexford, at his service. He added more : giving him to understand, that he should be specially under the eye of the Bishop. Mr. Jebb expressed his gratitude, awkwardly as he feared, but good Dr. Elrington, he knew, disregarded little trifles of manner ; and then explained his engagement, of but a few days’ standing, with the Bishop of Kilmore. In December, 1820, when Bishop Elrington went down as Bishop of Limerick, Mr. Jebb reminded him of his kind offer, nearly twenty-two years before. He, as generous minds will do, had wholly forgotten it ; but recalled the transaction, and assured him ‘ that recommendation would not have ended in smoke,’ that Bishop Cleaver would have provided for him amply : adding, ‘ things, however, are better as they are.’

‘ Truly,’ is Bishop Jebb’s comment on the observation, ‘ they were, unspeakably better : in many respects infinitely superior to every thing of this world, my connection with ALEXANDER KNOX, and

CHARLES BRODRICK, was a blessing to me. Hence, grew views, principles, habits, connections, all, I humbly trust, tending towards eternity : while there were links in the chain, which conducted even my worldly prospects higher, than my imagination, or my wishes, ever pointed. Had I commenced under Bishop Cleaver, the whole colour of my life would have been changed : what I might have been, I know not : . . . but I would not exchange the results and the remembrance of my connection with archbishop Brodrick, now a saint in heaven, for the wealth of worlds, enhanced by a reputation growing, if it were possible, from age to age until the end of time.'

At a period, earlier than that which we have now reached, he escaped a snare, as he afterwards viewed it, which might have changed the entire character of his pursuits. His friend and tutor Mr. Magee urged him strongly, to enlarge his prize treatise on the Attributes into a volume, and prepare it for publication. Had he complied, as, in deference to his friend's judgment, he, at first, had serious thoughts of doing, it was his belief that he would, in all probability, have become a dry metaphysical controversialist, and a premature author ; wearing out his sap and stamina, by the production of unripe, precocious fruit* ; and, too probably, sacrificing to the vanity of

* In his Biographical Memoir of William Phelan, D. D., prefixed to his Remains, the Bishop, like a faithful pilot, indicates the rock, from making shipwreck upon which, he had been himself providentially preserved. . . . 'To the world, he was chiefly known as a polemical writer ; indeed it is probable that many of his contemporaries have heard of him in that capacity alone. And, it must be confessed that, hitherto, from unhappy circumstances, there has been, in Ireland, but little opportunity, and, if possible, less encouragement, for theological learning : while, under a proper system, and with wise selection, eminent examples of it might have been multiplied, to the unspeakable advantage of both church and country. But, in fact, though some ephemeral stimulus to exertion may have occasionally been applied, it is a melancholy truth, that the flippant pamphlet, and slight brochure, (of merit very different, indeed, from the slightest

authorship, and the worse vanity of ambition, instead of pursuing quiet studies, and unostentatious duties, in simplicity of heart.

Shortly after his ordination, he had yet another, and more remarkable hair-breadth escape of being turned aside from the course, in which the hand of Providence hereafter led him. In May or June, 1799, his friend Dr. Stopford acquainted him, that, under the will of the late Primate Robinson (Lord Rokeby), who had bequeathed 10,000*l.* in furtherance of the plan, Government was about to found a new College (whether to be an university, or under the mother university, he did not know) at Armagh; that the choice of the first three Fellows on the foundation, was entrusted to the then Lord Primate (Newcome); that the primate had delegated the selection to his brother-in-law Dr. Stock, Bishop of Killala; that the Bishop had requested him, Dr. Stopford, to nominate one Fellow; and that he, from the opinion which he had of Mr. Jebb's character, was desirous, if it should meet his approbation, to recommend him. Mr. Jebb stated his engagement with the Bishop of Kilmore; and asked leave to confer with Mr. Knox on the subject. This leave obtained, he immediately stated the offer to Mr. Knox, and left the matter entirely to his decision. Mr. Knox told him not to hesitate; assuring him, at the same time, that his appointment at Armagh, should imply no bar to his prospects in Kilmore. For about three weeks, accordingly, he enjoyed the prospect of being honourably distinguished, as one of the earliest

efforts of Mr. Phelan,) have been generally thought a far more marketable commodity, than any solid work of genius, piety, and learning.' *Phelan's Remains*, Vol. I. p. 36. London, 1832.

instruments in a work, which was to diffuse literature and science through the north of Ireland: and perhaps, ultimately, to attach the leading members of its presbyterian population, to the doctrine and discipline of the church of England. But these aspiring hopes were soon checked. For certain reasons, which it is unnecessary to particularize, the plan was dropt. ‘I still,’ to give Bishop Jebb’s own reflection on the transaction, ‘regard the failure as a public loss: though doubtless, if human weakness could penetrate the depths of providential wisdom, we should clearly perceive, that this, like other public events, was permitted, or over-ruled, for greater good. But, as to the private bearing of this disappointment on my own character, and course of life, almost from the year after, I rejoiced in it. And the more I have since reflected, the more deeply grateful have I been, that I escaped the toils of tuition, . . . too probably accompanied by the narrowness, the dryness, the dogmatism, and the self-sufficiency, of a provincial college life.’

At the end of July, 1799, he was invited to accept the curacy of Swanlinbar, in the counties of Cavan and Fermanagh, and diocese of Kilmore. The offer was conveyed in a letter from his friend Mr. Knox *; and within a week he was at his post. The ground-work of his first sermon, was that noble one of Tillotson, . . . ‘And in keeping of them there is great reward.’ He left college, the scene of many busy, many happy hours, with a deep and tender sorrow. He wept bitterly. Nor, from that hour, was he able to migrate from one place of settlement to another, without similar emotions.

* See *Thirty Years’ Correspondence between Bishop Jebb and A. Knox, Esq.* Letter 1.

To Mr. Jebb, Swanlinbar was, in every respect, a new scene : a position, the advantages of which he thus experimentally points out. ‘ I was there,’ he observes, ‘ a total stranger : which I felt, and still feel, to have been a great advantage. I was there known only as a clergyman ; and passed, with the congregation, as if I had been a practised parish minister and theologian. Young men are apt to wish that they should procure curacies, in the neighbourhood of their friends and connections. This, in the great majority of cases, is a fatal obstacle to clerical exertion. They are idled by friends ; they are paralyzed by false shame ; or, if they are disposed to exert themselves, the boy, and the youth, is more present to the memory of their flocks, than the clergyman. ‘ A prophet has no honour in his own country.’ Bishops (and I speak from long observation and experience) ought systematically, and with rare exceptions, to discourage an hereditary local clergy. The tone of a country will seldom, if ever, be raised, by those who have passed their youth in it.’

Swanlinbar, when he commenced his ministry there, was a place of fashionable resort ; its sulphureous waters having had great medical repute. The single resident gentleman, Mr. Gresson, with his family, was particularly kind and hospitable to him. Among the visitors, too, he formed several agreeable acquaintances ; and one invaluable friendship, which remained with him through life. Mr. and Mrs. Peter La Touche, of Bellevûe, the friends here alluded to, frequented, at this period, the waters of Swanlinbar : congeniality of dispositions soon led, from acquaintance, to intimacy : and in this friendship, and the society of Bellevûe, Mr. Jebb, hence-

forward, found one of his chief sources of social happiness and enjoyment.

The parish of Swanlinbar was extensive ; the protestants were numerous ; and the duties were arduous. A specimen of the latter, is contained in a letter to a friend, dated January 18. 1800. ‘ I began yesterday to write to you, when I was summoned, at no very seasonable hour, to visit a sick parishioner, through snow, and bog, and mountain. So disagreeable a walk I never before experienced. Some of the places through which I passed, were nearly impassable ; and, to increase my annoyance, I was obliged to return, partly on foot, partly on horseback, through this bleak and marshy tract, in darkness and intense frost. However, I enjoyed the satisfaction of thinking I was discharging my duty.’ The constant recurrence of similarly laborious duties, during a service of nearly four years in his first curacy, could hardly fail to affect a naturally susceptible frame. And the first seeds of that ill-health, which eventually broke down Mr Jebb’s constitution, may, but too probably, be traced, to hardships daily encountered, and colds repeatedly caught, while curate of Swanlinbar.*

While the foregoing extract gives an idea of the discomforts, the following describes some of the compensatory advantages, of his situation. ‘ The doors of my good Bishop were open to me ; and I saw enough to inspire me with love and veneration for

* Dr. Johnson’s view of the hardships inseparable from a conscientious discharge of the pastoral care, should be in the mind of every young clergyman. ‘ Sir, the life of a parson, of a conscientious clergyman, is not easy. I have always considered a clergyman, as the father of a larger family than he is able to maintain. I would rather have chancery suits upon my hands, than the cure of souls. No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman’s life, as an easy life; nor do I envy the clergyman, who makes it an easy life.’ *Life, Vol. III.* pp. 305, 306.

his goodness : but I cannot say that, at this period, an intimacy had commenced. *One* intimacy I did form, . . . an invaluable one, . . with the Rev. Henry Woodward, brother-in-law to Bishop Brodrick, and son to Dr. Richard Woodward, late Bishop of Cloyne. From four other clergy of the diocese, I derived profit and advantage. 1. The Rev. Mr. Brooke, curate, and finally rector of Ballyconnell ; cousin of the author of ‘The Fool of Quality,’ and possessing much of the ardent and romantic temperament of his relative : but too convivial, and possessing little human prudence. 2. The Rev. George Forster ; an admirable parish minister, and sincerely pious man. 3. The Hon. and Rev. William Cole, son of Lord Enniskillen, and rector of Florence Court ; assiduous in every duty as a clergyman, and one of the most amiable of men. He died young, Dean of Waterford. 4. Dr. Hales of Killesandra, whom all the world knows : now, alas ! (1823) bereaved of an intellect, which he had over-worked, conscientiously, learnedly, and oddly. He, at all times, afforded me the hospitality of his board ; and, what was of far greater consequence, the freedom of his study ; where he has often kindly turned from his learned toil, to give advice and instruction to a young, and very imperfectly informed curate.

‘ But, at this time of my life, I derived more advantage, perhaps, from epistolary, than from living intercourse. I maintained, for a long while, a correspondence with my friend Dr. Stopford ; and regret that I did not preserve his letters. I corresponded, also, with Mr. Knox ; whose letters were a treasure of christian wisdom. I have preserved nearly the whole of them ; and to them I have been unspeakably indebted ; though I hold myself awfully ac-

countable to my good God, that the debt has not been greater.'

Among Mr. Jebb's parishioners, there were many Wesleyan methodists. And, although he never concealed from them his differences of opinion, they tolerated, and even loved him. Through the sound advice of Mr. Knox, who had been the personal friend of John Wesley, and by reading many of their founder's works, he learned to conciliate the worthy of this class: and he found many such.

' All this while, however,' is his own retrospective stricture, on this period of his clerical course, ' and I would it were restricted to this time, I was far from the true character of the minister of Christ. My religion, I verily believe, was sincere, so far as it went. But it was defective in depth, and in extent. And, even according to my own inadequate views, though sincere, I was not consistent. I had not the least conscientious scruple against playing cards, frequenting balls, and joining in scenes both of morning and evening dissipation.'

In December, 1799, on the Sunday before Christmas, he received priest's orders, from the hands of the Bishop of Kilmore, together with his friend Mr. Woodward, and two others. The candidates had, on the preceding day, undergone a strict and instructive examination, from Dr. Hales, in the Bishop's study and presence.

In 1801, on Shrove Tuesday, he graduated as A. M., and, on the following Sunday, at the request of his old tutor, preached a sermon on St. Matthew, xiii. 52., from the college pulpit: being his first appearance before a learned audience.

It was about this period, that the Bishop of Kilmore was translated to Cashel. Mr. Jebb's ties with

the diocese were now snapt : for, in a conversation which the Bishop kindly held with him, before his own removal, it was settled, that, on the first favourable opportunity, he also, should remove to the diocese of Cashel.

In 1802, it was suggested by Dr. Magee, who lost no opportunity of bringing his friend and pupil forward, that he ought to preach the annual sermon, before the Lord Lieutenant, and the members of the Dublin Association. The proposal was submitted by him to Mr. Knox, and to the Archbishop of Cashel ; and approved by both. And, through Mr. Knox's influence, he was unanimously invited to occupy a post, rendered every year more honourable, by the ability and learning displayed from it ; and which, the preceding year, had been filled, with great distinction, by his friend, the Rev. James Dunn.

The sermon was published, as usual, by command : while in the course of publication, the author had constant intercourse with Mr. Knox ; the intellectual and religious benefits of which, he felt to be inestimable ; and, more, perhaps, was done to form his habits and principles, in these few months, than in many preceding years.

In the summer of 1803, he passed two or three months at Cahirmone, in the county of Cork, with the Archbishop of Cashel ; ‘ and here,’ he remarks, ‘ I may say, was laid the foundation of my intimacy with that admirable man.’

Shortly before Christmas, he visited his brother-in-law, Mr. M^cCormick, at Lough Brickland, in the county of Down. During this visit, he accompanied him on an excursion to see Bishop Percy, at Dromore. He thus describes his reception and his host : ‘ This learned and accomplished prelate always

received me with kindness. His conversation, even in these his declining years, was full of life and animation ; and he was used to pour forth a tide of anecdote, respecting the great Johnsonian and Burkish circle, with which he had lived so much. His habits in private life, though his temper was warm, were particularly amiable. He took delight in cultivating his domain : the improvements were somewhat in the Shenstonian style ; labyrinths, urns, deceptions, an artificial lake, an artificial island : but it would have been inhuman, and was impossible, to accompany the kind old man in his walks, and see him point out his favourite objects, without interest and complacency. He had tame wild-ducks on his lake, which he daily fed, from his pocket, with corn : they knew him, and flocked about him.'

Immediately after Christmas, he received a summons to join the Archbishop at Cashel, who had now a curacy ready for him ; that of Magorban, a parish of his own, in the neighbourhood of Cashel ; where there never before had been a curate, and where he was to officiate in a private house, Beechmount, the seat of the late John Godfrey, Esq.

But, before we enter on his Cashel life, it will be proper to introduce his own preliminary observations, as they stand in one of his note-books.

' On the most deliberate review, I cannot help seriously thinking, that, in the year of interval between my residences, at Swanlinbar and at Cashel, there was a strictly providential appointment. From what I have already said, a change in my views and habits was essential to my progress, as a christian, and as a minister. But, had this change taken place while I remained in the diocese of Kilmore, it could scarcely fail to be remarked by my associates ; it

must, in all likelihood, have drawn down upon me the name of methodist, or enthusiast; and such a name, must have impeded me, in my particular walk of usefulness: nor is it improbable, that it might, ultimately, have thrown me into the hands, in pure self-defence, of persons sectarian in their views; and so have made me what I was called. On the other hand, had this change taken place *after* my removal to Cashel, it must have been attended with all the above disadvantages; and with this, in addition, that, by my not showing, at Cashel, *qualis ab incepto*, I might have failed of whatever beneficial influence attaches to steadiness of character; and might, in many respects, have embarrassed, rather than assisted, the good Archbishop. How advantageous, then, the year of interval. In this period, I gradually, naturally, and by the joint influence of conversation, reading, and solitary thought, threw off many of my old views and habits. Inch by inch I fought my ground: but, in a few months, I gave up dancing, card-playing, and the theatre; not, I humbly conceive, on narrow sectarian grounds, but on solid, rational, and even philosophical principles. As I said, I fought my way; I yielded only to ratiocinative and moral conviction; and whatever inconsistencies, incongruities, and aberrations there were in other respects, (may God, of his great mercy, forgive them!) in these palpable, and, as I am deeply satisfied, most important matters, there was not, from January 1804, any wavering. There may have been progress afterwards (that it has been small, and, in many particulars, scarcely, if at all, perceptible, I am deeply humbled to reflect), but there was no marked visible change: the testimony of my private conversation, my public teaching, and my observable habits,

has been uniformly consistent ; and I hope I have, however imperfectly, yet sincerely and honestly sought, in these things, the glory of my heavenly Master.'

Mr. Jebb's new sphere, was materially different from his old one. The smallness of his parish, and the consequent lightness of his parochial duties, gave him ample time for study. His own collection of books was increasing apace ; and, at Cashel, he had the command of the noble public library, bequeathed to the diocese by Archbishop Bolton, and preserved from ruin by the care, and at the expense, of Archbishop Brodrick.

His habits of study were peculiar. Desultory in appearance, his reading was systematized by his turn for arrangement : his mind, almost instinctively, forming *loci communes*, to which he could refer his scattered information. While by no means insensible to its defects, he thus remarks upon the advantages of this method. 'I have often thought, that they, who appear most systematic, are commonly the least so. He, for example, who makes it a point to study books right forward, and to bottom, and treasure up the principles of each individual author, is in danger of giving himself up, by turns, to his master volumes ; and of throwing, without arrangement, into the common receptacle of his brain, a jargon of contradictory systems. He, on the other hand, who reads here a little, and there a little, must find or make some system for himself : this is indispensable, in self-defence, if the man is willing and able to think at all : and thus, amidst seeming dispersion, there is habitual concentration ; amidst apparent confusion, there is essential regularity and order.'

' Were this train of thought,' he continues, ' pur-

sued through all its details and ramifications, we might possibly discern why it is, that so many voluminous readers, are miserable thinkers: why so many, who have known almost every thing knowable, have been disqualified from giving a rational view of their attainments.'

During Mr. Jebb's residence at Cashel, while his intercourse with Mr. Knox was kept up by periodical visits to Dublin, his correspondence with him became more frequent, and more instructive, than it had previously been. His situation, at the same time, was attended by this additional advantage, that while, from books, and from this incomparable friend, he was himself continually imbibing principles of moral and religious truth, . . from intercourse with many respectable clergymen, some his juniors in years, and all his inferiors in knowledge, he had constant opportunity of orally communicating, what he was daily acquiring or excogitating. In thus trying to teach others, he was certainly teaching himself. These unpremeditated prelections served to rivet in his mind, both information and principles; and greatly enhanced the interest of his correspondence with Mr. Knox. He told his friend, in return for his rich original communications, what he collected from books; what he thought in his chambers; and what he observed in living intercourse. Much of what was thus acquired and made his own, he felt, indeed, to be imperfect, if not erroneous: but the feeling was accompanied by a consciousness, that his unfledged wings were growing; and that he was gaining strength for steadier, and more continued flights.

In July 1805, he was appointed rector of Kiltinane; a non-cure then of 250*l.* annual value. It left him still resident at Cashel; and, in place of parochial duty, the Archbishop called him to the office

of cathedral preacher. This he felt to be an appropriate, and agreeable sphere. He had abundant leisure for study; while the diversity of employment afforded, by occasional visits to the charter school, and the county infirmary; by catechizing at the cathedral; and by devising, and helping to execute plans, for the relief of the numerous poor of the town and neighbourhood, was healthful to mind and body. ‘It was,’ he observes, ‘a remark often forced upon me, that I found my private studies most successful, while I was most actively engaged in plans of public utility. This lesson, I hope, if it so please God, to carry with me into the bishopric of Limerick.’

While at college, he had been much exercised in drawing up addresses, and in the debates of the Historical Society: hence he had early acquired habits of business, and skill in public discussion. The advantages, in after life, of this early training, were felt by others, and acknowledged by himself. At Cashel, an opportunity of employing his practical readiness to good purpose, was specially afforded on one particular occasion, the election of a resident apothecary for the county infirmary. Two candidates had offered themselves: the one supported by the Archbishop, the clergy, and the principal inhabitants; the other by a party, chiefly composed of non-residents, or of new subscribers, at the head of which was the late Rev. Patrick Hare, formerly vicar-general of the diocese. The contest proved a narrow one, and the right side was actually out-voted; when Mr. Jebb unexpectedly objected, to the surprise of all present, that the candidate on the opposite side could not be elected, he being legally disqualified. ‘Show me the act of parliament, Sir,’ exclaimed Mr. Hare, (who

perfectly well knew that Mr. Jebb was right) : ‘ don’t tell me of legal disqualifications : your assertion is of no value, where higher evidence may be had : produce me (he repeated with Johnsonian vehemence) THE ACT OF PARLIAMENT.’ ‘ Give me,’ was the answer, ‘ half an hour, and I will engage to produce it.’ Mr. Hare and the meeting agreed that this was but fair ; and the half hour’s adjournment was granted accordingly. Mr. Jebb hastened to the palace ; searched the statutes ; found the required Act ; and, within twenty minutes, re-entered the board-room of the infirmary, with the volume and Act open in his hand. He placed it before Mr. Hare, as chairman ; who, glancing his eye upon the Act, instantly proceeded, . . . ‘ Gentlemen, there is an end of the business : Mr. Jebb is right : here is the Act of Parliament ; and let me see the man who will dare to oppose it ! I give my vote for the candidate whom I came to oppose.’ The proper person, accordingly, was elected, without a dissenting voice ; and, from that day, Mr. Hare conceived a respect for Mr. Jebb, which he retained to his death. Speaking, to a brother clergyman, of the county infirmary contest, he observed, ‘ I thought, Sir, that Mr. Jebb was a man who knew nothing but his bible ; but I find I was mistaken ; I find that he is a man of business, and knows more than us all.’

Shortly after the occurrence just related, this singular man took an opportunity of paying to Mr. Jebb, in his own way, the most elegantly turned compliment he ever received : matter and manner, it would have been worthy of Dr. Johnson, in his best and happiest vein. In 1806, Mr. Jebb had preached the Visitation sermon (being his first appearance before the assembled clergy) ; on which occasion he was

publicly thanked by the Archbishop for his discourse, and unanimously called upon to print it. After church-service, various clerical friends congratulated him, on the impression which he had made : when Mr. Hare came forward, his brow bent, and his person drawn up to his commanding height, and, in his roughest voice, accosted the preacher thus : . . . ‘ Sir, I give you no credit for that sermon : you stole it, Sir, you stole it.’ Recovered from his first surprise, Mr. Jebb inquired, ‘ May I ask from whence?’ When, Mr. Hare’s countenance relaxing into a smile, with a gentle voice, and a profound bow, he replied, . . . ‘ From your own life and conversation.’

During the whole of Mr. Jebb’s stay at Cashel (1804 . . . 1810.), ‘ the house, the intimacy, and the family of the Archbishop, afforded him much enjoyment.’ His friend, Mr. G. Forster, too, and Mr. Woodward, were brought, from the county of Cavan, into the diocese of Cashel. ‘ With the latter,’ he writes, ‘ I had delightful intercourse ; though the originality of his powerful mind*, mingled with no slight dash of paradox, often tasked me beyond my powers. I had much happiness in the acquaintance and friendship of Mr. James Forster ; and it was at Cashel, in the year 1809, that I first became, properly speaking, acquainted with his brother Charles, who has been since my domestic companion, [and mine own familiar friend, for ten years (1813 . . . 1823.). Mr. Knox, too, paid some visits at the palace ; and these were peculiarly happy times.’

In the autumn of 1805, the Archbishop employed him, for the first time, to examine for holy orders.

* By its reception of a volume of Essays and Sermons, by Mr. Woodward, published in 1836, and, by Feb. 3. of the same year, in a second edition, the public judgment appears to ratify the Bishop’s estimate of his friend’s mental powers.

The examination occupied three mornings. He was, at the time, far from well ; and on the saturday, at dinner hour, found himself without a page composed of the ordination sermon, which he was to preach. Immediately after dinner, he sat down to his desk ; but found himself literally unable to write. He went forthwith to bed ; and directed that he might be called at twelve. On rising, he found himself refreshed in body, and restored in mind. He wrote on till eight o'clock in the morning, when he had completed his task, in time to obtain some needful rest before appearing in the pulpit. The discourse, thus begun and finished in the same night, was afterwards published by request of the Bishop of Kildare, before whom it was preached a second time, at an ordination held in St. Werburgh's church, Dublin, for some fellows of the university. It stands the eleventh sermon, in his ‘ Sermons on Subjects chiefly Practical.’

About Christmas 1807, some conversations with Mr. Knox, at the palace of Cashel, first directed his attention, particularly, to the parallelisms of the New Testament. Mr. Knox pointed out this conformation, in three or four short passages, not more than about four lines each. Mr. Jebb was hence led to consider the phenomenon. In looking at one of the gospels, in the Prayer Book, it seemed to him pure parallelism throughout. This gospel was from the sermon on the mount. Hence he asked himself, . . ‘What if the whole sermon on the mount were couched in parallelisms?’ He sat down to try. And, without any elaboration on his part, the whole of this divine production naturally distributed itself into parallelisms. Immediately he made three copies of his distribution : one, to be presented to the Archbishop of Cashel : another, to be submitted to Mr. Knox :

the third he retained. In this paper were contained the *prima stamina* of SACRED LITERATURE. His investigations were resumed afterwards, at distant intervals, and by three or four successive bounds or springs. The work was ultimately ready for the press, in the spring of 1820. The discovery of the *cognate*, or *gradational parallelism*, being the proper description of that called *synonymous* by Bishop Lowth, was made by Mr. Knox. In this point, he gave the clue: his friend unrolled it. The arguments employed to establish it, were all Mr. Jebb's.

In February 1808, he addressed, to a young clergyman of the diocese of Cashel, a letter on the subject of fashionable amusements: a subject upon which his sentiments had for some years been fully formed. Upon this point, he thought in common, and now acted in conjunction, with his friend Mr. Knox; putting forward, upon the present occasion, their joint views, of the general tendency of such pursuits to unspiritualize the mind, and of their peculiar unsuitableness to the character and office of the christian pastor. This letter was privately printed at the time, and has been since published in Practical Theology.

In the spring of 1809, his health was bad, and his spirits much depressed. One night in particular, under a strong nervous lowness, his mind seemed to him to have become a blank as to knowledge, his heart as to feeling. He knew not that he had ever suffered more acute mental pain. Under this impression, and to try whether he had any mental or moral vitality remaining, he sat down, and wrote the following copy of verses, which literally gave vent to the feelings of the moment. His cure was thus effected: the clouds dispersed; the storm ceased; and he went to bed in thankfulness and peace.

O THOU, whose all-enlivening ray
Can turn my darkness into day,
Disperse, great God, my mental gloom,
And, with Thysel, my soul illume.
Though gathering sorrows swell my breast,
Speak but the word, and peace and rest
Shall set my troubled spirit free
In sweet communion, Lord, with thee.
What though, in this heart-searching hour,
Thou dimm'st my intellectual power, . . .
The gracious discipline I own,
And wisdom seek at thy blest throne :
A wisdom not of earthly mould,
Not such as learned volumes hold,
Not selfish, arrogant, and vain,
That chills the heart, and fires the brain :
But, Father of eternal light,
In fixt and changeless glory bright,
I seek the wisdom from above,
Pure, peaceful, gentle, fervent love.
Let love divine my bosom sway,
And then my darkness shall be day ;
No doubts, no fears, shall heave my breast,
For God himself will be my rest !

An old habit, long laid aside, (that of versifying) was thus incidentally awakened. He soon afterwards amused himself, feeling dissatisfied with Cowper's version, by translating the 'Epitaphium Damonis' of Milton into English verse.

This wholly undesigned revival of a long disused, and almost forgotten faculty, he regarded as a happy circumstance ; since it led, immediately after, to his paying a tribute of gratitude and affection, where he most wished, upon occasion of the marriage, then on the point of taking place, in the family of his friend and patron Archbishop Brodrick. The week previous, Mr. Jebb, one morning between eight and twelve o'clock, threw off a copy of verses, for inser-

tion in a blank leaf of a volume of Cowper, to be presented to Lady Bernard, on her wedding-day.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF COWPER'S POEMS, PRESENTED, ON HER
MARRIAGE,

^{*}
TO MARY, VISCOUNTESS BERNARD.

Lady, were Cowper's spirit here,
That sainted spirit sure would breathe,
A fervent wish, a vow sincere,
And twine them with thy bridal wreath.

He would not of thy goodness tell,
For purest virtue courts the shade ;
He would not on thy features dwell,
For beauty's short-lived flower must fade.

No, lady ; cease thy modest fears,
More pleased his artless muse would feel,
To consecrate the filial tears,
Which from thy trembling eyelids steal :

To cherish, on this joyful day,
The glistening tribute of thy heart,
For years, of mild paternal sway,
For cares that made thee, what thou art !

Then would he pray, that wide-robed truth,
And purest peace, and joy serene,
(Blest guardians of thy vernal youth)
Might shield thee through life's various scene.

But Cowper lives in realms of light
Where kindred seraphs ceaseless sing ;
Far other hands this wreath unite,
Far other hands this offering bring !

Yet, lady, wilt thou kindly deign
 ('Tis all th' unpractised muse can give,)
 Accept this rudely-warbled strain,
 And let it, bound with Cowper's, live?

These volumes too, I fondly ween,
 May, for their author's sake, be prized,
 When thine own hearth shall match the scene,
 By Weston's bard immortalized.

For sure, thou lov'st domestic joys,
 And hours of intimate delight,
 And days retired from vulgar noise,
 And converse bland that cheats the night.

Such joys be THINE, be HIS ! and still,
 In heart united, as in hands,
 Blessing and blest, may each fulfil,
 The glorious task your place demands.

Lights of the world, may each dispense
 New lustre through your ample sphere,
 And very late be summoned hence,
 To shine through heav'n's eternal year.

In the summer of this year, Mr. Jebb's health continuing bad, and his spirits requiring change of scene, his friend Mr. Knox kindly proposed to accompany him to England. He thus speaks of this excursion.

'Mr. Knox, Miss Fergusson, and I, attended by his trusty Michael, took our departure together. This visit opened a new scene to me; and laid the foundation of a connection with 'English worthies,' which has been one of the chief felicities of my life; and which has had no little share, under Providence, in fixing my professional walk, and the 'bounds of my habitation.' At Shrewsbury, we were hospitably received, by the amiable and venerable Mr. Stedman;

at London, by Mr. Pearson, Mr. Henry Thornton, Mr. Butterworth, Mr. Venn, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. Macaulay; at Clapham, we met Mr. Wilberforce; at Bristol, we were inmates with the excellent Stocks; at Barley-Wood, with the incomparable Hannah More; and again, on our return home, with Mr. Stedman. The majority of these were of the body termed evangelical; but, however I may differ from them on some points, I may safely say they are among the excellent of the earth; . . . and now I say, as I could wish to do on my death-bed, ‘*Sit mea anima cum istis!*’

Early in the spring of 1810, he undertook to preach a charity sermon for the Magdalen Asylum, in Dublin. Upon the composition of this discourse, he bestowed peculiar care; and found himself repaid by an increased ease, freedom, and rapidity of composition, which eventually proved of great advantage; especially in the composition of Sacred Literature.

At the beginning of June, he was appointed Rector of Abington, in the county of Limerick: a change which, by placing him in altogether different circumstances, was the commencement of a new period in his life. This change, both in its effects upon him at the time, and in its eventual bearings upon his future course, he has himself concisely reviewed. The passage (the concluding sentence of his MS. notes,) is characteristic: I give it, therefore, in his own words.

‘I left Cashel in deep sorrow. And for weeks and months, Abington, without a single congenial associate, and without any field of parochial exertion, was to me a dreary wilderness. But the good hand of Providence was, I doubt not, in this whole transaction. This hermitage, so remote, so retired, and

apparently so ill-adapted to my habits, became the scene of my best, and happiest exertions : nor do I think a settlement in any other spot of the empire, could, in so many ways, have elicited, whatever powers it has pleased God to give me. Often, indeed, during the twelve years and a half that I passed there, my heart and spirit have sunk within me ; but I was enabled, from time to time, to recruit and rally. Often, have almost all my friends regretted, that I was buried in the desert ; but they little knew, nor was I properly conscious myself, that there was manna in the desert, and living waters from the rock. I can now look back with gratitude to my long sojourning there ; and, were it not that I have had such experience of a graciously protecting power, above me, and around me, I should now tremble at what may await me, in the new and arduous sphere, on which I am about to enter : . . . may it be ordered (if it be for my everlasting good) that the see of Limerick shall be to me but half so productive of use, and of enjoyment, as the quiet rectory of Abington !'

SECTION II.

THE materials of the preceding pages, in which this memoir has been brought down to the period of Mr. Jebb's settlement at Abington, in the county of Limerick, in the summer of the year 1810, have, as already intimated, been partly drawn from a private autobiography, and partly obtained in the course of many friendly and familiar conversations. The office of biographer now devolves exclusively on one, who,

before this period, had been admitted to the privilege of his acquaintance, and who, three years after, entered upon the duties of the pastoral care, as curate of Abington, under the roof and guidance of the friend, . . . whose duties, whose studies, and whose confidence he shared, from that day forward, to the close of life ; a period of nearly one-and-twenty years. The existence of a domestic friendship thus close and lasting, may seem to claim, at the hands of the present writer, some notice of its origin.

It was early in May of the year 1808, that I first met, and was introduced to Mr. Jebb, by his friend the late Mr. Alexander Knox, (with whose intimacy my family had been honoured so early as the year 1804) at Mr. Knox's house, in Dawson Street, Dublin. A few days after, I heard him preach, in the chapel of Trinity College ; and the impression made by that sermon, and by the manner of its delivery, is as fresh in my mind at this moment, as when I heard it twenty-six years ago : the subject was Rom. xiv. 17. ‘For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink : but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.’ It stands fourth in his ‘Sermons on Subjects chiefly Practical.’

My next opportunity occurred in the summer of the following year, the end of June, 1809 ; when Mr. Jebb and my brother (who had enjoyed his notice and friendship, from the time of his entrance into the church, in June 1807) travelled together to Dublin, both in bad health. This was on the eve of the joint excursion, which Mr. Jebb and Mr. Knox were about to make to England : Mr. Knox, as already mentioned, having most kindly volunteered to accompany his friend, with a view to converting a journey for health, into one also of social enjoyment ; thus bene-

fitting the body, by interesting the mind. It will, hereafter, appear, that the object was most happily accomplished. Mr. Knox's friendly aim was completely answered, by the immediate effects of the excursion; which, to his companion, proved fruitful in results, happily extending through the entire course of his after-life.

While thus adverting to the first occasion, on which I met the friend of my future days, I would add, that the earliest opportunity of real intercourse was afforded at Cashel, in October 1809, immediately after Mr. Jebb's return from his English tour. On my way to Dublin, at the close of the summer vacation, I had to sleep in Cashel, in order to join the Cork mail-coach, which passed through Cashel at a very early hour in the morning. On our arrival, my brother took me to visit Mr. Jebb. He was then far from well. He received us, however, with his wonted kindness; and, on finding incidentally that I was to pass the day at the inn of Cashel, he asked me to dine with him; expressing his hope that I would excuse the frugal table of an invalid. The invitation was gratefully accepted: and, during this day, I obtained the first just idea of the powers of his mind; the extent of his rich and varied acquirements; the solidity of his judgment; the acuteness and elegance of his critical faculty; the poetical spirit and elevation of his thoughts; and the racy, though unstudied eloquence of his familiar conversation. Accustomed as I had been, for years, to the conversational powers of Mr. Knox (powers of genius of the very highest order), I was not the less struck and impressed, by the kindred, yet very different colloquial style of his friend and pupil. Mr. Jebb, just then, was employed upon the most elaborate of

his highly-finished compositions, the exordium of his published sermon, preached for the Dublin Magdalen Asylum. But he turned, at once, from his desk, to engage in conversation with a college youth. The greek tragedians, at this time, were the favourite recreation of his leisure hours ; he had risen fresh from the study of Euripides ; and entered, with great animation, upon the peculiar character of the remains of this poet ; upon the resemblances discernible in them to the hebrew Scriptures ; and upon the superiority of Euripides over Sophocles, as a great *moral* poet. From this comparative review of the greek tragedians, facilitated by the copious and eclectic extracts in his note-books, the conversation turned to our great English classics : Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, were successively characterized, criticized, and compared ; his thoughts pouring themselves out, without the slightest effort, in a flow of language, as correct, vigorous, and musical, as can be found in his most finished compositions. I had heard Mr. Jebb, as a preacher ; and felt, as I had never felt before, the power of pulpit eloquence : I had heard much of him from Mr. Knox, and more from my brother, and other common friends : but, to speak the simple truth, the high idea which, upon these grounds, I had naturally been led to form, was altogether surpassed by the reality, as brought before me in this one day's conversation. Our talk was prolonged far into the morning hours ; and, years afterward, he expressed the pleasure he felt, on this occasion, at my readiness to give up a night's rest, rather than cut short an intellectual entertainment. I had found him, before, a very friendly acquaintance ; but, from this day, I may say, we became friends. On my return to Dublin, I recol-

lect replying to a college friend, who spoke of Mr. Knox as a christian Socrates, ‘ If Mr. Knox be Socrates, Mr. Jebb is Plato.’

The estimate of Mr. Jebb’s colloquial powers, here faithfully preserved, as formed from a first impression, must not be understood as descriptive of the exercise of those powers, in ordinary conversation. In mixed society, he was usually silent and reserved, unless when specially drawn out by others, or when called forth in vindication of what appeared to him important truth. But, in the society of his juniors, and of clerical friends (of whom there were not a few, who looked up to him for information or instruction), he conversed with the true flow and spirit of colloquial eloquence. Of those chosen friends, several have preceded, or followed him, to a better country ; but some still remain, in whose hearts his spoken lessons are affectionately registered ; and who will, at once, recognize the substantial justness of the above description of an evening, in his study, at Cashel.*

* Since the above passage was written, I have had my own early impressions of the character of Mr. Jebb’s conversational powers most unexpectedly confirmed and illustrated, by a letter from my friend the Rev. Walter Farquhar Hook, conveying *his* first impressions of the Bishop’s conversation, at an interval of twenty years, in terms, at once, so perfectly corresponding with my description, and so happily expressed, that I have sought and obtained permission to make use of this wholly independent testimony.

‘ Coventry, January 18. 1836.

‘ It seems, indeed, but yesterday, though many years have intervened, that I first became personally acquainted with the Bishop of Limerick. I was staying at Leamington with my friend Mr. Wood. I had long been an ardent admirer of his Lordship’s character : and I had particularly profited by the admirable Appendix to his Sermons : and I afforded some amusement to my friend, by my little artifices to get a good view of the Bishop, without appearing to be intrusive, as he got in and out of his carriage. On the sunday, I preached a charity sermon at the Chapel, . . . and I think that I have seldom experienced greater satisfaction, and in my satisfaction Mr. Wood cordially sympathized, than I did, when, in the evening of that day, I received a note from you, saying that, from what the Bishop had heard me say in the pulpit, his Lordship thought our opinions and

But to return. The following year (June 4. 1810), Mr. Jebb, we have seen, was presented to the rectory of Abington, by his friend and patron, Archbishop Brodrick; and, after an interval of a few weeks, employed in the necessary preparations, August 4. he finally left Cashel, to reside at Abington glebe. Shortly after, I received a letter from him (the commencement of our correspondence), in which he honoured me with his confidence, by desiring my aid to procure him an eligible curate. The gentleman in contemplation was not at liberty to avail himself of the option; and Mr. Jebb's choice fell on the Rev. Henry Hartstonge Rose, by whom the curacy of Abington was worthily filled for the next three years.

In 1810, and 1811, Mr. Jebb was constantly resident at Abington glebe; and, during this space, I saw him only once or twice, when we met casually in Dublin. It was in the summer of the next year, that the friendship with which he already honoured me, first became cemented by social intercourse; for which, previously, there had been no opportunities. In July, 1812, I accompanied my brother and sister-in-law (the daughter of his old parishioner, John

sentiments would so entirely accord, that he desired to form my acquaintance, and requested me to dine with him the following day. I went. And you cannot have forgotten that evening: for I think I never saw the Bishop in a more brilliant mood. He poured forth, in his own sweet, quiet, peculiar style, the stores of his reading and experience, in a manner quite surprizing; and when, on my return home, my friend eagerly inquired into the circumstances of the interview, I could only say, that Bishop Jebb *talked* as well as he *wrote*, and that was the highest possible praise... From that hour, till the hour of his death, I found him a friend ever ready to give me his advice, and to afford me assistance. To the hours, indeed, and they were not a few, that I passed in his company, I look back as among the happiest and holiest of my life. They are gone... but I may truly say of them, they 'have left a relish and a fragrance on the mind, and the remembrance of them is sweet.'

Godfrey, Esq., of Beechmount, in the county of Tipperary,) on a visit to Abington glebe; and, after their departure, remained with our friend, by special invitation, for several weeks. Common, or kindred, intellectual pursuits, and, as he was pleased to think, somewhat congenial minds, made this visit, under Providence, the turning-point of our future lives. Early in the following November, I was examined by Mr. Jebb, for deacon's orders, at Cashel; and immediately after the ordination, he passed a week with his attached friend my brother, at Fethard, in the county of Tipperary. We were both in Dublin, where I had just been admitted to priest's orders, during the months of April and May, 1813. And a vacancy in the diocese of Cashel occurring at this time, which he thought advantageous for his friend and curate Mr. Rose, Mr. Jebb proposed to my mother* that I should become his curate, and reside

* September 1. 1827, this beloved and honoured mother, made the blessed exchange of time for immortality. The measure of her christian goodness can be fully known, only 'in that day, when God maketh up his jewels.' But her character has been drawn, with the simplicity of truth, by a friend who knew her long and well, . . the late Alexander Knox, Esq.; and it will be forgiven to a grateful son, if he pays a last earthly tribute to her memory, by embalming it in the words of that great christian philosopher.

‘ Sept. 10. 1827.

‘ My dear Charles,

‘ It was in my mind to write a line to you, to thank you for your continued kindnesses, when I heard of the great affliction, with which it has pleased the all-wise Providence to visit your family. My own sincere regard for the worthy and cordial friend whom I feel myself to have lost, would sufficiently tell me how deeply your heart must be wounded. But I well know that no son was ever more attached to a mother than yourself; and how unspeakably she knit your affection to her from your early years, I myself was in part a witness; indeed so much so, as to attach to her my own cordial feelings; which were ever kept up and increased by her unremitting kindness to myself. But, along with this, I was, in every instance, impressed with her love of goodness; her benevolence to all her fellow-creatures; her anxious zeal to relieve, or aid, every deserving, indeed every necessitous object, which came within her knowledge; and, above all, her uniform solicitude that the religious habits of her own heart should be substantially genuine, and undelusive. If I myself, therefore, do not

with him ; a proposal which generously threw open the three-fold advantage, of his society, his books, and his guidance in the use of them. The option, as it well might be, was cordially accepted by both my honoured parents : and on the 8th of June, 1813, I accompanied my friend and rector to Abington. The time of our arrival is fixed in my memory by a trait so characteristic of my friend, that I am unwilling to withhold it from the reader. Immediately on our passing, from the post-chaise, to the library, Mr. Jebb said, ‘I wish to show you my Swanlinbar collection ; the stock of books on which I set out as a curate.’ To work, accordingly, we went, without a moment’s pause : he hunting out, and handing down the volumes ; and his companion disposing them upon the floor. The task took some time, and no light labour ; for there were between four and five hundred volumes of all sizes, to arrange. Towards

feel a sensible loss, in her removal to a better world, it is because my long absence has prevented that intercourse, which, from her peculiar cordiality and ingenuousness of nature, was ever interesting to me ; and the want of which would have seemed unnatural, while it was practicable to have it. . . I state these feelings, as my unfeigned testimony to my deceased friend. You, I am assured, amid your acutest pains of heart, will have before you, all the considerations, which call forth dutiful acquiescence in the Divine order. But from my heart I pity poor Mr. Forster ; though even there, it is a great consolation that James, and Mrs. James, had time to be with him, before the last shock.

‘ Though I am still in fear of my eye, and do not dare to read a single sentence, I could not omit to say something to you, upon so painful an occasion ; and I will only add, that one obvious design of Providence, in removing our beloved connexions to the unseen world, . . . I may say, of that order of things, of which such removal makes so signal a part, . . . is more and more to increase our promptitude in exercising our thoughts and affections, there, whither we ourselves must so shortly follow, and where alone we are fully to realize the ends of our existence.

‘ I rejoice in my dear Friend’s progress. May God bless him, and comfort you, and your poor good father.

‘ Believe me ever yours,

‘ ALEX. KNOX.

the close of our toil, observing me look fatigued and faint, he reproached himself for thoughtlessness, in having unconsciously overtasked my strength, and having forgotten to call for some refreshment after our journey ; observing, ‘I ought to have remembered that others are not so strong as I am.’ To this slight incident, which happened to mark the commencement of our new relation, Mr. Jebb sometimes referred, in after-years ; and the remembrance of it made him always unwilling to let me aid, in taking down, or putting up, his numerous folios.

I owe the reader some apology for this digression ; which he should have been spared altogether, had not the particulars now related, properly belonged to the life of Bishop Jebb ; and had it not seemed the duty of a biographer, who passed so many years of his life, in one home with the friend, the memory of whose virtues he is about to record, thus to mark the origin, and earlier incidents, of such a friendship.

At the period upon which I have now glanced by anticipation, Mr. Jebb had been exactly three years rector of Abington. From his own rapidly sketched, yet full and circumstantial autobiography, his life has been already carried down to the date of his first settlement there. It remains only, therefore, to give some short account of those intervening three years : of the rest of his life, I was myself an eye-witness and partaker. This account shall be taken, partly from his letters to his family, and partly from my own recollections.

The earlier period of his residence at Abington, as he has himself mentioned, was most uncomfortable in itself, and seemed very unpromising for his future usefulness. His house was lonely, his health broken, his spirits weak ; and his mind, consequently, little

equal to continuous exertion. A letter to his friend and brother-in law, the late Rev. Joseph McCormick, gives a painfully graphical description of ‘his manner of being,’ at the commencement of this life of total solitude.

‘ Abington Glebe, Sept. 19. 1810.

‘ MY DEAR JOE,

‘ I HAD hoped, very long before this date, to give you some account of my settlement and proceedings. The simple truth is, that I had nothing pleasant to communicate; . . . that I have been suffering, for the most part, under more than common depression; and have been, at once, unable, and unwilling to tease, perhaps to distress, my friends, by grievances, which, however imaginary, have, to me, had all the effect of reality. As I hope and trust that the worst is now over, I cannot bring myself to defer any longer writing, though I have not any thing positively pleasant to say. It is now more than six weeks since I came to this place; and though I had both known and relished *retirement*, . . . I was, before this change of circumstances and situation, a stranger to *solitude*; which, whatever fine things poets and theorists may say about it, is, assuredly, neither pleasant, nor profitable: *it is not good for man to be alone*, being, to my clear conviction, independently of the volume where it stands, the dictate of the highest wisdom.

‘ Better prospects are, I will hope, beginning to open; after being quite *alone*, for several weeks, I have been for three or four days in company with some of my neighbours; and this variety has not been without its use, as it has made me hug myself, on getting back to the better company that line my

walls. But I am promised a visit from my friend Henry Woodward, next week ; which, even in prospect, cheers me, beyond any thing I have experienced in my solitary *séjour*. My best love attends you and yours.

‘ Farewell, my dear Joe, and believe me
‘ your truly affectionate,

‘ J. J.’

In the November of this year, Mr. Jebb was cheered by a momentary hope of an exchange being effected, through the kindness of the Archbishop, which would have brought Mr. McCormick into the diocese of Cashel, and himself, consequently, within easy reach of the society of this justly-valued friend, and of his sister and their family. The prospect, however, quickly passed away ; leaving him to contend against bad health, and consequent mental depression, in the solitude which he has described in the letter just quoted. The struggle was conscientiously maintained, and rewarded with progressive success ; as will appear from an extract of a letter to the same friend, dated in March of the following year (1811) : an extract further interesting, as marking that early discernment of the character of the people around him, which, by the blessing of Providence, eventually made Abington the scene, for his country, of much public usefulness, for himself, of most unsought and unexpected general estimation... ‘ In answer to your kind inquiries, I am glad to say, that Abington is brightening upon me ; and that, when my heavy burthen of debt for the house shall have been discharged, I trust I may look for much comfort, even in the midst of retirement. We are, as yet, quite unmolested by disturbance.

The people are to me civil and accommodating. And, though not well emerged from savagism, I cannot help admiring them, as fine specimens of human nature, with great capabilities, both mental and moral. Would that they were elicited by a bland, a judicious, and a patriotic policy !'

Still, however, though sensibly improved in spirits by the improving aspect of his situation, he found himself unable, amidst the unsettling circumstances of an unfinished house*, and newly-formed establishment, to resume his favourite studies. In October of the same year, he thus expresses, upon this subject (to him of all others the most interesting), his regret at his present inability, mingled with a gleam of hope for the future ; for it was his happy nature, always to see sunshine through clouds. . . . ' For myself, I cannot say much. During the last fourteen months, I have been learning the art and mystery of house-keeping ; but, truly, my mind has been deplorably inactive. I was not, I flatter myself, made to indulge, in what Mr. Gibbon is pleased to call ' the fat slumbers of the church ;' yet my residence at Abington has, hitherto, been little superior to a long sleep. I still, however, live in hopes of resuming my old mental habits ; and perhaps, after lying so long fallow, the soil may, in due time, produce a better harvest than before.'

While thus accusing himself of mental inactivity, and living only on the hope of a future intellectual harvest, his well-stored scrap-books, now open before me, correct the honest severity of his self-accus-

* In his domestic arrangements at Abington, it should not pass unnoticed, the honour of God was not forgotten. A small room, neatly, but simply fitted up as a chapel, was set apart for family prayer. For, in domestic, no less than in public worship, he had always deeply felt the importance of providing every possible guard, against an indecent familiarity with things sacred.

ations ; and prove that he was effectually, though unconsciously, preparing himself to realize the hope expressed in his familiar correspondence. Looking into these most interesting volumes, I find the same traces, at this period, as at earlier dates, of his various reading, in copious selections, and spirited translations, from the greek philosophers and fathers, together with large extracts from our own moralists and poets, generally accompanied by valuable original criticisms and reflections.

The following translations from Saint Chrysostom, the employment of a single week, August 19 .. 24. 1812, may be instanced as a specimen.

‘ PERORATION OF SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S SIXTH ORATION ON THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.’

‘ SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S FIRST SERMON ON PRAYER.’

‘ SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S SECOND HOMILY ON PRAYER.’

‘ PERORATION OF SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S SIXTEENTH SERMON ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.’

‘ SAINT CHRYSOSTOM’S FIRST HOMILY ON THE GOSPEL OF SAINT JOHN’ (unfinished).

Two passages, in one of his note-books, occurring between July, 1811, and June, 1812, are so happily descriptive of his own spirit, and of his course through life, that I feel it my duty to give them a place in the present memoir. The first is a free translation, by Mr. Jebb, from Saint Gregory the Great : the other, a meditation of his own.

“ Human applause is the great test of humility. Whenever we are praised by our fellow-mortals, a certain secret pulsation will tell us, whether we are proud, or humble. We may, indeed, and should, feel a complacency, in any favourable testimony of ourselves, which tends to the good of our fellow-

creatures, or the glory of our God. But, whoever is blessed with the grace of humility, when applauded, will retire into the depths of his heart, and bring the testimony to a severe examination. The proud man exults, even at praises which he does not deserve : for it is his anxiety, rather how he shall appear in the eyes of men, than what may be his actual state in the apprehension of Almighty God. The humble spirit makes all praise, the matter of deep interior scrutiny ; . . correcting what is amiss ; and recollecting, that all human decisions are to be brought, at the last day, before the great tribunal, and there submitted to a correction and revision, which will, doubtless, in many instances, fill the assembled universe with astonishment and awe."

' Such (proceeds the translator) are the very just sentiments of Gregory the Great, in his exposition of Job, Lib. xxii. cap. v. p. 566. Some of his own words are inimitably expressive. " Cum humanæ linguæ attestatione laudamur, occulta pulsatione requirimur, quid de nobis ipsis sentiamus."

' If we are delighted with *unmerited* praise, we are in danger of a severe, and aggravated condemnation ; if with praise, in some degree, merited, we are in danger, by that very complacency, of losing our eternal reward.

' The habitual remembrance of eternal judgment, is a sovereign remedy against vanity and pride. J. J.'

' The most efficacious manner in which we can act usefully in the immense circle of the world, and for the good of humanity, is to fill our place in the circumscribed circle of domestic virtues, . . to form around us an atmosphere of love and benevolence. We must do the good that lies within our power : it

afterwards belongs to Providence, and not to us, to make that good contribute to the general utility.

‘ Show me one general, and good result, that is an effect of the foresight, and the will of man ; cite any thing great and admirable to me, . . and I will show you, perhaps several centuries before, the embryo of that result. Men who were good, and simple, and virtuous, have, without knowing it, forwarded its maturity, by labouring in the narrow sphere of their domestic life.

‘ The magnificent schemes of projectors, eager to do good on a great scale, commonly terminate in disappointment. Why ? Because the contrivance is human ; and because man can neither foresee events, nor command instruments, for any period of time, however short ; much less, during the continued lapse of ages.

‘ The simple, unpretending, unnoticed actions of those, who merely seek to perform their daily duties, as they ask their daily bread, often issue in *consequences*, which have the most extended, and the most lasting influences, on the civilization and happiness of mankind. Why ? Because man has no share in the contrivance. Because it is, exclusively, the plan and purpose of Almighty God ; whose wisdom foresees all events, and whose power commands all needful instruments :

Who reacheth from one end to another mightily :
And who sweetly ordereth all things.’

The well-known ‘consequences’ of Mr. Jebb’s twelve years’ residence at Abington, . . the portion of his ‘good, simple, and virtuous life,’ upon which we are about to enter, . . afford the best exemplification of the justness of his own reflection.

In September, 1811, Mr. Jebb enjoyed the happiness of receiving, for the first time, under his own roof, his brother, Mrs. Jebb, and their two elder children. During this visit, he accompanied them in an excursion to Killarney and Cork ; conducting them, afterwards, on their way to Dublin, as far as Cashel. In December of this year, he was invited to preach the charity sermon, for the Protestant Female Orphan School, at Limerick : it was preached in the cathedral of Saint Mary, from the text,

‘ They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament :

And they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.’

In May, 1812, his brother-in-law, Mr. McCormick, paid a visit to Abington. On his return northward, Mr. Jebb had settled to go with him a day’s journey, to the house of a friend, in the county of Tipperary ; but, on the way, met with an overturn, which caused a bad dislocation of the left shoulder. They were travelling, in Mr. McCormick’s gig, over the steep hill of Silver-mines, upon the road from Abington to Nenagh ; and coming to a fissure in the road, made by a mountain-torrent, the left wheel sank into it, the carriage overset, and Mr. Jebb was precipitated down a steep gully, at least ten feet below the level of the road, . . . his companion falling upon him. Providentially, Mr. McCormick rose unhurt, and was able to procure assistance from the neighbouring peasantry. But, on Mr. Jebb’s being extricated from his perilous situation, it appeared that he had suffered some serious injury from the fall. He was removed to the cottage of a blacksmith (the only aid afforded by a wild mountain district), who ascertained the shoulder to be out of joint, and undertook to put it in. His suffer-

ings, during these rude and unsuccessful attempts (they were long and repeated), were most severe ; but they were endured with his characteristic firmness and patience. The operator, at length, pronounced the shoulder again in its place ; and the patient was conveyed to the house of a neighbouring clergyman, the late Rev. Thomas Going ; where he was most hospitably received, and whence surgical assistance was sent for to Nenagh. On the arrival of the surgeon, the joint, upon examination, proved to be still dislocated ; a fresh operation was necessary ; and, owing to the height of the inflammation occasioned by the previous treatment, this required, for its completion, the united efforts of two persons, relieved successively, and continued for more than an hour. By the fever which followed, Mr. Jebb was confined to his room for nearly three weeks ; during which he experienced, from Mr. Going and his family, the greatest tenderness and kindness... It is most painful to reflect, that this amiable clergyman was eventually numbered among the victims of a system of savage and uncontrolled proscription, the existence of which in Ireland, in the nineteenth century, must remain an indelible stain upon the annals of Great Britain.

The effects of Mr. Jebb's severe accident are incidentally noticed, after his return to Abington, in letters to his friends... ‘ From the elbow down, I have power of raising my hand and arm. I can shave with my left hand, by slightly inclining the head. I can, with less inclination of the head, tie my cravat. And I can easily use my fork. Slight pains, occasionally, I do feel. And I cannot yet at all, or at least very imperfectly, raise the arm from the elbow towards the shoulder.’... ‘ My arm is gaining ground. I

cannot, indeed, yet raise it : but there is no reason to apprehend that I shall not recover its use altogether. Meantime, I am free from sensible uneasiness ; and can use my left hand as well as ever, for all purposes that do not imply the necessity of raising high the upper joint.'

Those who remember, and have profited by the use, which Bishop Jebb, afterwards, made of that *left hand*, when it alone remained to him, may be disposed to acknowledge, with the present writer, the special goodness of Providence, in thus limiting the effects of the injury above described. Had the shock been a little greater, or the treatment but a little more severe... the attack of paralysis, in 1827, which deprived him of his right hand, might have found him maimed, and left him helpless. But, while the left hand was, at this time, thus mercifully preserved, the shoulder continued to cause pain, at intervals, for several years ; nor was the injured joint ever perfectly restored to its natural action.

About the middle of June, he was sufficiently recovered to visit Cashel ; where I then met him ; and, immediately after, joined him at Abington, with my brother and sister. It was during this visit, that he resumed his inquiry into the style and structure of the New Testament, and the application, to that sacred volume, of the principles of composition, shown by Bishop Lowth to be characteristic of the Hebrew Scriptures ;... an inquiry which had been suspended since he left Cashel, and the pregnant results of which have been given to the world, in ‘ Sacred Literature.’ The sketch now drawn up in a few days, was addressed to his old friend and tutor, Dr. Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin ; whose opinion, in the highest degree favourable, operated as

a salutary encouragement to the prosecution of his work.

I specify the date of this literary spring the more particularly, because the circumstances which, apparently, gave rise to it, are not unconnected with the history of Mr. Jebb's mind ; which, although, once put in motion, it was active, vigorous, and animated, in the very highest degree, . . . generally required some slight impulse, from without, to set it going. In one of his letters he remarks, . . . 'I am like a clock ; I cannot go, unless I am wound up.' I must correct the illustration : he resembled rather the pendulum of a wound-up clock ; the slightest touch would set him going.

To a mind thus constituted, familiar correspondence, friendly society, and congenial conversation, were obviously essentials : and if, to use his own affecting expression, 'his spirit, oftentimes, died within him,' when alone, . . . all who knew him intimately, on the other hand, must well remember the life and energy with which he spoke and wrote, when a train of thought had once been kindled, in any of those ways.

In October, 1812, Mr. Jebb's solitude was enlivened, by the arrival of friends from England, whose society none could more fully or justly appreciate than himself ; and by a visit from his venerable early friend Dr. Hales, accompanied by his family. And in January, 1813, he, at length, enjoyed the long-desired privilege of receiving, in a house of his own, Mr. Alexander Knox, whom the Archbishop kindly brought to Abington from Cashel. Mr. Knox remained with his friend for about a fortnight. This was his first and only visit ; the increasing delicacy of his health disinclining him more and more for dis-

tant excursions : their correspondence shows with what affectionate anticipation Mr. Jebb had looked forward to it ; and he cherished the remembrance of it with a fond regret, as that of happiness which, in this life, was never to return.

In the following February, he transmitted, through Mr. Knox, to his friend Dr. Magee, a further and enlarged outline of his projected work on the New Testament. In March, he was engaged in preparing a second charity sermon for the Magdalen Asylum, Dublin ; which he preached in April ; and which has been published in ‘ Practical Theology.’ Early in June I returned with him to Abington.

In entering on this period of Mr. Jebb’s life, I shall, perhaps, best discharge the duty of biography, by simply recalling, and recording my impressions of his mind and character, at the commencement of a daily intercourse, which terminated only with my friend’s removal to a better world.

Before he left home, for Dublin, this year, he had been much engaged in collecting and arranging materials, for his treatise on the style of the New Testament. After my return, I found his mind naturally full of this original subject ; yet open, at the same time, to every subject of interest, in theology, moral philosophy, polite literature, and criticism ; and always ready, by advice, by suggestions, by well-timed encouragement, or by friendly censure, to promote and direct the noviciate studies of others, and to give his friends the full and willing benefit of his own previous labours, and long experience. Among works to be early, and thoroughly, *eviscerated* (as he expressed himself), by a young student in divinity, I recollect my friend’s particularly recommending to me, Cudworth’s Intellectual System, and Lord

Bacon's Novum Organum ; as studies calculated, at once, to exercise and discipline the judgment, and to fill and enlarge the mind. The advantages of his consummate skill in the principles of composition, were imparted as freely, as those arising from his extensive knowledge of books. But, while he delighted to commend every successful effort, the correctness of his taste, and the justness of his critical faculty, rendered him difficult to please. His natural, and acquired, severity of judgment, it need hardly be added, greatly heightened the effect of his approval ; which was always bestowed with that generous cordiality, which marked that it came from the heart.

He has himself noticed, and lamented, the constitutional defectiveness of his memory. To my apprehension, he possessed an excellent memory, only of a particular kind. If he could not easily recall the facts, he could faithfully recollect and indicate the sources, of knowledge. When information was desired upon any subject, with which he was in the least conversant, he could, at once, tell the work, the volume, and oftentimes the page, where it might be found. Frequently, too, when consulted upon subjects the most remote from his own walk of study, he has surprized his most intimate friends (such was the excusiveness of his research), by pointing out the quarters where they were best treated of. A memory of this order may be less fitted for the display of conversation, but it is the true memory for the study, and the desk. The writer learned to appreciate it, from the first days of his residence at Abington ; and derived continual benefit from it, through the many happy years of his intimacy with Bishop Jebb.

Besides the excusiveness of his reading, one cause

of the extent and variety of Mr. Jebb's acquaintance with the sources of general information, lay in what, notwithstanding Mr. Locke's rejection of the word and thing, I must venture to call his *innate* love of books; a taste, which led him, like Mr. Gibbon, to examine every new purchase, with care, before he deposited the volumes upon his shelves.

His friend Mr. Knox once told him, that he reminded him of Pope. I remember being forcibly struck, the first week of my sojourn at Abington, with a resemblance to Johnson; a resemblance often, and independently, remarked by other friends. He one day took me to visit some of our parishioners, in order to introduce me as the new curate; not liking, as a very young man, to put myself forward, I did not speak; Mr. Jebb observed it, and told me, as we walked home, that I ought to overcome my tendency to silence in company: I replied, that I had been intentionally silent: 'Then, Sir,' was his rejoinder, 'if you were intentionally silent, you were elaborately wrong.' In familiar conversation, his sayings frequently came out with similar force and brevity; and they always recalled to my thoughts our great English moralist; whom he resembled, also, in a poetical vein, in which the critical faculty predominated, and in his early love of long and hard words.

In the course of this year, Mr. Jebb's attention was particularly called to the subject of parochial schools in Ireland, especially as connected with the parochial clergy; in consequence of plans of national education, then in contemplation. In December, 1813, by desire of the Archbishop of Cashel, he drew up, in the form of a letter addressed to his Grace, a paper upon this subject; comprising, a full

exposure of the injustice, and impolicy, of throwing, by legislative enactments, the burthen of national education, upon the clergy of the established church; a short review of the ways in which the established clergy had, hitherto, freely co-operated, . . . were willing and ready cordially to co-operate, . . . and, with wise encouragement on the part of the legislature, would be enabled still more effectually to co-operate, towards the promotion of this great object; and, in conclusion, a brief statement of his own views, as to the best means of advancing general education throughout Ireland, under the peculiar circumstances, social, moral, and religious, of the Irish population.

This document was submitted, by the Archbishop, to the Irish government of the day; was well received; and never acted on.

In March 1814, the long-desired exchange, in favour of Mr. Jebb's brother-in-law, seemed to be effected, by Mr. McCormick's appointment, through the kindness of the Archbishop, to the rectory of Mealiffe, in the diocese of Cashel. Mr. Jebb entertained, with the characteristic warmth of his hopeful and affectionate nature, the prospect of family happiness and enjoyment, which now, apparently, opened upon him; and, for several months, his mind was occupied by the cares and anxieties, necessarily attending the migration of a large family, from their quiet settlement in the north of Ireland, to a wild and distant parish in the south. The removal, however, was not to be effected: it was the good pleasure of an all-wise Providence, that the friend and relative whom he so justly loved, should be seized by a hopeless malady; before the end of the year, his fraternal cares and anxieties assumed a more painful character; nor were they remitted, until his hurried return from

England, in June 1815, to witness the close of Mr. M^cCormick's sufferings and valuable life.

Mr. Jebb's letter to Mr. Knox, in this moment of affliction, while it thus beautifully describes the spirit of him whom he had lost, unconsciously pourtrays his own.

‘ Rosstrevor, July 13. 1815.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ THIS morning, at ten o'clock, my dear friend and relative was released from all human pain and suffering. He expired, without a struggle or a groan, and I have the gratification to think, that his trying and excruciating illness, was made the providential instrument of preparing him for a happier state. He had, honestly, conscientiously, and I do believe with his whole heart, employed the talents and opportunities entrusted to him: and it would seem that, as a reward, he was purified by suffering. He was brought to the innocence, the harmlessness, and purity of a child; and has repeatedly recalled to my mind, and to that of others who attended his sick bed, our Saviour's declaration, that we must become as little children, to enter the kingdom of heaven. It is a great comfort to me that I reached this in time. My sister is wonderfully supported.

‘ Ever most entirely yours,

‘ JOHN JEBB.’

It was amidst these domestic cares and sorrows, that Mr. Jebb employed himself in preparing, and publishing, his first volume of sermons. In a letter to Mr. M^cCormick, dated October 7. 1814, he thus alludes to his contemplated publication: . . . ‘ My literary pursuits were suspended during the late visits;

but I hope to resume them ere long. Six sermons are prepared. Six more will make a small volume : and, should I publish, at the out-set I will hazard no more. How far it may be prudent to come at all, before a full, fastidious, and sermon-jaded public, is a question, however, which I must seriously ask ; and which one or two of my literary friends, will, I know, be candid enough without reserve to answer.'

The friends consulted upon this occasion were, Mr. Knox, and Dr. Magee. Their imprimatur was more than justified, by the reception of Mr. Jebb's '*Sermons on Subjects chiefly practical*' ; a volume which, within a few months, passed through two editions ; and which has continued to rise in public estimation, through a period of twenty years.

The early testimony borne to the merits of this volume by the public voice, a testimony seconded, with very unusual unanimity, by the periodical criticism of the day, was preceded, or followed, by approbation, to which Mr. Jebb justly attached a still higher value: the approval of minds entitled to pronounce with authority, and whose favourable judgment would have been, alone, a decisive test of the intrinsic value of his labours; and the reception experienced, both by his volume of *Sermons*, and by the Appendix attached to it, among men of the highest promise, both at the universities, and in the church. Upon the best and purest grounds, this consent of witnesses was deeply gratifying to one, whose single aim, in this first publication, as in all his subsequent undertakings, had been, to promote, so far as might be permitted, the good of mankind, and the glory of God. Yet, while duly sensible of these encouraging results, it was his happiness to enjoy a testimony of another kind, which came more home

to his heart: this testimony was, the comfort and support derived from the study of his sermons, in many and wholly independent instances, by persons in deep affliction, by others under heavy trials, and by some ‘at the hour of death.’ But these fruits belong to a later period.

The Appendix to this volume, relating to the peculiar character of the Church of England, as distinguished, both from other branches of the Reformation, and from the modern Church of Rome, caused, as it is the property of *truth* to cause, an equally strong sensation, in opposite extremes; among Roman catholics, . . . and among low-church protestants. Its foundational principle, the golden rule of Vincentius Lirinensis, which adopts catholic consent as our guide in scriptural interpretation, was assailed, at the time, courteously, acutely, and unsuccessfully, by a correspondent under the signature of Albius, in the Christian Observer. The claim of the Church of England to the adoption of this principle, and consequently to the middle place assigned to it in Mr. Jebb’s Appendix, has been zealously contested, on the other hand, by Roman catholics; and is, at the moment in which I write, the subject of a controversy, publicly at issue, between an accomplished French ecclesiastic, and some distinguished divines of Oxford. With the details of the discussion I am, at present, unacquainted; but the softened spirit in which even the Roman catholic controversy may be conducted (a spirit which it was Mr. Jebb’s constant aim to possess and promote, and to the increase of which his writings, it appears, have not a little contributed,) is too happily exemplified, in a letter from the learned Abbé in question, to a friend at Oxford, for the extract to be withheld from the readers of Bishop

Jebb's life : . . 'J'ai attaqu  M. Jebb, quoique j'ai regret; car je l'aime beaucoup.' . . When will controversial writers learn, that the spirit of charity, while it sheds a grace even upon error, is the best, and only safe ally, of truth?

While thus assailed, however, on the one hand, by the gymnobiblical protestant, and, on the other hand, by the priest-governed Romanist, the principles to which Mr. Jebb's Appendix first recalled public attention, as the true principles of the English reformation, have continued silently, steadily, and diffusively to gain ground. And the Appendix itself is now generally recognized, as an authoritative depositary of those catholic principles.

Of the merits of Mr. Jebb's sermons, as compositions, it is needless to speak: they are before the public; they are in the hands, probably, of all who may read these pages; and ample justice has been rendered, by his contemporaries, to the beauty of their spirit, the depth and richness of the thoughts, and the force, purity, and persuasiveness of the style. But his manner and delivery as a preacher, it seems the part of his biographer to notice. His manner in the pulpit (it was his natural manner) was grave, impressive, and affectionate: while he read the collect, and the Lord's Prayer, you already felt that the preacher was in earnest: his delivery, easy and unstudied, and rather slow, but full of life and energy, confirmed and increased, with each succeeding sentence, your first impression. His voice, though not strong, was deep and flexible; and its modulations so justly varied, and the enunciation, especially of the consonants, so clear, as greatly to augment its power. He thought not about action: what he used came with the impulse of the moment; and was evidently

called forth by the importance of the subject, and the interest that his heart took in it. He never committed to memory; yet a rule which he always observed, both in preaching and reading, imparted to his discourses all the life and animation of extempore address: this rule was, to carry the eye forward, while delivering each sentence, to those which followed, so as to know, beforehand, what was about to be spoken. . . Imperfect as this description is, there are, I believe, many still living, to whom it will recall him as he was, . . as he stood, and looked, and spake, while he enforced, with an affectionate authority, always tempered by meekness, the lively oracles of God. Might I attempt to convey the whole effect, it should be in the words of the great Hooker: ‘His virtue, his gesture, his countenance, his zeal, the motion of his body, and the inflection of his voice, who first uttereth them as his own, is that which giveth the very essence of instruments available to eternal life.’

A preacher with powers of delivery like these, could not fail to be an accomplished reader. Mr. Jebb’s reading, on ordinary occasions, was of such varied excellence, as always to command attention, and often to call forth the strongest admiration. One excellence, particularly observable in his reading, was, that his command of voice, and powers of inflection, seemed to rise in proportion to the difficulty of the writer’s style. When in England with Mr. Knox, in 1809, he was requested, by a friend, to read aloud a treatise of Robert Boyle’s (perhaps, the most *unreadable*, in this sense, of great English writers): he readily complied; and, as he proceeded, managed so judiciously the interminable periods, and disentangled so skilfully the long parentheses, as equally to surprize and delight the hearers.

The friends who had made the request, remarked, that Mr. Jebb's reading reminded them of that of Mr. Pitt (with whom they had been intimate); and that they had not heard such reading since Mr. Pitt's death.

But it was in the reading-desk, and in the performance of the solemn services of his venerable mother the Church of England, that his powers appeared to the truest advantage. His manner of delivery here, while more subdued, was not less impressive, than in the pulpit. It was manifest to all, that his whole heart was in his service. While offering up his own petitions, and those of the congregation, before the throne of Grace, in the words of our unrivalled liturgy, he never, for a moment, forgot that he PRAYED : a consciousness, above all other means, influential, to draw the hearers to pray also. When reading the lessons and the psalms, he so entered into the spirit of the sacred penmen, as to give reality to what he read ; always reminding you more of the scriptural scene, subject, or characters, than of the reader. . . This sketch, a plain and faithful record of the impression made upon one, who long enjoyed the high privilege of hearing him officiate, is drawn with the more freedom, because numbers are still living, both in Ireland and in England, who formed part of his congregations ; and not a few, I believe, who can recall, and who will own, the likeness.

The autumn of 1814, was a season, to Mr. Jebb, of much cheerful family enjoyment. In August, his brother-in-law, Rowley Heyland, Esq., Mrs. Heyland *, and their family, accompanied by Mr. Jebb's

* While writing these pages, my pen has been suspended by tidings of the removal of this exemplary person, the *last* of her generation, beyond all earthly

eldest sister, Miss Jebb, came to Abington. And this family party was succeeded, in September, by the arrival of his brother, Mrs. Jebb, and their two elder children.

It was on this occasion that I first had the happiness

thoughts and cares. The following sketch of her character, and account of her peaceful and edifying death, in a letter from her nephew, who will pardon me for inserting it, would be interesting and instructive under any circumstances : it is appropriate here, as relating to a beloved sister of Bishop Jebb.

‘ Dublin, May 4. 1835.

‘ The event, for which my last letter prepared you, has taken place. At half past six, yesterday evening, it pleased God to take my aunt to himself. We had been in expectation of it, for more than a day before, such was her weakness. Early on saturday morning, I was sent for ; and joined with her, my uncle, and her children, in prayer, and religious conversation, which she sustained, with great strength of voice, and with her usual cheerful, and collected temper. After this, she fell into a slumber, from which she wakened but at intervals, till the same hour on sunday morning, when I again saw her. She was then incapable of conversation herself, but desired we might converse around her. After this, until within half an hour of her death, her slumbers were renewed, to all appearance tranquil, and refreshing : . . whenever she did waken, she showed a perfect consciousness ; which never deserted her, until within a few minutes of her departure. At the last, she showed a perfect consciousness of the prayers and psalms, which I continued to read till life was gone, by lifting up both her hands, and moving her lips, at the conclusion of each : the power of articulation having left her. Her death was so very peaceful, that it was some minutes, before we could ascertain, whether she had breathed her last. When all was over, I followed my uncle’s example, when my mother died, by repeating, in her children’s presence, the prayer in the burial service, which returns thanks for such a release.

‘ I know how interested you must feel in all this ; both as having known her virtues, and as recognizing, in her, a worthy sister of those, who have, at such short intervals, gone before her. I have not known, it were impossible, I believe, to know, a more faultless character. That remarkable gentleness of disposition, was not the evidence of mere passive virtues : . . for, in every relation of life, she was always fulfilling her appointed duties, to the utmost of her power. I can well remember, how she not merely bore the afflictions of her life, but exerted herself under them. None who knew her, but have experienced her active kindness and generosity ; a family quality, in which she was in no respect inferior to her brothers. And in guileless simplicity, and humility, she also resembled them. With all of them, there were the evidences of a heavenly care, prospered through the whole course, of useful, pious, innocent, and happy lives.

‘ Believe me, my dear friend,

‘ Ever affectionately yours,

‘ JOHN JEBB.’

of becoming acquainted with that brother, my late honoured friend Judge Jebb. The public merits and services of this truly eminent man, are very generally known, and have placed his name, with honour, among the worthies of Ireland ; where his memory is gratefully cherished, and will be had in lasting remembrance, by the good, of every party and persuasion. But none can have known such a man, as he ought to be known, who have not seen him, amidst the duties, and charities, of private and domestic life. In the ground-work of their characters, . . integrity, candour, generosity, highmindedness, . . never were brethren more in unity, than Judge Jebb and the Bishop : in manner, on the other hand, they were of perfectly opposite styles. Both were characteristically modest, and constitutionally shy : but, probably owing to the influences of their different professions, Bishop Jebb's native modesty and shyness occasioned a degree of reserve, in society, which his brother's daily contact with life enabled him to overcome. Both were naturally playful ; with a vein both of wit and humour : but the Bishop's manner, though cheerful, was grave, and seldom relaxed, except among intimate friends ; while his brother's was easy, lively, and universally prepossessing. Thus gifted in manner, as in mind and heart, and possessing the additional advantage of a light and graceful person, Judge Jebb was, when in society, what he seemed formed to be, the *deliciæ humani generis.*

His outward air and manner, were but the fair reflection of the inner man. His brother, with a pen dipt in the heart, has faithfully depicted his exemplary conduct, in all the relations of life. I can only add, that what he had been to him, as a brother, he became to me, as a friend ; and never was there

truer, or surer friendship than his. This faint tribute to departed excellence will be forgiven to one, who owes to the constant friendship of these kindred spirits, a debt of grateful remembrance, which it is his heart's belief will survive, in other, and better worlds.

In a letter to Mr. McCormick, Mr. Jebb thus speaks of the visit just alluded to. ‘The visit of Richard, Louisa, and their youngsters, was, to me and my companion Mr. Forster, at least, most delightful. I trust, to the visitors, too, it was not disagreeable. Richard is gaining ground in every good quality he always possessed ; with the addition of good qualities, not, perhaps, before, fully elicited. I believe there are not in the world many such men.’

In the commencement of 1815, Mr. Jebb was busily employed in revising, composing, and preparing notes and illustrations for the sermons of his first published volume. Upon the notes, he wrought *con amore* ; as it had long been his favourite practice, to cull select passages from his general reading, and treasure them in scrap-books, for his own use ; frequently enriching his selections, by original reflections and criticisms. It now occurred to him, that to illustrate printed sermons, somewhat in the same way, might afford an interesting and instructive variety. The experiment was eminently successful : the notes of his volume attracting early, and marked, attention. It was his nature to be often deeply affected, by incidents, and touches of feeling, so slight, as to pass unheeded by the generality of readers : this susceptibility was peculiarly awakened, by the incidental touches of nature, so frequently to be met with in the Old and New Testaments. A favourite scriptural incident of this kind, which he introduced in a note

to his sermon on the character of Abraham, may be indicated as an example: see ‘Sermons on subjects chiefly practical,’ p. 133. The maternal tenderness of Hannah, and the filial piety of Samuel, so touchingly preserved in the prophet’s mention of the ‘little coat,’ are here brought out in a manner, which, as appeared at the time, completely succeeded in imparting to others Mr. Jebb’s own feeling.

In April, he went to Dublin; and, early in May, proceeded to London, to superintend, on the spot, the publication of his volume; which, on the introduction of Dr. Magee, had been readily undertaken by Messrs. Cadell and Davies. Immediately on his arrival in town, he was invited by the worthy son-in-law of his friend Mr. Stock of Bristol, the late J. H. Butterworth, jun. Esq., of Fleet Street, to become his guest, during the progress of his book through the press; and the invitation was given in that genuine spirit of English hospitality, to which he has often alluded, and which, to him, was always irresistible. In this convenient neighbourhood, and congenial society, he passed several happy weeks; dividing his time between the printers, the book-shops, and occasional engagements with his other friends, including an excursion of a week to Huntingdonshire, and Cambridge. His book, meanwhile, came out; and, on his return to town, he found himself already in the position of a successful author. His name was now in fashion; his London engagements thickened; and he enjoyed, in prospect, the delightful hope of re-visiting Mrs. Hannah More, and his friends in the neighbourhood of Bristol, . . when a letter from Ireland announced the alarmingly increasing illness, already adverted to, of his beloved friend and kinsman, Mr. M^cCormick.

How he acted, on receiving this afflicting intelligence, may best be told in his own words. The following extract is taken from a letter which I received from him, dated Rosstrevor, July 21. 1815. .

‘ Yesterday sennight, at an early hour, my poor brother-in-law was released from his pains. He expired without a struggle or a groan ; and I do humbly trust, that his end was PEACE. His family have since been graciously supported : they have the human consolation of many most attached, and sympathizing friends, . . for I hardly ever knew a man so deeply beloved, as he that is gone ; and the love extends to his family. But, whether we look to him, or to themselves, . . I do believe that they have, and enjoy, greater than human consolations. For myself. . I have lost (for a while) one of my earliest, most attached, and most serviceable friends. The poor fellow loved me truly : he rejoiced to have seen me in his last hours, and that I was on the spot to assist in comforting my dear sister. How great reason have I to be thankful for the thought put into my mind, that I would leave London, and hasten here ! I have been greatly . . greatly rewarded, for so doing. And what would now be my feelings, had I stifled the movement, . . and remained where I was ! Perhaps I never could have endured the self-reproach of again visiting those English friends, whom I may hereafter, if it please Providence, rejoin without a blush.’

From this scene of family affliction, having well fulfilled all the duties of a brother and a friend, he returned to Abington in August, at a time when the county of Tipperary was in a state of open insurrection, and the adjoining county of Limerick on the eve of being placed, also, under the restrictions of

the Insurrection Act. He found his parish of Abington, however, (before his incumbency, a very troublesome district of Limerick) in a state of the most perfect quiet. And now it was, that Mr. Jebb first had practical experience, of the place which he held in the affections of his Roman catholic parishioners, and of the effects, upon the minds of the Irish peasantry, of a life spent in the quiet discharge of duty, and the judicious exercise of unostentatious kindness.

The tranquillity of the parish, and the good spirit of his parishioners, are mentioned incidentally, in a letter to Mrs. McCormick, written shortly after his return ; a letter further interesting, as expressive of his fraternal affection, guided, equally, by christian wisdom, and practical good sense.

‘ Abington Glebe, Aug. 20. 1815.

‘ MY DEAREST BESS,

‘ YOUR most kind, and excellent letter reached me, just at the time I could most have wished, within about an hour of my return to my quiet home.

‘ The tone and temper of your letter are just what I expected, and, let me add, *all that I could desire*. It is my hope and trust that you will be enabled to proceed as you have begun ; and then you will find, more and more, every thing co-operating for your good. Mercies and blessings, I humbly venture to predict, are in store for you, which exceed all that are past. Cherish, only, a devotional spirit ; and pray that you may be enabled to cherish it wisely ; and a cheerful, happy spirit, will assuredly not be wanting. You cannot fail, either, to be sensible, that, under the weighty responsibility of such a family, the good and pleasant dispositions of your dear children, afford ground to work upon, which, if rightly culti-

vated, will produce good fruit in abundance. That you may be prospered and protected in all your ways, is my fervent prayer.

' I cannot but greatly approve of your continuance at Rosstrevor, for the winter ; so weighty a business as your final settlement, should not be hastily carried on. Yet I think it probable, that the plan Richard first thought of, may, on the fullest consideration, prove the most eligible ; that, I mean, of Portarlington. The objections, either to Dublin, or its immediate neighbourhood, are many and important ; the advantages, on the other hand, are, perhaps, rather equivocal. The drawback on Portarlington . . I mean that of *breaking new ground* . . I am far from overlooking ; and I can enter with sympathy into your feelings upon it : still, it is, I verily believe, far worse in prospect, than it would prove upon actual trial. We are wonderfully formed for adjustment to the varying circumstances of this life ; we are taught to regard, and to pass through life, as a pilgrimage ; but to enjoin our doing so, would be tyrannous oppression, if we were not gifted with powers for the achievement. Those powers we have. From want of use, we may not know we have them ; from want of submission to the Divine will, we may destroy them ; but, unless we are grossly unjust to ourselves, we may call them forth on every occasion of necessity, or rather, the very necessity itself, will bring them into action. This, in my own narrow experience, I have found to be fact ; and those who are far wiser and better than I am, have borne the strongest, and the most repeated testimony, that such exercise of the *self-accommodating* faculty, invariably adds to the conscious happiness of life. As you justly observe, however, we shall have ample time for consideration ;

and I know that you will be well borne through whatever, on full consideration, you are led to adopt, as your future scheme of life.

‘ You will be glad to know, that I found this neighbourhood in perfect tranquillity and peace. No manner of disturbance has occurred here since I left home ; and I am in hopes matters may so remain. We can leave the doors unguarded, and move freely, at all hours ; and I am told, from good authority, that, individually, I am very popular among the inhabitants ; more so than would have been imagined, till my long absence called forth their feelings.

‘ I trust, my dearest Bess, that, here and elsewhere, we shall often meet. Should Portarlington be your destination, its comparative neighbourhood to me would be very delightful : in all cases, however, we must draw closely together. Adieu ! May God Almighty bless and preserve you and yours !

‘ Ever your most affectionate brother,

‘ JOHN JEBB.’

While thus, at the same time, giving himself to the claims of family affection, and preparing to resume, amidst surrounding alarm, the peaceful tenor of his Abington life, he was not unmindful of his beloved studies. Early in October, he tells Mr. Knox, ‘ I have taken to two things, in which I find comfort already ; and hope, progressively, to find more and more : the daily reading of a portion of the Greek Testament (*meimet in usum*) ; and, also, the reading of Saint Chrysostom on Saint Matthew.’ These daily lections in Saint Chrysostom, while they much increased his relish for the writings of that great ancient, suggested a congenial literary employment for the ensuing winter months. He had already translated, we have seen, at an earlier period,

some specimens from Saint Chrysostom : he now seriously thought of attempting a translation of one of his larger treatises ; and made choice of that most generally known and esteemed, his celebrated treatise on the Priesthood. The hours devoted to this undertaking, were borrowed from sleep : he rose every morning about four o'clock (his usual time of rising in winter, especially when he had any work in hand) ; lighted his own fire (a practice, perhaps, adopted from the example of Mr. Knox) ; and prosecuted his translation until breakfast-hour. In a few weeks, the version was nearly completed ; but, though written, and in many parts rewritten, with his accustomed care, he could not succeed in satisfying his own demands, . . . which were certainly very high : for he required, in translations, not only great fidelity, and critical correctness, but, also, the spirit, grace, and freedom of original composition.* This, in his version of the *De Sacerdotio*, he seemed, to his own ear, not to have sufficiently attained ; he, accordingly, laid aside the work ; and never after could be prevailed on to resume, or even to re-peruse it. The MS., of which others, probably, would form a very different estimate, is preserved among his unfinished papers.

His own avocations, however, when most interesting to himself, never interfered with his willingness, and readiness, to contribute his best thoughts and counsels, whenever sought, for the direction of others. We have just seen him engaged upon his translation

* His feeling upon this subject, recalls to mind Dryden's standard of translation : . . .

' Nor ought a genius less than his that writ
Attempt translation ; for transplanted wit,
 All the defects of air and soil doth share,
 And colder brains, like colder climates are.'

from Saint Chrysostom : about this time, he received an application from his niece, Miss McCormick, at the request of a friend, for a selection of such books, as he would recommend for the use of a mother, in the moral and religious training of her children. As inquiries of this nature are not infrequently made ; it may be interesting to many readers, and instructive, possibly, to not a few, to learn how they were, on this occasion, answered by Mr. Jebb.

‘ Abington Glebe, Feb. 15. 1816.

‘ MY DEAR ALICIA,

‘ I not only do not think you presumptuous in writing to me, but I thank you most cordially for the pleasure your letter gave me, and take the best means in my power of showing what I feel, by making an immediate, though, I fear, imperfect answer. On another sheet of paper, I shall write a list of books, which you can enclose to your friend Mrs. R * * ; confining myself, as I presume she would wish, to those of a religious description, or at least bearing on religion. I fear, when she receives and acts upon it, her opinion of your ‘ uncle’s taste and judgment’ may not rise ; at the same time, if I be fortunate enough to point out but one author, that can agreeably and usefully add to the store of such a mind, and the comfort of such a heart, it will be of little consequence, whether the recommender does, or does not sink, to his proper level. You are not, however, to imagine I am indifferent to the good opinion of those, who, like Mrs. R * *, unite piety with taste. When this can be honestly attained, it is assuredly to be prized as a blessing, which it would be affectation, or something worse, to slight, . . . as it would be vanity, or worse than vanity, inordinately to pursue. I

should be glad you would mention to Mrs. R **, that the list is meagre, because I do not like to name books, however useful or valuable, to any considerable portion of which I may have strong objections ; and that, even in so brief a list, there are few books, to which I would give unqualified approbation. In reading, it has been my own plan, to select ‘ here a little, and there a little,’ and then to systematize as I could for myself ; a circumstance which, in some respects, disqualifies me for the office of being a good literary caterer for others.

‘ Farewell, my dear Alicia,

‘ Ever your truly affectionate uncle,

‘ JOHN JEBB.’

‘ P. S. Having written my list, which I have endeavoured to make a sort of catalogue raisonné, I send it precisely as my thoughts first occurred, therefore much order cannot be expected in it.

‘ SCOUNGAL’s Life of God in the Soul of Man.

‘ The title of this little manual may appear somewhat puritanical : but it is free from the slightest puritanical tincture ; and is, throughout, no less soundly rational, than it is deeply pious. It contains, in small compass, a great weight of practical divinity ; the style is pure, and almost elegant, and is remarkable, considering the age and country of the writer. He was a Scotch episcopal clergyman, and died about the close of the seventeenth century. Bishop Burnet wrote a recommendatory preface.

‘ WORTHINGTON on Self-resignation.

‘ This little book is rarely to be met with. Less finished and systematic than the former, it is more profound in spirituality. Worthington has sounded the depths of christian philosophy ; and, with his

christianity, he incorporated the best and noblest lessons of Plato and his followers, without, however, wandering into the enchanted ground, or among the air-built castles of mysticism.

‘ HOWE’s (the Hon. Charles) *Meditations*.

‘ This exquisite little book consists of the private thoughts of the virtuous author, thrown down for his own personal edification, and without the least thought they would ever be made public; after his death, however, partly at the instance of *Night-thoughts* Young, they were printed; and in truth they are an invaluable treasure. More sober sense, or heart-elevating piety, has rarely been condensed, by any human being, into so small a compass. Mr. Howe had been much in the world; in the reigns of Charles and James II. he had been employed on foreign embassies; but retired, while fortune courted his stay, to his paternal estate, and to the cultivation of his own heart.

‘ LUCAS on Happiness.

‘ This book has been lately republished, and is well known. The first volume, in some parts, will appear dry: the second is admirable throughout, leading on the reader through the most rational course, and by well-marked gradations, to the just end of his being:

Some there are, that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on the golden key
That opes the Palace of Eternity.

‘ To this book may be added Practical Christianity, by the same author.

‘ Two Sermons by the learned CUDWORTH.

‘ These contain the essence of practical religion, and, besides, are most learned, eloquent, and philo-

sophical. They are annexed to the quarto edition of the author's stupendous 'Intellectual System,' and have been lately republished in separate pamphlets, one at Rivington's, London, the other at Edwards', Cork.

'JEREMY TAYLOR's Sermons.'

'These are too well known to need a character; we do not hold a taper to the sun. The 3d vol. of the octavo edition is the best worthy of repeated perusal; and, of that volume, the sermon before the university of Dublin is transcendently excellent. Allowance will of course be made, for the soarings of an exuberant imagination, and for quotations of greek and latin after the manner of his day; the sense of which, however, is commonly given in English.

'The Holy Dying, of the same author, is well worthy of being studied.

'The Holy Living, I do not mention, because though, in many parts, truly and deeply edifying, there is an occasional coarseness of manner, which was tolerated in the ruder days of our ancestors, but which has been exploded by the better taste and judgment of to-day.

'Taylor's Life of Christ, has also been republished, and would be a proper companion for the above articles. I see a new life of Bishop Taylor advertized, which, it is presumed, would be worth purchasing.

'OGDEN'S Sermons.'

'I mention these especially for the sake of two admirable little discourses, on the 10th commandment. Other sermons too in the volume, are very instructive. The manner is peculiar; condensed, pungent, eloquent, witty, and pathetic. In the whole compass of modern pulpit eloquence, I know not a passage of

such genuine, unaffected pathos as the description of a good and bad son, and the picture of the misery of an unhappy parent, at the close of the 11th sermon, on the 5th commandment.

‘BISHOP BUTLER’S ANALOGY AND SERMONS.

‘The profoundest works of modern times; which must not be read, except by those, who are able and willing to labour, to digest, and to retain; but which will amply repay those, who study them as they should be studied: displaying the wisdom, consistency, and equity of the divine plans; and laying open the nature of them, at once with the minuteness of a mental anatomist, and with the comprehensiveness of an almost angelical intelligence.

‘DR. TOWNSON’S WORKS.

‘Of these, the greater parts are subjects of Biblical criticism; a criticism however, uniting, in a singular degree, the character of ingenuity and sobriety, of elegance and learning, of minute research, and yet of mental freedom and enlargement. His discourses on the four Gospels, throw an original light on their design and execution. His harmony and paraphrase of the history of the Resurrection, &c. do away many difficulties; and do so, without ever (as is too frequently the case) creating difficulties, as it were for the purpose of ushering in an imperfect, unsatisfactory solution. But his sermons are, especially, the part of these two volumes, to which attention should be directed. They are but four in number, and are models in their kind; elegant, simple, unaffected, apparently inelaborate; but they will, on close study, be found the result of deep thought, well revised, and patiently corrected. The sermon on the manner of our Lord’s teaching, is among the most finished in our language; that on the Rechabites, in the easiest

and most unpretending manner, presents to us the cheerfulness of christian self-denial. His Life, by Archdeacon Churton, is a beautiful sketch ; the biography of the character is particularly well drawn.

‘ LOWTH’S Lectures on Hebrew Poetry ; translated by Gregory.

‘ Whoever has not read this book, has yet to learn, the chief sources of beauty in the Scriptures of the Old Testament. An able friend of mine once said, that, in this work, there is a minor inspiration ; and I cannot think he was far astray. From the minute and peculiar structure of the hebrew poetical sentences, to the sublimest flights of poetical invention, a flood of light is poured on excellences, which had for ages escaped the notice of critics, but which Lowth renders familiar to every reader, who has the least pretensions to judgment and sensibility.

‘ ISAAC WALTON’S Lives : Edited by Dr. Zouch.
8vo.

‘ The honest simplicity, native candour, untutored eloquence, and genuine love of goodness of Isaac Walton, have stood the test of near a century and a half, and gradually rise in the public estimation. His lives of five most distinguished members of our church, not only do ample justice to individual piety and learning ; but throw a mild and cheerful light upon the manners of an interesting age, as well as upon the venerable features of our mother church. Dr. Johnson had thoughts of re-editing this volume. It cannot, however, be regretted, that the task was undertaken by Dr. Zouch, who was more intimately acquainted with theology, and theological writers ; and whose ample notes unite rich instruction, and very agreeable entertainment.

‘BURNET’s Lives. Republished, 1815, by Watson, Capel Street, Dublin.

‘I am particular in mentioning this edition, because it has a preface, which is a most just and beautiful defence of our church, from certain puritanical objections ; and which, in many important particulars, may serve as a guard against several prevalent errors of the religious world. The lives themselves are the master-pieces of Burnet. When he wrote of genuine goodness, he seems to have written with an angel’s quill. Had he never written more than the sermon for Robert Boyle, the character of Queen Mary, and the brief sketch of Archbishop Leighton, he would have deserved the admiration of posterity.

‘ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON’s works.

‘These writings are often tinged with the calvinism of the day. But, after making every needful abatement, we must confess, that Leighton was a human seraph ; uniting the solar warmth with the solar light, and, throughout, exhibiting the purest, most unmingled goodness. His commentary on St. Peter is a treasure of devotion. His theological lectures are the very philosophy of the New Testament ; and his meditations on some of the psalms, raise us to those purer and sublime heights, where it was Leighton’s delight and privilege, habitually to dwell.

‘BISHOP HORNE’s Works.

‘The good Bishop is a cheerful, pious, elegant companion ; rarely profound, but always pleasing, and sometimes eloquent. The openings of his sermons are often beautiful. His preface to the psalms is his master-piece, and deserves to be read again and again. These are safe volumes to be put into the hands of young people.

‘ EDWARDS on the Affections.

‘ Though an American and a Presbyterian, I cannot omit this most able writer. He has the phraseology, in many places, of his sect ; but living as he did in extraordinary times, and witnessing what is called a revival of religion, he wrote this work for the purpose of detecting false pretences, by which multitudes deceive themselves and others, as to their religious state. There is not, in divinity ancient or modern, a more heart-searching book than this.

‘ EDWARDS on Redemption.

‘ In this work, the author, with vast reach and comprehension of mind, exhibits christianity as a grand scheme, for the final accomplishment of our Saviour’s Kingdom. His views are, at once, most sober, and most sublime. Unlike modern prophets, he is never wise above that which is written : but then, he has drunk deeply into those fountains, which few have touched with their lips.

‘ FLEURY : Discours sur l’Histoire Ecclésiastique.

‘ The most enlarged and liberal writer of the Gallican Church. These discourses, on the whole, present the most masterly and philosophical outline in existence, of ecclesiastical history. The errors of his Church, where they occur, are obvious : he may be read without jealousy or suspicion ; for he scorned the artifices of the disingenuous Bossuet.

‘ NICOLE. Essais de Morale, &c. 25 Vols. 12mo. at Dulau’s.

‘ These books, making an abatement for Roman catholic error, are the most extensive and valuable repository with which I am acquainted, of practical piety ; manly, solid, scriptural, and every where bottomed on a just knowledge of human nature.’

To this catalogue raisonné, may be subjoined a MS. sketch of a select volume of sacred poetry, found among Bishop Jebb's papers.

SELECTIONS, MORAL AND SACRED,

FROM THE EARLIER ENGLISH POETS.

1. Spencer's Hymn of Heavenly Love, Todd's edition.
2. *** * *'s Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, *ibid.*
3. From Sir John Davies' Immortality of the Soul, Anders. Poets, ii. 698.
4. Virtue, by Mr. Geo. Herbert, Works, p. 181.
5. Peace, by ditto, *ibid.* p. 233.
6. Character of a happy Life, by Sir Henry Wotton, Walton's Life, *Angl.* p. 35.
7. From Fletcher's Purple Island.
 1. Canto v. stanzas 61 .. 68. Anderson, vol. iv.
 - Canto vii. 1 .. 7.
 - Canto ix. 2—5. 10. 12—16. 19. 21—23. 30, 31.
 - Canto xii. 32. (line 1.) 37. 39.
 - Canto xii. 2—6.
8. Psalm cxxx. by P. Fletcher.
9. From G. Fletcher's Christ's Victory, &c.

Justice, Part i. stanzas 10, 11. 15,

 16. *Ibid.* p. 497.
10. From Ben Jonson's Elegy on Lady Jane Paulet. *Ibid.* p. 592.
11. From Ben Jonson's Elegy on Lady Venetia Digby. *Ibid.* p. 595.
12. From Drummond's Flowers of Sion. *Ibid.* p. 659, &c.

I. XVIII. XXV. XXVI. XXVII. XXX. XXXI.
13. Crashaw's Epitaph on Mr. Herries. *Ibid.* p. 728.
14. Crashaw's Description of a religious House, &c. *Ibid.* p. 748.
15. Crashaw's Paraphrase of Psalm xxiii. *Ibid.* p. 712.

In March, 1816, Mr. Jebb resumed, with fresh spirit, his inquiry into the style of the New Testament; which, since his letter to Dr. Magee, had been suspended, by the interruption of other literary avocations. March, 29., he writes to Mr. Knox, ' For the last three or four weeks, I have been more

busily, and more pleasantly occupied, than for years ; having finished, perhaps, three fifths of my remarks, on the hebraic distribution of the New Testament ; finished, I mean, so much of the first copy, with a view to publication, more to my mind, and more thoroughly at my ease, than I could have dared to anticipate : the whole will probably run to 300 pages 8vo.' The subject, as now treated, extended to four large fasciculi, under the title of 'Remarks upon the style of the New Testament ; chiefly with regard to the prevalence of an hebraic structure in its sentences and periods.' Having advanced thus far, he laid, according to his custom, his papers aside, until the ardour of composition should have subsided. And, upon returning to examine what he had written, he was satisfied that, while a considerable advance had been made upon his former essay, he had not reached beyond the selection, enlargement, and more perspicuous arrangement of his materials.* He therefore, a second time, calmly relinquished the hope of publication, until a plan should have arisen in his mind, which might give system and unity to his work : nor did he wait in vain : the plan finally adopted, was the offspring of a moment ; though the favourable moment was still to be delayed for several years.

Meanwhile, it was the good pleasure of that gracious Providence, in which he ever trusted, that his faith should be exercised, and his patience proved, by other duties, by fresh family afflictions, and by successive attacks of illness of the most alarming kind.

* It may be useful to future labourers to mention, in this connection, that, in the treatment of critical, or argumentative subjects, it was Mr. Jebb's favourite maxim, that 'clear statement is the most powerful of arguments.' Upon this principle, his inquiry into the style and structure of the New Testament was specially conducted.

In the summer of this year, he was invited by the Archbishop to exchange the rectory of Abington, for that of Golden, within four miles of Cashel. Deeply feeling the kindness of this option, yet fearing, at the same time, the effect, upon his future studies, of a removal to a parish, where he must begin as a builder, . . there being no glebe house ; he begged to leave the decision entirely with his Grace, as a private friend. The decision was, most considerately, made for him in the negative : and he remained, accordingly, at Abington.

He had early, and continually increasing cause for thankfulness, at his continuance in this quiet retreat. Hitherto, the parish of Abington, peopled almost entirely by Roman catholics, had allowed little scope for the duties of the pastoral care. About the close of the year 1816, however, a signal opportunity was, most unexpectedly, afforded, of proving the efficiency, and superiority, of the ministry of the Church of England, in the hands of a pastor like Mr. Jebb, in the face of the Church of Rome itself, and in the person of a member of the Roman catholic communion ; by the happy conversion, at once from Romanism and from infidelity, of a gentleman of cultivated mind, connected both with the Roman catholic hierarchy and aristocracy. The circumstances of this very remarkable case happen to be preserved in a letter, written at the time, at the request of my mother. A copy of this letter has been lately recovered ; and as such a document is likely to possess a fresher interest, than any statement drawn up at this distance of time, I need not apologize for presenting it to the reader.

‘ Your wish to learn further particulars of our departed convert, must be complied with. The circum-

stances of this occurrence, and the case of the individual, are too remarkable to be left unrecorded. I cannot, I will confess, but look upon it as singular, that, in this remote district, our excellent friend should gain to his ministry such a seal, as the most favourable situation, in a long life, could hardly be expected to supply. Is not this somewhat like providential compensation ?

'The person, respecting whom you inquire, was of an old, and highly respectable, Roman catholic family : on the female side, connected both with the hierarchy, and the aristocracy, of that communion ; his mother being niece to the titular Bishop of Cork (Dr. Moylan), and to the late Lord Dunboyne. His own name was R*****. He had married a member of our Church ; a widow lady, equally respectable with himself in her family and connections. They had settled, about 15 years since, upon a mountain farm ; which Mr. R*****'s taste and skill (he was by profession a landscape gardener) converted, at once, into a valuable property, and a most comfortable residence. Mr. R***** , at the age of 15, fell into the hands of a family friend ; a man of fortune, a physician, and an infidel. From this gentleman (he had now no better instructor), he imbibed that unhappy taint, which accompanied him, until within a few months of his last illness. In every other respect, indeed, he had lived correctly : he was of gentle temper ; just in his dealings ; a kind husband, a kind father, a good landlord, and a steady friend. But, on the subject of religion, and especially of revealed religion, he was, not in heart only, but professedly, and profanely, an unbeliever. From his youth up, he had been familiar with the philosophic infidelity of France and Scotland. The writings of Rousseau,

Voltaire, and Volney, with those of their contemporaries and coadjutors, Hume and Gibbon, became his meat and drink. And their principles, he made no scruple to circulate, wherever he was under no restraint of respect, or politeness. In society, however, where this was the case, he knew how, (as we can testify) to behave with perfect propriety... Such was Mr. R., when we first became acquainted with him, about three years since.

‘That acquaintance arose as follows. Mrs. R. being a member of the Church of England, and having liberty to bring up her daughter in her own communion, Mr. Jebb, of course, felt it to be his duty to visit her, among his other parishioners. We went there accordingly; and were so politely received, both by Mr. and Mrs. R., that Mr. Jebb invited them to pass a day or two at the Glebe: they did so: and this attention, it seems, never was forgotten.

‘I now come to more interesting particulars. About nine months ago (as Mrs. R. has since informed us), Mr. R. was engaged, professionally, at a gentleman’s place, in the county of Westmeath. One morning, being, as he thought, quite awake, his mother, who had been dead many years, stood before him at the bedside; and addressed him thus: ‘Make your soul*; there is no time to lose; you will die next November.’

‘At this time, Mr. R. was in his usual state of health; the incident, however, made a deep lodgment; and he acquainted Mrs. R. with it, shortly after his return home. In the course of the summer, his health became delicate; and he was advised to spend a little time at Mallow. He did so; but found little

* An expression current among Irish Romanists, and equivalent to ‘repent and be converted.’

benefit. On his return, the serious impression of the dream still continuing, and coming into rather painful conflict with his infidel doubtings, he said to his wife, ‘I am not easy in my mind ; Mr. Jebb is a wise and good man ; I will go and open my mind to him.’ He called here, accordingly, while I was absent ; an incident in the conversation gave him an opening ; he just threw out, that he sometimes looked into books, about religious matters ; and that he had lately read, with much satisfaction, Lord Lyttleton on the Conversion of St. Paul. Mr. Jebb, aware of Mr. R.’s thorough infidelity, and conceiving this to be no more than a polite *façon de parler*, did not encourage the conversation : and Mr. R. had not courage to come directly to the motive of his visit. The visit, however, led Mr. Jebb to think of sending a copy of his sermons to his parishioner, Mrs. R. He heard nothing more of the family, until about four weeks since ; when Mr. S., Mrs. R.’s son by her former marriage, called here, to inform Mr. Jebb that Mr. R. was dying ; that Mr. Jebb’s sermons had produced a wonderful change in his mind ; that the Roman clergy had been with him, . . . had talked much with him, but without satisfying ; and that he now expressed an ardent wish to see Mr. Jebb. Mr. S. begged we would go, as it were, to pay a visit ; and said he knew how welcome we should be. We set out the next morning. On reaching Mr. R.’s, we learned, that he had just given directions to send for Mr. Jebb. It now appeared how providential was Mr. R.’s last visit to Abington, and the consequent gift, to his lady, of Mr. Jebb’s volume. Mrs. R. confirmed to us her son’s report, that Mr. R.’s change of heart and views was, under divine Providence, to be attributed wholly to the perusal of this book.

When first they received the volume, Mrs. R. read one sermon ; and told her husband she greatly liked it : he replied, ‘ I will not take your report, I will judge for myself.’ He took up the book : he read it : and he read it again. The effect, we were called to witness. It was, indeed, marvellous. The conflict between the old leaven and the new, between faith and infidelity, was still severe : but the power of God was upon him, and the snares of hell were fast loosening. Every thing which it was prudent, or possible, to put before a dying man, in the way of evidence *, was put before him : but this was little compared with the force that wrought within. Within three days (a brief turn for such a transformation) all doubtings had passed away : a spirit of unbelief, the growth of forty years, subsided into the spirit of a little child. The day before our first visit, two priests had been with him, for several hours ; Mr. R. heard, for the last time, all they had to urge ; and the result of this interview was, his determination to die under the ministry of Mr. Jebb, and in the communion of the Church of England. On visiting him the second time, we found him in a frame so penitent, so humble, and so full of faith, that we had no reason to hesitate in complying with his desire of receiving the holy sacrament ; and there is reason to believe, not more to the comfort of the dying *christian*, than to

* His great distress of mind was, that, while most anxious to become a believer in christianity, he found his mind so pre-occupied, by the infidel objections upon which it had been feeding for so many years, as to leave no room for the admission of the opposite truths : the thorns had sprung up, and choked the entrance. It may be satisfactory to some to learn the means, which, in this case, proved effectual to remove so painful an obstruction : it was a quotation from Bishop Butler : he was advised to meet all those insurgent objections, by Bishop Butler’s profound maxim, ‘ that objections against christianity, as contra-distinguished from objections against its evidences, are frivolous.’ The advice was acted on ; and proved instantaneously effectual.

the edification of several individuals present, who were also partakers.

In the same happy frame Mr. R. continued to the last. On monday, I think, he received the sacrament ; and he expired on friday, the 5th of December. Mrs. R. told us, that, during the intervals of our visits, Mr. Jebb's name and mine were constantly on his lips ; and that she believed he would die attempting to articulate them. As Mrs. R. afterwards informed us, it was so.'

Christmas Day, 1816.

It is a remarkable, and a gratifying remembrance, that the happy result, on this occasion, of Mr. Jebb's ministerial labours, did not produce the least unpleasant feeling, on the part of the Roman catholic population, nor the slightest abatement of kindness and good-will, on that of the Roman catholic priesthood ; although, to the latter especially, the whole case and circumstances were necessarily very trying. On the contrary, it seemed to be the universal feeling, that all was fair, and above-board ; and the peasantry of the neighbourhood openly expressed their honest pleasure, at seeing the clergymen of the parish do their duty.

But, as afterwards more fully appeared, there were other, and previous causes of kindly feeling towards the protestant rector, on the part of the peasantry of Abington : causes which must be traced in his carriage towards his parishioners, and his manner of life among them.* It seems right, therefore, to give, in a few words, some account of the plain and simple means, which, from an early period of his incum-

* The peasantry of Abington often expressed their respect for Mr. Jebb's love of books and study ; which they felt became a clergyman. They honoured, also, his exclusive devotedness to the duties of his sacred calling.

bency, had secured to him, without thought or effort on his part, the affectionate good-will of a susceptible and impressible, though imperfectly civilized population.

The groundwork of Mr. Jebb's popularity, at Abington, may be said to have been laid in his natural character and deportment: in the happy union of a manly openness and fearlessness of manner, with genuine liberality in all his dealings, and unaffected kindness in the intercourse of daily life. In his correspondence with Mr. Knox, about this date, he thus describes the manner of that intercourse: 'In these trying times, it has been my lot, in common with multitudes of my brethren, to suffer my share of pecuniary inconveniences: it is gratifying, however, to feel, that I have not the least reason to complain of my parishioners, and that we are, mutually, on the best possible terms; nor, on my part, shall any fair and manly efforts be wanting, to keep things as they are: it has been my effort to blend firmness with conciliation; to act with the confidence of a man who is not afraid; and to let it be seen, that, in the concessions which humanity, and, during the depreciation of agricultural produce, justice itself would demand, not even the suspicion of danger is an ingredient.'

While acting on the principles, and in the spirit, here expressed, his every act of kindness, whether in the shape of pecuniary remission, or of pecuniary aid, was peculiarly felt and valued for this further cause, . . . that he who showed himself thus liberal of his substance, was, at least, equally unsparing of his personal trouble. Whenever applied to, he was found always ready to hear the case of the applicants; to advise them for the best; to draw up their

petitions ; to write letters to the proper quarters, in behalf of the widows, or children, or next of kin, of soldiers, or sailors, connected with Abington, or its neighbourhood : attentions gratefully appreciated by the acute and observant peasantry ; who well knew Mr. Jebb's value for his time, and his studies ; and whom, in common with their countrymen, he has justly described, as more sensible to the *manner*, than to the *matter* of kindness.

In his natural manner, when conversing, kindness was blended with authority : this, too, had its effect upon the people. Even when he addressed them most kindly, there was a certain command in his manner ; which, while it rather heightened the effect of his benevolence, always kept alive the sense of respect and subordination. In his personal intercourse with the population, he had one object habitually in view, . . . to raise them above their too-prevailing habits of servility, by awakening, or endeavouring to awaken, their self-respect ; by ‘telling them they were men ;’ and teaching them to look, and speak, and stand erect, as free-born human beings. Surprizing as, at first sight, it may seem, it was on these occasions, that the authority of his manner became most observable. From the unhappy circumstances of the country, labouring, at once, under the crying evils of the absentee system, and under the consequent oppressions and exactions of the system of middle-men, the Irish peasantry had unhappily learnt to substitute, for the reality of respect, the outward show of a fawning and cringing servility, in addressing their superiors. This, Mr. Jebb could not endure : his nature rose against it : . . . as they stood before him, in whatever weather, with their hats in their hands, he would first request them

to put on their hats ; observing, that he could not bear to see them remain uncovered ; if this did not succeed (as was frequently the case), he would desire them to put their hats on, or he must take his off.* While, even thus, compliance was procured with difficulty, his motive became soon understood ; and the result, uniformly, was, an increased respect for him, if not for themselves.

The year 1817 opened upon Mr. Jebb under symptoms of indisposition, which were but too fully verified. In February, his state of health was such, that all literary pursuits were inevitably suspended ; and, except in cases of indispensable business, he shrunk even from the commonest letter : in April, he rallied sufficiently to pay his annual visit to Dublin : but in May, he was taken ill, at the house of his friend Dr. Nash, in the neighbourhood of Dublin, and confined to his room, for several weeks, by a severe indisposition. When sufficiently recovered, apparently, from this attack, to attempt the journey home, he returned to Abington ; where, at the end of June, he was seized with the most alarming fit of illness (one only excepted.. his last) which he experienced through life. Providentially for the favourable issue, when the attack first came on, my brother and sister-in-law were on a visit in the house ; and the difficulties attending a bed of pain and sickness, in a lonely country-house, were thus, in a great measure, removed, or alleviated, by the constant presence and attendance of attached and anxious friends. His complaint, at the commencement, appeared to be only an unusually heavy bilious attack ;

* ‘ He was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish-clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time.’ . . .
‘ *I. Walton’s Life of Hooker.* ’

attended with fever, and pain about the chest and heart : the pain gradually increased (the other symptoms continuing), until the violence of the paroxysms, and the appearance of decided jaundice, declared the attack to be one of gallstones, of the severest kind. The disorder continued at the height for more than a month ; the spasms repeatedly returning with such violence, as to threaten life ; at one moment, a spasm in the region of the heart, seemed to the sufferer himself the approach of death ; and, in all human appearance, he must have died, had another such returned : its recurrence was mercifully averted : and, after five weeks of intense suffering, frequently amounting to agonies, which he more than once intimated that nature could not long endure, his sympathizing friends had the great happiness to see him, early in August, returning towards convalescence, though necessarily very weak, and worn to the shadow of what he had been.

Throughout this trying crisis, his patience, his cheerfulness, his willing acquiescence in the disposals of his heavenly Father, will never be forgotten by the friends who ministered round his bed of pain. Once only, when the frequent paroxysms were succeeded by intense continuous pain, he said, he trusted it was not wrong in him to ask of God, that, if this pain were to last, God would release him, . . . ‘ for,’ he added, ‘ it is more than nature can endure.’ At another time, he expressed a fear, that his future days would be days of like suffering ; from the prospect of which he prayed, if it were God’s will, that he might be delivered. Such fortitude, mingled with such sensibility to suffering, under the constant control of christian resignation, had never been wit-

nessed before by those around him, and have never since been witnessed by them, excepting in himself.

It being decided by the physicians, that, as soon as sufficiently convalescent to travel, Mr. Jebb should proceed to Cheltenham, the considerate kindness of Archbishop Brodrick facilitated an arrangement with a common friend, by which provision was made for the duties of Abington parish, and I was set at liberty to accompany him. We set out, accordingly, for Dublin, the first week in August; passed a few days with his brother; and early in the following week sailed for Holyhead. The weather proved most favourable for our journey, and for the scenery of North Wales, which Mr. Jebb had always much enjoyed, and by which he now seemed refreshed and recruited: but, on reaching Leominster, the carriage exercise brought on a slight relapse, which detained us there for several days. From Leominster, we took the road by Ludlow and Ross; a circuitous route, which united the enjoyment of fine natural scenery, with the higher enjoyment of memorable historical associations. Opportunities like this, Mr. Jebb accounted among the best restoratives of health, both in mind and body; and he was proportionately thankful for them. Of this delightful part of our journey, he thus writes to Mr. Knox: ‘By a pleasant detour, we enjoyed the classic ground of Ludlow Castle, and Ross, the historical importance of the former, sunk, in my estimate, before the delightful associations of Comus; and the richly diversified scenery of the latter, was heightened by the panegyrical strains of Pope; not, however, without some drawback, on learning, that, in a few particulars, the panegyric was indebted for materials, to poetical amplification.’

At Cheltenham, which Mr. Jebb visited without interest, and took leave of without regret, we passed three tedious weeks ; experiencing, during our stay, for the first time, the loneliness of solitude in a crowd. His heart and thoughts often returned to Abington, and to his library, where, excepting in illness, he never felt alone. A letter to Mrs. James Forster, written at this time, thus represents his feelings, and our manner of being.

‘Cheltenham, Aug. 27. 1817.

‘MY DEAR MADAM,

‘IT is much more than time that your patient should give some account of himself, and his movements, to the friend, whose invaluable kindness cheered and alleviated so many hours of indisposition, at the hermitage of Abington. In truth, I now look back to that time, much less as a season of suffering, than of enjoyment. I do not, indeed, pretend to the stoicism, which affected to account bodily pain no evil ; but I am ready to maintain against a dozen score of grumblers, that the evil may be so compensated, as to be very tolerable at the time, and altogether pleasurable in the recollection. To have a tooth drawn, even by Dr. Blake*, I am not prepared to say I should esteem a positive pleasure ; but I am sure that to look in the face, and to hold the hand of a sympathizing friend, at the moment of greatest pain, would increase my fortitude ; and I am equally sure that, in after-thought, the kindness of that friend would be for ever associated with the remembrance of the operation. Just so it is in the present case, . . only that the care, the kindness, and the interest of my friends, were called forth and sustained for a succession of weeks. To have been thus ill, and thus attended,

* A late eminent Dublin dentist. C.F.

makes a man dearer to himself. I will not pain you by saying all I feel ; but this I will say, that I hope and believe I shall never think but with gratitude and pleasure of JUNE .. JULY 1817.

Charles has already reported, in two letters to his mother, our progress to this place, together with the opinion &c. of Dr. Boisragon. I shall not, therefore, attempt telling a told tale : of what remains, I have not much to say ; the melancholy prevalence of heavy rain has confined us pretty closely to Cheltenham ; and, within Cheltenham, we lead a life about as hermitical and ascetic, as in the solitude of Abington : we see, indeed, and speculate, upon many strange faces ; we do not, however, come into sufficiently close contact, to judge of the mind by the conversation... We scarcely know a creature here ; and the few we do know, we scarcely see ; our hours being unfashionably regulated by concern for our health ; we leave the well at or before 9 o'clock, .. after that hour, the fashionables flock there, and to that class our friends belong, or would be thought to belong. Thus it is through the course of the day,.. we are rarely at any spot at the precise time, when other people are there : now and then, we may see and be seen by chance ; and we, for our parts, see little to admire in the crowd ; .. while the crowd, if it, or any part of it, cast a thought on us, probably sets us down for two methodist parsons.

‘ By your kind introduction, we had hoped to be settled in the ONLY lodging in Cheltenham : that lodging, however, was occupied ; still your introduction was valuable and useful ; the good-natured Mrs. Only ferretted out a lodging for us in the High-Street .. the whole house to ourselves .. an opening in front, commanding a fine view of the opposite

hills, . . in the rear, a nice garden, separated by a mill-stream from the walks to the Chalybeate wells, . . and a delicious prospect from a little room in which we dine. Our landlady lives at a larger house, at some distance ; and she leaves to take care of us a very nice female attendant. We have been fortunate in meeting a capital servant out of place, the brother of my brother's butler . . a man of excellent character . . quite up to the department of own man, yet not in the least saucy. When I think of this prosing, uninteresting detail of trivialities, I am ashamed : but what can I write ? of this country and its inhabitants we have seen little ; and, till the weather changes, can hope to see but little ; our own minds (at least for number one I can answer) are far from fertile ; the waters are somewhat stupifying ; and outward circumstances are not highly exhilarating ; still, we keep up our noble spirits ; and are vegetating very tolerably in contented dulness.

‘ I beg my kindest regards to your good husband, to Mr. and Mrs. Forster, &c.

‘ Farewell, my dear Madam,

Ever your obliged and grateful friend,

JOHN JEBB.’

The monotony of the walks and pump-room of Cheltenham, was, however, relieved, by the presence and kindness of an old College friend, the Rev. Peter Maxwell, and by the acquisition of one or two agreeable acquaintances. The skilful treatment of Dr. Boisragon, meanwhile, forwarded Mr. Jebb's recovery, and abridged his stay ; and the receipt of letters from English friends, both at Bristol, and in the neighbourhood of town, expressing affectionate

interest in his early restoration, and cordial wishes to welcome him once more among them, by the happy effect which it had on his spirits (always deeply influenced by genuine kindness), greatly conduced to the improvement of his health. Released, at length, by his physician, from further use of the Cheltenham waters, we proceeded thence to Bristol, where Mr. Jebb had formerly passed, in company with Mr. Knox, some of the happiest days of his life ; and in the neighbourhood of which, he was now about to renew that happiness, under the hospitable roof, and in the truly congenial society of his old friend, Thomas Stock, Esq., of Henbury Court. Here we remained, until the close of September ; having accomplished, during our stay, a visit of two delightful days to Mrs. Hannah More, and her last surviving sister, Martha, at Barley Wood.

Among these friends, Mr. Jebb's health and spirits seemed daily to gain ground ; until, on the 29th of September, we left Henbury for London ; visiting, on the way, our kind friend, Captain (now Admiral) H. Vansittart, at Bisham Abbey, in Berkshire.

To himself, and to his companion, Mr. Jebb's visit to London, at this time, proved fruitful in present enjoyment, and interesting remembrances : it was also rendered memorable to us, by a narrow, and most providential escape from drowning. Arrived at Richmond, my friend proposed, as I was to enter the great city for the first time, that we should approach it by water, and that my first view of St. Paul's should be from the river. Without entering into the details of the voyage, it is sufficient to say, that the danger was apparent and imminent ; but we landed in safety, with the feelings, and I trust the thankfulness to Providence, of deliverance from a watery

grave. Mr. Jebb's sense of this providential deliverance, was characteristically deep and lasting: in a letter written September 30. of the following year, I find this allusion to our common peril and preservation: 'Have you thought lately of the risk we ran, and the preservation we experienced, on the Thames, this time twelve-month, . . . that is to say, on saturday, October 4th ?'

Into the details of our residence, at this period, in town, and in its neighbourhood, which, in consequence of Mr. Jebb's experiencing a severe relapse, was prolonged to the beginning of November, I do not mean to enter, lest they should needlessly swell the memoir: to him, the circumstances were familiar, while, to his companion, every thing was new; and the kind interest which he took, as his friend's introducer and conductor, sensibly added to his own enjoyment of London life. It may suffice generally to notice, that the time which was not filled by other engagements, or nearly three weeks of our stay in the neighbourhood of town, was spent under the hospitable roof of Mr. (now Sir Robert Harry) Inglis, and in the society to which his friendship introduced us. Among the names with which Mr. Jebb now formed, or renewed acquaintance, should be mentioned those of Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Stephen, senr., Mr. Macaulay, Mr. Charles Grant, senr., and the late amiable and accomplished Earl of Guildford, better known as Mr. Frederic North.

At Lord Guildford's we met, as people meet at great London dinners, the celebrated M. Humboldt, and his brother the Prussian ambassador; Sir Humphrey Davy; and (one of the most interesting of the guests) the late Rev. Thomas Rennell.

But while friendship thus zealously ministered to

Mr. Jebb's comfort and enjoyment, the return of his painful malady awakened fresh alarm ; and nearly half the term of his London visit was consumed upon a sick bed. But his bed of sickness was in the house of a friend ; and his affectionate heart most deeply and gratefully felt the providential solace. During this indisposition, his spirits, too, were frequently and delightfully cheered by the converse of Mr. Wilberforce, then on a visit under the same friendly roof. Mr. Wilberforce spoke much of their common friend Mr. Alexander Knox ; and of the impression left upon his mind by Mr. Knox's eloquence and genius.*

Upon our return to Ireland in November, we enjoyed the opportunity, at Bellevûe, of seeing that genius and eloquence contrasted, with the well-known powers of another eminent Irishman, the late Mr. Grattan. The comparison only showed Mr. Knox to higher advantage. Mr. Grattan's epigrammatic brilliancy in conversation, although his naturalized manner, gave too constantly the impression of labour and effort : Mr. Knox's rich tide of thought, delivered in a majestic, yet easy and natural flow of well-chosen expression, taught you, at once, to admire and forget the speaker, in the interest and importance of the subject. Upon this occasion, Mr. Grattan drew, with great power, the characters of his greatest political contemporaries : having described the oratory of Mr. Pitt, and of Mr. Fox, he proceeded (suiting the action to the words), ‘ But, Sir, there

* An impression, I may add, which continued strong and vivid to the last. Christmas 1832, Mr. Wilberforce remarked to the present writer, that he had never been so forcibly struck by any conversation, as by that of Mr. Knox. ‘ It is now,’ he observed, ‘ more than two and twenty years since we met, yet the power of his conversation is as fresh in my mind, as if I had been listening to him yesterday.

was none of them like Burke . . there was none of them like Burke: *he* grasped America with one hand, and India with the other; and extended the blessings of liberty and civilization, to opposite quarters of the globe!' It was impossible to hear without emotion this splendid eulogy, pronounced upon the first of Irish statesmen, by the first of Irish orators. Mr. Knox instantly caught the historical association; and turning to the friend who sat next him, he laid his hand upon him, and said, ' You are the youngest person in this company: and ten, twenty years hence, remember, *and remember to tell*, that *you* have heard MR. GRATTAN eulogize MR. BURKE.'

But to return. Before we take leave of this visit to England, a rapid sketch of what he saw and enjoyed, in Mr. Jebb's own words, may be not unacceptable to the reader. In a second letter to the friend, to whom he had written from Cheltenham, he thus describes the growing interest of our excursion.

‘ Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 9. 1817.

‘ MY DEAR MADAM,

‘ WILL you, at the risk, or rather with the certainty of much tautology, accept a few lines from one who cherishes the memory of your past kindness, and the persuasion that that kindness is not likely to diminish, in consequence of time or distance? Charles is writing to his mother: his letter, in addition to those already dispatched by him, will doubtless anticipate all that I could tell; still, you will like to see under my hand too, that we are well and happy; that we have enjoyed a fine country, glorious weather, houses and palaces, rich in historical, heroical, poetical, and religious associations; that we have been received, and I might say been taken to the bosoms, of the

most estimable people, with a cordiality which could not be exceeded, if we had been their nearest and dearest connections ; that we have still around us, and before us, yet untasted pleasures, to be drank in, I trust, with temperance and gratitude, before our return home ; and, in a word, that our tour has, in all respects, exceeded our most sanguine expectations ; and cannot fail to leave behind it mementos in our minds and hearts, to be food, at once, and medicine, of some of those less cheerful hours, with which, such is the lot, and such the weakness of humanity, we must hereafter be occasionally visited, and so visited for our good.

‘ Charles or I might give you heads of our excursion .. Henbury .. its beautiful vicinity, its exquisite church, its worthy and good-natured Rector .. our walks, our drives .. Tintern, Piercefield .. and above all, the invaluable family, whose society heightened the zest of every scene, with an hilarity ever salient, yet never overflowing the just measure of sedate and christian self-possession. Thence we might transport you to that Inn*, like a nobleman’s lofty mansion, once the residence of the good Duchess of Somerset ; where all was in character with the associations of the place, and we might have almost thought ourselves the respected guests of an absent great family, whose hospitality was communicated to, and exercised in proxy by their faithful domestics... Thence to Bisham Abbey, the seat once of learning and religion, .. the scene afterwards of courtly grandeur, illustrated by the royal presence of Elizabeth, and now the abode of true English, unaffected hospitality. Thence to WINDSOR, .. a word which implies all that is most transcendently dignified, in English greatness ; .. a

* The Castle, at Marlborough.

place which derives a yet deeper, though more melancholy interest, from being the last earthly stage of the pilgrimage of our good old, afflicted King ; whom we trust God hath chastened because he loves him ; and is preparing him by a mysterious, but doubtless, if we knew all, a most gracious process, for a higher than an earthly throne.* .. Thence to Hampton, whose matchless inhabitants, the master-pieces of Raphael's genius, make us almost the personal spectators of our Lord, and of his chosen followers. Thence to the enjoyment of the most select and choice society at * * * * *, the house of the late admirable * * * * * ; and thence, finally, to the friendly, and vigilantly wakeful kindness of * * * * *, who are devoting themselves, their time, their thoughts, and every accommodation at their command, to the promotion of our enjoyment ; showing us a country rich in natural beauties, .. richer in places beyond my present power of enumeration, which overflow with the most interesting associations ; .. Knowle, for example, .. where, after having been overwhelmed and appalled by the terrific UGOLINO of Sir Joshua Reynolds, we were at once soothed and elevated by the best *original* resemblances of our greatest English and Irish worthies, .. Milton, Newton, Shakspeare, Locke, Pope, Addison, &c. &c. .. Johnson, Burke, Reynolds,

* When in England, with Mr. Knox, in 1809, it had been his privilege to see George III. in his own Royal Chapel at Windsor. The venerable air of the king, as he entered the Chapel, leaning on the arm of his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia : his state of total blindness, rendered more touching by the fervent devoutness of his responses, . . . made and left an impression, which the Bishop loved, ever after, to recall and describe. The king's voice, throughout the service, expressed the profoundest humility of devotion. But, when he came to the verse of the Te Deum, ' Heaven and earth are FULL of the majesty of thy glory,' the words were uttered with a fervour and fulness, which swelled through the whole building. ' As though,' observed the Bishop, ' he would express the *nothingness* of his own majesty, when he thought upon the majesty of the KING OF KINGS.'

Goldsmith, &c. . . of all this, and much more than this, we might give you a dry catalogue, and that catalogue would extend through pages : I leave it, then, for you to judge, how much there must be to be remembered, how much to be told, in the hours of cheerful and friendly intercourse, to which I yet hopefully look forward, in the retirement of Abington. And, flattered as I am by your estimate of Abington (the partial estimate of friendship), I trust that, with the additional inducement of such narratives, I may be fortunate enough to induce a repetition of your last most kind visit ; not indeed a repetition of the cares and troubles which you so magnanimously underwent, but a repetition of social intercourse, such as we and those we love are attached to, as among the happiest ingredients of a happy life.

'That you and your's, that Mr. and Mrs. Forster, &c. may, as heretofore, be shielded from that pestilence, which now walketh at noon-day*, is my fervent wish and prayer : accept, for yourself and them, my most affectionate regards.

Ever, my dear Madam,

Your obliged and faithful friend,

JOHN JEBB.'

Of Mr. Jebb's pursuits, after his return to Abington in November, one of his scrap-books contains some interesting memorials. Readers of a poetical taste may be gratified by the insertion, as specimens, of two short critiques, written at this time.

90. Nothing is more characteristic of cheerful religion, than its faculty of converting, if one may so speak, the darkest shades, into the most beautifully

* The typhus fever, then raging in Ireland.

diversified lights. This is finely exemplified, in Addison's version of the twenty-third Psalm: *The Lord my pasture shall prepare*, &c. : In the space of six short stanzas, we have, there, ‘a sultry glebe.. a thirsty mountain.. bare rugged ways.. devious solitary wilds.. dreadful shades.. a barren wilderness.. fainting.. panting.. weariness.. wandering.. pains.. paths of death.. and those paths overspread with gloomy horrors.’ What an assemblage of terrible images! yet the whole English language does not, perhaps, afford a more delightfully cheerful little poem. Such is the transmutative power of religion.

91. Mr. Gilpin, in his observations on the Wye, pronounces ‘Grongar Hill’ to be defective in the execution, considered as a landscape, painted with words instead of colours. It wants contrast, he says, of fore-ground and distance. The objects immediately beneath the eye, and those more remote, are marked with equal strength and distinctness: the trees close at hand, are distinguished by their *shapes* and *hues*; and the castle afar off, by the *ivy* creeping on its walls. . . Where the describer is supposed to stand, the former must be visible, the latter could not; and therefore should not have been mentioned.

The objection has its plausibility; but, after all, it will perhaps approve itself no more, than the objection of a mere painter.

It is not the objection of a man of moral sensibility; for who would sacrifice to a technicism of art, those specialties of description, which set us down in the midst of the venerable pile, and interest us in every fragment of it; and, by a train of gentle and melancholy emotions, prepare us for one of the most

touching moral applications in English poetry; for which, be it observed, had we been kept at a distance, according to the rules of perspective, we should not have been sufficiently interested spectators: the moral would seem forced on us. As it is, the poet seems but to anticipate our own natural reflection, upon the scene before us.

It is not the objection of a poet; for what is the trifling change of scene here implied, to those rapid glances from heaven to earth, and earth to heaven, which are the poet's immemorial privilege?

It is not the objection of a philosophical critic. And here I am happy to give a passage from Mr. Dugald Stewart, which, I apprehend, affords (without adverting to this case) a complete vindication of my favourite DYER. He is led to quote, and to observe upon, those lines of Gray:

‘On a rock whose *haughty brow*
Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes, the poet stood.
Loose, his beard and hoary hair
Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air.’

Of these lines, the first two present a picture, which the imagination naturally views from below: the rest transport us to the immediate neighbourhood of the bard, by the minuteness of the delineation.

‘As an obvious consequence of this rapidity of thought, it may be worth while here to remark, that the conceptions of the painter, which are necessarily limited, not only to one momentary glimpse of a passing object, but to one precise and unchangeable point of sight*, cannot possibly give expression to

* I remember a remark, in point to this criticism, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, upon the famous picture of the resurrection of Lazarus, now in the national gallery. I shall beg permission to introduce it here. Having felt an awkward-

those ideal creations, the charm of which depends, in a great degree, on their quick and varied succession ; and on the *ubiquity* (if I may be allowed the phrase) of the poet's eye. No better illustration of this can be produced, than the verses just quoted, compared with the repeated attempts, which have been made to represent their objects on canvas. Of the vanity of these attempts, it is sufficient to say, that, while the painter has but *one* point of sight, the poet, from the nature of his art, has been enabled, in this instance, to avail himself of *two*, without impairing in the least the effect of his description, by this sudden and unobserved shifting of the scenery.'

Dyer, like Gray, was both a painter and a poet ; and he most properly did not sacrifice the prerogatives of the superior, to the limitations of the inferior art. We may well believe, that he accurately knew what he was doing. At the opening of the Poem, he invokes Painting merely as an *auxiliary* ; and he was careful that the auxiliary should not encumber with her help : 'Come and *aid* thy sister muse.'

ness of effect in the position of the left hand of our Lord's figure, I had ventured to mention the feeling to Sir Thomas, and to ask his opinion. He said the criticism was just : that 'the unity of the picture was destroyed, by the painter's yielding to the wish to catch two moments. . . The language of our Lord's action is clearly *two-fold*. With the right hand he points to the attendants, as in the act of pronouncing the words, *Loose him, and let him go* ; while the left is raised, as in the moment of saying, *Lazarus, come forth*. Rembrandt would not have been guilty of this fault. . . The real merit of Rembrandt is not understood. His capital excellence, is in his power as a dramatic painter. In this department, he has no equal. Raphael would often suffer himself to be seduced from strict adherence to the characters of his personages, by the impulse of his genius ; and would sacrifice correctness to some poetical beauty. Not so Rembrandt : nothing could draw him aside from historical truth. You never find an error of this kind in his pictures.' Sir Thomas now mentioned, that he had in his own possession Michael Angelo's sketch of the principal group, for the picture of Sebastian del Piombo ; together with a letter from that painter, desiring him (Michael Angelo), at the wish of Sebastian's employers, to fix the sum which he should have for painting the picture.

A letter from Mr. Southey, received in December, drew from him the following observations, upon the character, and providential agency, of Wesleyan methodism.

‘ Abington Glebe, Dec. 26. 1817.

‘ DEAR SIR,

‘ ILLNESS alone prevented me returning thanks, for your most acceptable letter of the 6th, immediately on the receipt of it. Approbation like yours is no ordinary stimulus; for, however it must humble one, by inducing a comparison with the great worthies of the Church who have gone before, it will, I trust, prove an additional incitement to my inquiries in what path they walked, and to my earnest, though humble efforts, to follow in the same. Never, indeed, was it more needful, to resort to first principles; and perhaps even some of the excellent of the earth, may, in the present day, be too little careful to ascertain the quality of the zeal which animates those, with whom they are in the habit of acting.

‘ It gives me sincere pleasure to know, that you are engaged in writing the life of Wesley: it is impossible not to regard him as a great providential instrument, who has already served, and who perhaps, hereafter, will much more extensively serve, the noblest purposes in the system of christianity. Valuable as his life and labours have been, in their influences upon his own immediate followers, and especially among the lower classes of society, I am far from thinking those results, either the most important, or the most perfect consequences of Wesleyan methodism. At the very commencement, he and his brother thought, that the chief providential purpose of the association, which they formed within the Church, was, to excite, in the Church itself, a

spirit of christian emulation. That purpose has already been substantially attained ; and I am convinced that multitudes, both in and out of holy orders, who know little more than the names of Wesley and of methodism, have, indirectly, imbibed the best principles of his writings, divested of much that was objectionable, (though probably even those things were indispensable ingredients) in the practices, the economy, and even the religious opinions of the body at large. Methodism, in a word, has been a powerful resuscitator ; and those who have been resuscitated, may and will be advanced in the religious life, by what John Wesley said and wrote, in proportion as the vital energy of his system shall be divested of the uncouth drapery, with which it was encumbered. In a life of this extraordinary man, by a writer of enlarged and comprehensive views, and raised above all sectarian prejudice or predilection, there will be abundant opportunities of making such a separation and divestment.

‘ I wish it were in my power, satisfactorily, to answer your queries, respecting the small progress of methodism in Ireland. In the first place, however, is it certain, taking into account the circumstances of the country, that the progress has been small ? At the last conference, it appears by returns, that the numbers in England, Wales, and Scotland, were 193,670 ; the numbers in Ireland 21,031. The disproportion, I will allow, between the methodists of Great Britain and Ireland, exceeds the disproportion between the gross population of Great Britain and Ireland. But then, I doubt whether the Roman catholics can fairly be taken into account ; and, in that case, methodism may be truly said to have made a greater progress, among the legitimate subjects of it, here, than in the sister island.

My grand reason for leaving the Roman catholics out of the question, is, that no Roman catholic could, at any period, have become a methodist, without, by that very act, ceasing to be a Roman catholic ; while members of the church of England, or the kirk of Scotland, might, at all periods, in this country, join the methodist society, without, in any measure, forfeiting their place, in their respective communions. Of late, indeed, in consequence of innovations introduced from England by the ambition of the preachers, methodism, in this country too, has assumed the character of *dissenterism*. Still, however, many of the body are firmly attached to the established church ; and, even with respect to future proselytes, the change from one form of protestantism to another, will be infinitely less violent and revolting, than it could be, from the Roman catholic religion, to a dissenting system. I have not spoken of the influence of the Roman catholic priests : this would, doubtless, be largely and vehemently exerted, to keep their flocks from the infection of methodism ; but I do not think there has been much occasion to call it into exercise. Our Roman catholic population cling to their religion with all its grossnesses ; they love it, as the faith of their fathers ; they would fight for it, as the religion of Irishmen ; they revere it, as what they believe to be the exclusively genuine catholic and apostolic christianity ; and, on all these grounds, I think it would be idle and extravagant to expect much accession, from the ranks of popery, to the ranks of methodism. It must be added, too, that the Irish Romanists, have, within their own system, substitutes, for the most fascinating features of Wesleyan methodism. Their priests, like the itinerant methodist preachers, are drawn from their own rank

of life ; the practice of oral confession, corresponds to the practices observed in the class and band meetings ; and the number of religious confraternities into which the lowest, and least educated can gain admission, constitute, as it were, a thorough system of methodism, within the heart of popery itself. It may now be asked, Are the poor deluded victims to be for ever outcasts, without an effort for their recovery ? I would answer, that, bad as things unquestionably are, there is still much religion among them, and that religion is progressive ; that they have a submission to the will of God, as *his* will, which I never have met, in equal vigour and producibility, among the lower classes of protestants ; that they submit with resignation to sickness, want, famine, as to visitations sent by the Almighty, instead of clamouring against them, as injuries inflicted by the misrule of man ; that their habits, though slowly, are yet certainly improving ; and that I trust they are advancing towards a preparedness for that state of things, when an improvement in the Roman catholic priesthood, and Roman catholic gentry, will open a door for a reformation of the body at large.

‘ As to Quakerism, I do *not* think it has been progressive in Ireland. How it first gained a footing, I cannot say ; probably by the migration of members, from other countries ; but they have not sought to make proselytes, nor has the increase of their numbers been more than can satisfactorily be accounted for, by the natural growth of a singularly regular, sober, moral, industrious, and wealthy people ; the growth, I mean, by simple transmission from father to son.

‘ When I look back at the long nothing, with which I have trespassed on your time, I am absolutely ashamed ; but neither my health, nor leisure,

now admit of such compression into narrower bounds, as would make *πλειον ἡμισυ παντος*. Permit me, however, to mention, that, for information respecting methodism, and its founder, I would refer you, and should feel happy to introduce you, to an excellent friend of mine ; who knows more of both, than most of John Wesley's followers. You may have heard of Mr. Alexander Knox of Dublin. He was the close, and chosen intimate of John Wesley ; and, though not a member of his society, knew the very secrets of his heart. For a long course of years, he has intimately known, and wisely marked, all the movements of the body ; and has thought and re-thought upon the subject, with the enlarged, but pious comprehensiveness of a true christian philosopher. Had you any queries to make of such a man, I should be happy in being the channel of conveying them, and in endeavouring to procure a speedy answer.

Believe me, dear Sir,

With sincere respect and esteem,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JOHN JEBB.'

In April, 1818, Mr. Jebb was engaged in the composition of a sermon, preached at the opening of the chapel of the Female Orphan House charity school, near Dublin : the discourse was published, by request, at the time ; and has since been re-published in 'Practical Theology.' At the same time, he employed himself, in compliance with the wish of a valued friend at Oxford, in an elaborate critique upon the able and original Bampton Lecture Sermons, then recently given to the public, by the Rev. John Miller, M.A., Fellow of Worcester College. In the

judgment of Mr. Knox, this paper was considered one of his very best pieces of writing. It will be found in its place among the Letters.

In October, a communication from his friend Dr. Joseph Stopford, relative to a projected work to be entitled ‘Scriptural Illustrations of the Liturgy of the Church of England,’ drew from him the following remarks; remarks the more valuable, as coming from one, who had himself penetrated and imbibed the inmost spirit of that Liturgy; and whose liturgical discourses have supplied, what had long been a desideratum, a *practical* examination of the chief Services in our inestimable Book of Common Prayer.

‘ Abington Glebe, Oct. 16. 1818.

‘ FEW things are more desirable, than that the youthful members of our Church should be early taught to know, and drawn to feel, what a treasure is embodied in our Liturgy: and, in many respects, your scriptural illustration promises to help this good purpose on its way. Indeed, it seems quite indispensable that any popular, and especially any catechetical elucidation of our Common Prayer, should trace and develope the relationship, between that venerable Service, and the Sacred Volume; the more so, because *liturgico-scriptural* coincidences are often most instructive and affecting, where they are least obvious to the superficial glance. In this respect, how widely does our Service differ from that, which was prepared by Richard Baxter, and which the Puritans would have gladly substituted in its room! *There*, indeed, scripture language is obtrusively familiar; and what is the consequence? All competent judges must feel, that, while the letter of Scripture overflows, its spirit is suffered to evaporate.

One text shoulders away another ; in its turn to yield to the intrusion of a third ; and thus, in the rapidity of violent succession, the mind is left without time to pause on any given passage, . . and extract, and feed upon its sweetness. In our Service, on the contrary, the words of Scripture are sparingly employed, and naturally blended with appropriate original composition. Sometimes, a single text is touched, as it were, by a gentle, yet forcible allusion ; frequently, a brief clause of Scripture, is no less accurately, than devoutly, exfoliated and expanded ; and, yet more commonly, the essence of several passages is extracted, and concentrated in some one weighty, impressive, and affecting sentence of petition, intercession, and thanksgiving.

‘These, and various other modes of incorporating Scripture in our Liturgy, will, doubtless, in due season, and by fitly prepared instruments, be fully brought forth into light : and, when this is done, it will probably be admitted, that, in the nature of things, such a work could not have been produced, *in one age*, by one man, or by any combination of men ; and that nothing short of the successive and accumulated wisdom and piety of many ages, enlightened by the Church’s own experience, and guided, also, and guarded, by a diviner inspiration and controul, could have *so* fathomed the depths of Scripture ; *so* drawn from its recesses ‘full many a gem of purest ray serene’ ; *so* nicely discriminated, between vital, essential, everlasting truth, and those temporary accompaniments, which, from time to time, were permitted to assume its semblance ; and, especially, *so* brought home to the capacities of the young, and imperfectly instructed, those deep *interiorities* (if I may be allowed the expression), which will ever be

the refreshment and delight of the most pious worshippers. Meantime, one cannot but rejoice in every effort, that seems preparatory to such a consummation ; and in this view it is, particularly, that I am gratified by your interesting catechism.

'I will not, however, affect to say, that, both in matter and manner, there may not be passages, in which I cannot quite go along with you. Were I to enjoy the pleasure of conversing with you once more, as in years that I never can forget, it is possible that I might take the liberty of suggesting some of my doubts ; as it is, I shall only put one *query*, whether it might not be desirable to follow up several, if not all the scriptural quotations introduced, each by a brief, but clear question and answer, elucidative of its meaning ? For example ; at the bottom of p. 9. you ask, 'What assurance of reconciliation through Christ is given us by St. Paul?' . . . The answer is, 'God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them ; for he made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. 2 Cor. v. 19. & 21.' Now, would not such a passage require some explanation ? And may there not be danger, in presenting such passages, *unexplained*, and dissevered from the context, to be lodged in the memory as *insulated propositions*, very possibly, and too probably, *with some false meaning annexed*, 'secundum modum recipientis' ? The single passage just referred to, might, if it fell into a vicious soil, become a fruitful seed of antinomianism. It may, indeed, be said, that it is the part of the catechist to guard against such mischief, by oral exposition. But, alas, if we distribute catechists, according to the vulgar classification of good, bad, and indifferent, in

which of these classes, think you, will the largest number be found? I fear it may be said, without undue harshness, of the great majority, that what they find unexplained, they will leave unexplained. Now, my notion certainly is, that, to the youthful mind, an *unexplained chapter* may be dangerous; but my apprehension is, that an *unexplained verse* may be still more dangerous. The chapter, by the variety of objects presented, so divides attention, as to prevent any one paragraph from making an exclusive, or paramount impression; the verse, coming singly, will impress itself powerfully on the mind; and, if it be taken up erroneously, a lodgment of error is made, which perhaps can never after be expelled; for, be it observed, in this case, error will be sanctified, by the conviction that it is the word of God. Bishop Horsley has very satisfactorily proved, that ‘no prophetic Scripture is *self-interpretative*;’ and, however it may be conceded, on the one hand, that several instructive chapters may approach to self-interpretation, I presume it will be admitted, on the other hand, that scarcely any *single text*, especially in the writings of St. Paul, is endued with this faculty.’

While thus ready to employ his pen, and impart his best thoughts, at the call of friendship, the subject of his projected work, on the style of the New Testament, was still revolved, at intervals, in his mind. And, in October, he submitted to Mr. Knox the sketch of a plan, in the form of Lectures; in which he proposed, not to confine himself to the technicalities of hebraic distribution, but to enter on an explanation of the style of that sacred Volume more at large, as a matter of taste.

Just at this period, and when preparing, in all

singleness of heart, to dedicate the powers which God had given, to the illustration of His holy word, a circumstance occurred, which showed, that his past faithful services in the Church of Christ, had been neither unobserved, nor forgotten, by his fellow-men. To the unfeigned surprise of his family, and to his own, particular inquiry was now made respecting ‘ Mr. Jebb, the author of an important volume of Sermons, which had attracted attention in the highest quarters :’ this inquiry, made by a personal friend of the Prince Regent, at the instance of a Prelate in the immediate confidence of his Royal Highness, left no room for doubt, that the eye of the Sovereign had been directed towards him ; and satisfied the friends, at least, of whom it had been made, that he was not likely to be left permanently to pursue that *secretum iter*, which he had ever loved, and which, hitherto, it had been his portion and privilege uninterrupted to enjoy.

Early in the spring of 1819, Mr. Jebb was requested to preach the charity sermon, for the Whitworth Fever Hospital : he had long given up charity-sermon preaching : but the request came from his brother, (a first request,) and he willingly complied. In February, accordingly, he went to Dublin ; but, immediately on his arrival, was taken so ill, as to render his appearance in the pulpit of St. George’s Church impossible ; and, as the time allowed of no other course, the sermon which he had prepared for the occasion, was read by another clergyman. His illness assuming a serious character, and a stoppage of the nostrils, from which he had suffered much inconvenience, for many years, becoming now distressingly oppressive, additional medical advice was called in ; providentially the adviser was a surgeon. Mr. Jebb

mentioned, as a minor symptom, the painful impediment; which, on examination, proved to be polypus, of long standing, and formidable extent. A second eminent surgeon was consulted, and an immediate operation decided on. It lasted one hour and twenty minutes; Mr. Jebb's old friend, Mr. H. Woodward, was present by his own desire; and Mr. Jebb remembered, with grateful affection, to the close of life, the support and comfort which he experienced, through a painful, prolonged, and hazardous operation, from feeling his hand clasped in the hand of a Friend. That friend, who is spared, and I trust may long be spared, to the church of Christ, will forgive this mention of him.

In the timely illness, which led to the discovery of a complaint that had lurked for years undetected, the hand of a good Providence was, within the year, more clearly seen, from the occurrence of a fresh family affliction, the death of Mr. Jebb's beloved sister, Mrs. McCormick; occasioned by the same complaint; which, in her case, had got, unawares, beyond the reach of medical treatment: . . . a few months later, and this must have been her brother's case also. This bereavement, which took place in the August following, lay long, and heavily, upon his affectionate heart: though, so well balanced was his mind, that earthly trials, whether in the case of others, or in his own, never obtained mastery over his inward cheerfulness, and never long interrupted his more serious avocations.

His great original work on the New Testament (with the exception, perhaps, of Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, the only original work of scripture criticism produced, since the day of his illustrious predecessor*)

* In more than one sense, since, by a remarkable coincidence, it happened, that Dr. Lowth had been actually nominated to the Bishopric of Limerick.

Bishop Lowth), the favourite object of his thoughts and studies for nearly twelve years, was now, at length to be successfully executed. The process of any *inventive* effort of the human mind, will always be interesting : that of an effort essentially connected, with the first of studies, and the best of books, must, in the estimate of every well-regulated mind, possess a more than ordinary interest. The merit of originality, in the truest sense of the word, belongs to ‘ Sacred Literature.’ The author has himself left on record, in his private papers, the amount of his obligations, to his friend Mr. Knox, upon the subject of the occasional occurrence, in the New Testament, (a phenomenon which had been previously noticed by Archbishop Newcome and others) of specimens of the peculiar manner of composition, which Bishop Lowth had proved to be the prevalent manner of the Hebrew Scriptures : . . . this amount, consisted in the conversational notice of ‘ three or four short passages, not more than about four lines each.’ These passages, I can well remember to have heard Mr. Knox cite in conversation ; and he used them, not with the most distant conception of their serving as indexes to the general structure of the New Testament, but exclusively for interpretative purposes : one of these passages, his favourite specimen, was Rev. xxii. 11. :

οὐ ἀδικῶν, ἀδικησατω εἴτε·
καὶ οὐ βυθῶν, βυθωσατω εἴτε·
καὶ οὐ δικαιος, δικαιωθήτω εἴτε·
καὶ οὐ ἄγιος, ἀγιασθήτω εἴτε.

He that is unjust, let him be unjust still
And he that is filthy, let him be filthy still :
And he that is righteous, let him be righteous still.
And he that is holy, let him be holy still.

This verse Mr. Knox, with intuitive discernment, rightly contended to be formed upon the principles of hebraic parallelism, as laid down by Bishop Lowth; and, advancing upon those principles, as rightly maintained, that, in each related couplet, the sense of the second line rose above that of the first ; that, as *filthiness*, marked a degree of wickedness, beyond mere *unrighteousness* ; so *holiness*, denoted a gradation of goodness, beyond mere *righteousness*. Mr. Knox produced no additional evidence, for he possessed none ; but, in this one passage, he made the important discovery, which Mr. Jebb's independent labours eventually, and most fully established, . . . of the law of *climax*, or of the cognate or gradational parallelism, as a fundamental feature of the hebraic manner of composition.

At this point, and from these slight beginnings, Mr. Jebb took up the subject : and his first step, made on the day following his friend's first conversational notice of the passages in question, was the important and decisive discovery, that the Sermon on the Mount was constructed, throughout, according to the laws of the hebraic parallelism : a result of which neither Mr. Knox himself, nor others who, like him (as Mr. Jebb subsequently ascertained) had noticed detached passages in the New Testament as thus constructed, had ever so much as dreamed. From the Sermon on the Mount, he advanced, by experimental induction, through a series of discoveries, which demonstratively established the general identity of the style and structure of the New Testament with that of the Old : adding, in the progress of his inquiries, to his friend's discovery of the climax, the equally important, and less obvious, discovery of the *spanados*, or inverted stanza, . . . the most complex of all the hebraic moulds of speech : a form of stanza,

which, like the climax, had wholly escaped Bishop Lowth. Mr. Jebb's successful application of these principles to some of the most difficult contexts of both Testaments . . the eighty-fourth Psalm (which Bishop Horsley himself had given up as undecypherable) . . the hymn of Zacharias . . and the Apostles' prayer, . . Acts iv. 24 . . 30 . . has excited the admiration of his critics; and will be more and more highly valued, in proportion as those sacred volumes become better understood. The merits of 'Sacred Literature,' viewed wholly apart from its discoveries in the New Testament, may be gathered from the single and incontrovertible fact, that, without it, Bishop Lowth's great work on the Old Testament, is essentially inadequate and imperfect: those forms of hebreww parallelism, which, from their complexity, must, while undiscovered, most impede, and, when discovered, most advance, the interpretation of Scripture, having wholly escaped the observation of that eminent writer.

I have already remarked, that Mr. Jebb's mind resembled a clock; the least touch . . a hint in a letter, a passage in a book, a word from a friend . . would put it in movement: but it was seldom self-moved: it commonly required this touch. A remarkable exemplification of this constitutional, rather than mental peculiarity, occurred in the circumstance, which finally led to the production of Sacred Literature.

In the beginning of August, 1819, I was about to leave Abington for some weeks, on a visit to my Father and Mother, then residing at Wicklow. The evening before I set out, partly from solicitude for my friend's health and spirits, as he was to be left quite alone, and also from solicitude for the completion of his long-suspended work, I endeavoured to

lead the conversation to the subject, by requesting him to allow me to look over his latest MS., which had lain unlooked at, in the drawer of his library table, since the spring of the preceding year. He at once perceived my object ; smiled ; and said, . . ‘ I see what you want : you want to set me at work upon those papers ; but it is a failure, and I do not wish to be reminded of an abortive effort.’ On seeing me look disappointed, however, he good-naturedly yielded to my wish, and gave me the unfinished MS. As I looked it over, I read some passages aloud : he became interested ; discussed the subject with new life ; and closed the evening in excellent spirits. The next morning I left home. And my first information as to the result of my experiment, was contained in a letter from Mr. Jebb, dated August 15, of which the following is an extract : . . ‘ Phelan has not come ; nor I believe will he ; but I get on alone very well : have taken hugely to my work, . . have written a new fasciculus and a half, comprising $18\frac{1}{2}$ closely written pages, &c.’ . . Each of these pages, it will be observed, averaged from five to six pages of the printed volume ; and the fasciculus and a half, now composed, included to the end of the fifth section, or more than one fifth of the entire work. This portion of Sacred Literature, the plan and composition being altogether new, was thus finished for the press, within a fortnight from the date of the above-mentioned conversation.

The work proceeded with such equable rapidity, that, in less than three months, the first copy was completed ; in somewhat better than two months more, after a short pause, a second copy was made, and prepared for the press ; and, on the 17th of April 1820, Mr. Jebb proceeded to London, with the MS. of his finished work : the whole time employed in the com-

position, the collection of materials for the notes, and a double transcript, being somewhat less than five months.

Both the MS. copies here noticed, are still in being : that which passed through the printers' hands, having been rescued, and preserved, by the good taste of a friend. Having mentioned the rapidity with which they were written, it would be unpardonable to leave unnoticed the interest of these manuscripts, as specimens of calligraphy : they are written, throughout, with scarcely the trace of an erasure ; and (especially the first copy) in a hand, at once, so minute and finished, as to resemble copper-plate.* The remark of a learned friend, on examining the greek characters in one of these MSS., was, that if a fount of greek type were cast from them, it would rival Porson's : that of Sir Henry Halford, on learning that two such manuscripts had been executed within five months, . . ‘I no longer need seek the cause of your Lordship’s illness : *it is written there.*’ The observation was but too just : it is an affecting corroboration, that the medical gentleman afterwards employed to ascertain, for the satisfaction of the family, the nature of Bishop Jebb’s malady, stated, as the result of his examination, that the vessel, whose rupture occasioned the paralysis, was so minute, and so slightly affected by the circulation, that it could have been ruptured, *only by the over-action of the mind* : to which cause alone, therefore, he considered the paralytic seizure to be attributable.

The reception of Sacred Literature was favourable,

* In his penmanship, as in his composition, and, indeed, in every thing that he undertook, he was of the same mind with S. Basil : whose saying, he was used to remark, might have been his own motto : δυτχερης ειπε προς παν το ατελεστον.

in a degree very far exceeding the author's moderate expectations. The first edition had been fixed at 750 copies; but the experienced judgment of the publisher extended the impression to a thousand. The demand justified this extension; although it is well known that the most favourable reception of works of criticism, implies a much more limited circulation, than occurs in most other kinds of literature. The public taste, and the periodical journals, were again cordially united, in favour of the work and of the author. To these articles I have pleasure in referring, both as able summaries of this original work; and as fair, though necessarily imperfect, expositions of its character and merits.

Soon after its publication, a copious analysis appeared, in Mr. Hartwell Horne's Introduction to the Study of the Bible; an early and gratifying indication of the place, which Sacred Literature had already taken, among standard works of scripture criticism. The author's friend, Mr. Alexander Knox, was deeply impressed and interested by this more lasting tribute. He expressed his satisfaction in terms, in which the zeal of personal friendship is characteristically tempered, by the spirit of christian philosophy: . . . 'I suppose there has scarcely been any instance of such a testimony, so prompt, and so practical, as that in Horne to your book. I assure you I saw it with the sincerest satisfaction; the more so, as I am well aware, that time will not damp, but strengthen, this wonderfully early celebrity. There is a hand of Providence so visible in all this, that it seems to give a special character of awfulness, to this just and natural source of deep and rational gratification.'

To Mr. Knox himself, it may here be observed, the plan and details of the work had all the freshness

of novelty : it having (with the exception of the first five sections) been read by him, for the first time, in the printed volume ; the author justly judging it to be essential to its successful execution, that the plan, the composition, and the responsibility, should be exclusively his own.

The character of Sacred Literature has long risen equally above, the partial estimate of friendship, and the passing testimonies of the day ; one early tribute, however, so justly and eloquently expresses the sentiments inspired by its perusal, . . sentiments which will find a responding voice in the breasts of very many of its readers, . . as to claim an honourable place, in connection with that best monument to his memory, in the Life of Bishop Jebb.

‘ The time we have spent in the consideration of this important volume, has not, we trust, been unprofitably employed. We have risen from its perusal, not only with unfeigned respect for the piety and talents of its author, . . but with an increased veneration for that sacred Book, which he has studied with so much success. The truth of Augustine’s eloquent testimony to its rich and varied excellency, was never more forcibly impressed upon our minds. . . The Scripture so speaketh, that with the HEIGHT of it, it laughs proud, and lofty-spirited men to scorn ; with the DEPTH of it, it terrifies those who with attention look into it ; with the TRUTH of it, it feeds men of the greatest knowledge and understanding ; and with the SWEETNESS of it, it nourisheth babes and sucklings.’ *British Critic for January, 1821.* p. 22.

To this anonymous tribute, in common justice to the subject, it is my duty to subjoin the testimony of a name, already venerable in the history of our

church, as a happy example of the compatibility of much learning, and deep scholarship, with almost apostolic zeal and labours. The reader may probably anticipate the name of BISHOP MIDDLETON.

‘ Calcutta, 17 Jan., 1822.

‘ REVEREND SIR,

THE delay, which has attended my acknowledgment of your obliging present of your “ Sacred Literature,” will hardly be deemed consistent with the feeling, with which that acknowledgment is now made. Your volume, however, arrived during my absence from Calcutta, on my last visitation to Bombay and Ceylon; and, though some months have elapsed since my return, my time has been subject to so much distraction, that I could not, till lately, give to your work the degree of consideration, which I was sure it would merit; and I was unwilling that you should suppose, if indeed such a supposition were possible, that I felt little interest in the very curious question, which you had undertaken to discuss.

‘ I cannot say, Sir, that I had ever considered the doctrine of parallelism, otherwise than as relating to the Old Testament, and as laid down by Bp. Lowth, and Schoetgen, in his ninth dissertation; and that, too, by no means very fully and attentively. I recollect, indeed, that when I was engaged upon the Essay, to which you have done such unmerited honour, it did occur to me, that the Hymns of the Blessed Virgin and Zacharias exhibited peculiarities, much resembling the style of hebrew poetry; but the inquiry did not fall within my plan, and I had no immediate inducement to pursue it. I had no notion, however, that parallelisms the most legitimate might be traced, through various parts of the New Testament, and especially in the discourses of our Saviour, as you have shewn in some beautiful and conclusive

examples ; none of them more striking than St. Matt. xi. 28.. 30, and vii. 24.. 27, and indeed, throughout the Sermon on the Mount. It is also interesting to observe the result of some of your comparisons of the Old Testament with the New ; especially in that conclusive inference, deduced from comparing Ps. ii. and Acts iv., in favour of the Divinity of our Saviour. Upon the whole, I am abundantly satisfied that you have established your main point ; and I congratulate you on having been the first to introduce into the criticism of the New Testament, a principle, which will be found auxiliary to other, and independent methods of interpretation. It is, indeed, delightful to know, that scriptural, as well as scientific truth may be elicited, by various and unconnected processes, and that, too, even in minutiae, as some would represent them, though, in the true interpretation of Scripture, nothing is unimportant : in more than one instance, you have, on the evidence of the parallelism, decided in favour of readings, to which I was led by a method of analysis, founded in other views and principles : *you* have, however, the advantage of being able to shew, that what is true, is beautiful : your translations exhibit the Scripture, in a light the most engaging to taste and piety.

I confess, Sir, that, with respect to hebrew metre, though I am convinced that its laws have not been ascertained, and that, at any rate, the Psalms, in Bishop Hare's arrangement, "halt ill on Greek and Roman feet," I have always had a notion, that some metrical arrangement exists : and the Prosodies of the Eastern languages, some of which employ, in their poetry, artifices quite as elaborate as the parallelism, and yet reject not metre, nor even rhyme, tend to confirm the *suspicion* : I am not, however, prepared

to state, that, with regard to hebrew, it is anything more: and I regret that the very little leisure afforded me, by the harassing duties of this vast Diocese, will not allow me to prosecute an inquiry, for which my situation may seem to afford peculiar facilities. I admit, however, that your examination of the doctrine of parallelism, and your having found it in the New Testament, does tend to discountenance *any* theory of hebrew metre : it is not to be expected, that metre will be found in the discourses of our Saviour ; and if not, then the presumption will be strong, against the existence of any metrical distribution among parallelisms, which seem to be constructed upon the very same principle, as those found in the New Testament. Of the *interpretative* value of the parallelism, in the Old Testament, I have never doubted ; and in a passage which I had lately occasion to consider (Ps. ix. 19, 20.) I incline, on that ground alone, to the English version, notwithstanding that the ancients and Bp. Horsley prefer a rendering, which gives, indeed, a most important, and even prophetic sense to the passage, if it be just.

I should perhaps apologize to you for the length of this letter, which, however, might have been still longer, if I had not been subject to frequent interruptions, and this was not the day for making up the dispatches for England : but, above all, I request you to accept the assurance of the sincere respect and esteem, with which

I am, Reverend Sir,
Your much obliged
and faithful servant,
T. F. CALCUTTA.'

' To

The Venerable
Archdeacon JEBB.'

After the publication of Sacred Literature, and a little time passed with his friends in the neighbourhood of London, and near Bristol, Mr. Jebb returned to Ireland. In the November following, he was presented, by the Archbishop of Cashel, to the Archdeaconry of Emly ; an appointment made, as his Grace intimated, entirely on public grounds, and to mark his sense of the services rendered by Mr. Jebb, both in the diocese, and to the Church at large.

Some years before the period at which we have now arrived, an acquaintance had been formed, which about this time ripened into intimacy ; and which proved a source of great happiness, during the remainder of Archdeacon Jebb's stay at Abington, as well as afterwards, when called to the duties of the See of Limerick. The friend here alluded to, was Colonel Bourke (now Major General Sir Richard Bourke, K.C.B., Governor General of New South Wales). About the year 1814, on the conclusion of the peninsular war, Colonel Bourke had returned, from the service of his country in Spain, to reside upon his property in the neighbourhood of Limerick. At the house of his uncle, a parishioner of Abington, Mr. Jebb and he occasionally met ; but, as he was often absent, and had no residence upon his estate, several years elapsed, before acquaintance was changed into a friendship of the closest intimacy, and (I may add) of truly fraternal affection. In the society of this inestimable friend, and of his amiable family, were passed the happiest days, both of my friend's Abington, and of his Limerick life. The private worth with which we now became conversant, could be fully known by those only, who, like Mr. Jebb and myself, were admitted to his ' days retired from

vulgar noise,' in the bosom of his happy family at Thornfield: his public merits (merits since more widely made known, by his conduct in the high stations, which he has been called successively to fill) are recorded in the eulogy pronounced by Bishop Jebb, in his place in the House of Lords, in June, 1824. This tribute, it is my duty to preserve in the Life of Bishop Jebb; whose desire I know it was, that the memory of their pure and disinterested friendship (a friendship eventually cemented by family ties) should survive them. . . 'I bear in my heart an absent friend, the kinsman and the pupil of the great Mr. Burke; a man worthy of the pains bestowed upon him, superior to the expectations entertained of him, . . yet those expectations were high, at the time they must have appeared sanguine. Such a man it were presumption in me to eulogize: I will only say, that foregoing all that is estimable and delightful in the best English society, the first society in the world, . . when he returned from the service of his country covered with honourable scars, he retired to his native land, to his few paternal acres, to the bosom of his tenantry; and there devotes his time, his thoughts, his heart, his sound practical wisdom, his distinguished talents, to the improvement of the peasantry of Ireland. But the praise of General Bourke has been publicly proclaimed in this country; it is yet more touchingly pronounced at home, in the daily and nightly prayers and blessings of an attached and grateful population.'

In February, 1821, Archdeacon Jebb went to Dublin, in order to preach the Act sermons, for the degrees of B.D. and D.D., at the annual University Commencements. His English sermon, for the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, was upon S. John v. 39,

.. SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES. OR: YE SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES. In this discourse, he proved, by an argument which may safely be pronounced unanswerable, that the *second* of these versions is the true rendering of the original, and of our Lord's meaning : the sermon stands as Discourse XIV. in 'Practical Theology.' Before he could prepare and preach his second English Act sermon, for his Doctor's degree, he was attacked by bilious fever ; continued seriously ill for several weeks ; and was consequently prevented from completing the sermons required for his degrees. The courtesy of the University, however, allowed him to postpone their delivery ; and both degrees, accordingly, were now conferred. In August, Archdeacon Jebb was again summoned to Dublin, to join in the tribute of national respect, upon the expected visit of his late Majesty George IV. to Ireland. Upon this occasion, nearly his first appearance at Court, (he having been but once before at the Vice-regal Levee, in compliance with a gracious intimation that his attendance was expected), his works were presented to the King, by the then Lord Lieutenant (Earl Talbot), and were most graciously received and acknowledged. His own reception was equally gracious : adverting to the previous presentation of his volumes, his Majesty condescendingly thanked him for this mark of dutiful respect, concluding with the assurance 'I mean to pay them all attention.' The letter which contains these particulars, shows, at the same time, how little his heart or thoughts were in such matters. 'What with royalty, visiting, and the lassitude-infusing heat of the weather, I have been a miserable non-correspondent : yet home has been always in my thoughts ; and I could, at any time, most joyfully get away from this imposing scene, to

saunter with you in our broad walk, or confer with you in the book-room.'

Very different occupations, and wholly novel and unexpected circumstances, awaited his return to Abington. The King's visit to Ireland (the only one ever paid by a monarch of the House of Brunswick) had been a scene of universal harmony and joy: his departure was the signal for a fresh, and formidable insurrection. Of the troubles now on the eve of explosion, the County of Limerick was unhappily the focus. Breaking out first on the Courtenay estates, in the western district of Limerick, they spread, with fearful rapidity, in the opposite direction; their progress being marked, every where, in fire and blood. Immediately previous to this calamitous crisis, and while Archdeacon Jebb was still in Dublin, an incident had occurred, (a providential incident, if we may judge by the results) which brought the protestant clergymen of Abington parish, first into unexpected contact, and then into as unexpected influence, with their Roman catholic parishioners. The details of this incident need not be given: it will be enough to mention, that, at the instance of his friend General Bourke, the writer had been led to interpose between two parties, contending over a grave, in which both claimed a right, in the church-yard of Abington. A young man of daring spirit was saved, on this occasion, from committing murder, and (he being armed, indeed, but alone against a multitude,) in all probability, from being himself murdered in return. His father, and his family, part of a great fighting faction, were grateful for this service; and were further and more deeply gratified, by an appointment being procured for the penitent offender (whose offence was mitigated by the circumstances of the case.. he hav-

ing been engaged in defending, as he thought, from violation, the grave of his mother) as a constable of police. Under the impulse of these feelings, the father of the young man waited on Archdeacon Jebb, upon his return to Abington ; apprized us of the impending troubles, and of their certain extension to the neighbourhood of Abington ; and concluded by proffering the services of himself and his clan, to arrest the progress of insurrection into our hitherto peaceful district ; the local position of which, as bordering on the mountains which separate Limerick from Tipperary, rendered it peculiarly important, in a military point of view ; while, in the but too possible event of disturbance penetrating into these fastnesses, the amount of the population, estimated at nearly ten thousand, must form a fearful accession to an already formidable insurrection.

Archdeacon Jebb instantly saw all the prospective advantages, and cordially entered into the good spirit, of this unprecedented proposition. In the moment in which the proposal was made, his resolution was taken ; when * * * * withdrew, he immediately said, ‘ I will see our friend Mr. Costello (the Roman catholic parish priest of Abington), and propose to him our holding a meeting, next sunday, after divine service, in his chapel ; in order to our entering into resolutions for the preservation of the peace, in our hitherto peaceable and loyal parish.’ The proposition was made and met in the same spirit. The Roman catholic pastor entered cordially into his views : and it was agreed, that, upon the following sunday (December 16.), the clergy of the two communions should meet, after morning service, in the chapel of Murroe ; and the Protestant rector, and the Roman catholic priest, should successively ad-

dress the people, from the altar : ‘a transaction (Mr. Jebb truly observes to Mr. Knox), the like of which I suppose, never occurred, since the Reformation.’ The appointed day arrived ; and we proceeded, accompanied by General Bourke, after church service, to the chapel. Having ascertained that the celebration of Mass was over, we entered ; advanced through a crowded congregation, to the altar ; and Archdeacon Jebb having been presented, at the close of an impressive exhortation, to his flock, by the priest, he addressed the people, from the altar, for fully half an hour. He was heard with breathless attention : some were affected to tears. All eyes were rivetted upon him, as he told the men of Abington, that he lived among them without a fear ; that his doors were unbolted, his windows unbarred, . . . and that they should remain so ; for that the only safeguard he sought, was IN THE HEARTS OF HIS PARISHIONERS* : that he had now lived among them more than ten years ; and had always found them, what he knew he should ever find them, a loyal, a peaceable, and an affectionate people.’ By men, women, and even the little children, this appeal was eagerly listened to ; and the Resolutions, which he held in his hand, and

* An extraordinary proof of the strength of this safeguard, Mr. Jebb had experienced some years previously. A man of noted character, connected with a gang of robbers, had lived within a stone’s throw of Abington glebe ; after committing many distant depredations, it was at last determined on, by this robber and two of his companions, to attack the glebe-house. Knowing the defenceless state of the house, they met, [accordingly, at night, armed with blunderbusses, on the steps of the hall-door ; when the wife of the leader of the gang, our near neighbour, discovering their intention, suddenly made her appearance ; and declared, that, ‘if any of them raised a hand to attack Mr. Jebb’s house, she would herself swear against and prosecute them, though it were her own husband.’ The robbers were at once panic-struck ; and retired, without raising any alarm ; leaving the inmates of the house wholly unconscious of their danger and deliverance. Tierney, (the husband, the head of the gang) afterwards fled the country : when the fact transpired.

which were proposed for adoption at its close, were received with a silent, but unanimous lifting-up of hands: the children, immediately in front of the altar, straining their little arms, that their hands, too, might be seen... At this affecting sight, several persons, at the same instant, cried out, . . ‘The very children are lifting their hands!’ The farmers and peasantry emulously crowded to the altar-rail, to subscribe their names, or their marks, to the proposed Resolutions; and what they then voluntarily promised, when the hour of trial came, they manfully performed. While the whole surrounding country became a scene of fire and bloodshed, Abington parish, to the end of the disturbances, continued (to borrow the expression of a distinguished statesman*, who paid a visit to Archdeacon Jebb, immediately after their termination), ‘like Gideon’s fleece, the only inviolate spot.’ Higher testimony was afterwards borne, from an humbler quarter. An eminent English barrister happened to pass through the disturbed country at the time, travelling between Waterford and Limerick. As the coach passed within sight of Abington Glebe, the coachman pointed towards the house, distant about four miles, and invited the passengers to look at it: ‘That house,’ he said, ‘is the residence of Archdeacon Jebb; the parish in which it stands, is the only quiet district in the country; and its quiet is entirely owing to the character and exertions of the protestant Rector.’ This anecdote was told about three years ago, by the learned Serjeant to whom it occurred, to Richard Jebb, Esq. of Lincoln’s Inn, in company with whom he happened to travel; and the mention of whose name led to the inquiry,

* The present Right Hon. Chancellor of the Exchequer, who will, I know, permit me to number him among the friends of Bishop Jebb.

whether he was related to a clergyman in Ireland, of the same name, residing at Abington, in the county of Limerick. The querist was unaware, that this clergyman was no other than Bishop Jebb, and that he was addressing himself to his nephew.

To return to Abington, and the eventful winter of 1821. By Archdeacon Jebb's provident care, at the suggestion of a judicious Roman catholic friend, a small military party was stationed in the parish, to aid the parishioners in keeping out insurgent emissaries and marauders ; the local disturbances, in the south of Ireland, being usually first set on foot, by the agency of strangers, from other parts. The precaution in the present instance, though effectual, was perhaps unrequired ; for it afterwards appeared, that, upon some threats being held out of a hostile visit to the parish, and to the glebe house, on the part of the neighbouring insurgents, . . . as they were reported to express themselves, . . . 'to punish the people of Abington for their loyalty,' . . . this true-hearted people had voluntarily, and secretly, pledged themselves to each other, that any attempt upon Abington Glebe, should be the signal for the parish to rise *en masse* upon the stranger assailants : . . . the intention of course became known, for the threatened attempt was never made.

The following Resolutions, drawn up by Archdeacon Jebb, having been read to the parishioners from the altar, and having received their signatures, were printed, and posted up in the most conspicuous situations through the parish.

ABINGTON RESOLUTIONS.

At a general meeting of the Inhabitants and Landholders of the Parish of Abington, held at Murroe, on the 16th December, 1821., the following Resolutions, proposed by the Rev. Archdeacon Jebb, Rector, and seconded by the Rev. T.O.B. Costello, Roman catholic clergyman, of Abington, were unanimously agreed to.

RESOLVED, that we, his Majesty's loyal subjects, the Inhabitants and Landholders of the Parish of Abington, in the County of Limerick, are animated by a lively sense of gratitude to our benignant Monarch, for his late paternal visit to, and kind approbation of, his Irish subjects.

RESOLVED, that we unfeignedly lament, that any portion of our fellow-countrymen can have so soon forgotten the kindness of their Sovereign, and contributed, by the violation of the laws, to dim those prospects of future beneficence, which his Majesty's gracious deportment, while among us, opened to our view.

RESOLVED, that we altogether disapprove of those secret associations, and private meetings, which, in opposition both to the letter and the spirit of our free and glorious constitution, have, for some time past, unhappily prevailed, in different parts of this country.

RESOLVED, that we consider it a gross offence against the laws of God and man, to administer, or take, those oaths, which, under the seal of secrecy, have been tendered, and still are tendered, by designing persons, to many of our deluded fellow-countrymen.

RESOLVED, that we have learnt with deep sorrow, and hold in utter abhorrence, those barbarous atrocities, which, in consequence of such oaths and meetings, have been lately committed, in this, and the adjoining counties.

RESOLVED, that we rejoice in the peace and tranquillity hitherto maintained in this parish of Abing-ton; and are determined, by every means in our power, to preserve to ourselves this honourable distinction.

RESOLVED, that we do hereby pledge ourselves to each other, in the presence of God, to use our best exertions, toward preventing the introduction among us of any unlawful oaths, or secret meetings: and we do, one and all, hereby promise and engage to dis-countenance, and, if practicable, bring to public justice, any seditious emissaries from other quarters, who may attempt to disturb this peaceable and loyal parish.

These Resolutions, and their happy effects in pre-serving unbroken, amidst surrounding disturbance, the peace of this part of the country, soon became known in England. Upon the circumstances being communicated to the King, his late Majesty ex-pressed his Royal satisfaction; observing, that, ‘if he had but a few more such subjects, he should need neither troops, nor Insurrection Acts, in Ireland.’ In the House of Commons, public testimonies of the most honourable kind were borne, by the highest authorities, on opposite sides of the House.

The published Speech of the Right Honourable Charles Grant (now Lord Glenelg), formerly Chief

Secretary for Ireland, April 22. 1822., on Sir John Newport's motion on the state of Ireland, contains the following eloquent tribute to the public services of *an Irish country clergyman*. . . ‘ But I repeat, that the basis of advancement must be the mutual good-will of the people. Whatever other measures you may adopt, you can hope to make but little progress, unless you secure this object ; and if this object be first attained, the adoption of other measures will be comparatively easy, and even the necessity of them will be in some degree superseded. . . Let us not believe, Sir, that the task of creating, or diffusing such a spirit of reciprocal kindness, is hopeless. True it is, indeed, that when passions and prejudices, inflamed by ancient and bitter recollections, are involved, many obstacles must intervene, and the end to which we aspire may, for a time, seem to be withdrawn to a distance almost unattainable. But let us not despair of the ultimate result. We know that the best feelings, and the loftiest passions, are on our side. We know that the sanctions of authority and experience are in our favour. Whenever the experiment has been fairly tried, it has completely answered. I could give many examples of such success, but I shall limit myself to one, with which I shall conclude. I offer it as an additional demonstration of the important truth, that habitual kindness, and real honesty of intention, will always find their reward, in the sympathies, and in the conduct, of those towards whom they are exercised.

‘ In the county of Limerick, Sir, there is a parish, untouched to this moment, by any of the disorders which have distracted that country. It is nine miles from the city of Limerick, and in the midst of all the horrors of which we have heard. It contains a very

crowded population, almost entirely Roman catholic; yet, in that parish, the Protestant clergyman keeps no arms, nor has he in any respect increased the fastenings or defences of his house: and, at night, he sleeps in security, confiding in the protection of Providence, and the goodwill of his Roman catholic parishioners. The neighbourhood has been visited by these nightly marauders, and many excesses have been committed, but, in this parish, not a single outrage has taken place. In the course of last December, there occurred, in the same parish, a memorable scene. On a sunday in that month, the Roman catholic priest summoned his flock to a meeting in the Romish chapel, and there, at the altar, presented to them the Protestant clergyman of the parish. The people were not assembled for the purposes of worship, but the place, and the day, gave a solemnity to the meeting, and sanctified its object. The Protestant clergyman, from the altar, addressed the people. He gave to their conduct the applause which it merited; and exhorted them, in the most earnest manner, to continue the same course of loyalty and good order. His address, which occupied half an hour, was heard with breathless attention; and the result was, that, at the close of it, the people, with one voice, and with acclamation came forward, &c. . . The present state of the parish attests their faithful observance of the voluntary engagement. . . Now Sir, to what must we ascribe these effects? Not to any sudden burst of enthusiastic kindness, suspending, on a special occasion, habitual distrust and estrangement; not to a momentary impulse urging the Protestant and the [Roman] catholic to unite, for a particular purpose, . . . no, but to a settled and regular habit of conciliation, between the Protestant and the [Roman]

catholic clergyman, between the Protestant clergyman and his [Roman] catholic parishioners : a habit formed and built up, during a kindly intercourse of twelve years. It is the result, therefore, of a system, silently matured in the time of peace, and at length manifesting its efficacy in the hour of danger.'

Nearly two years after, February 10. 1824., Viscount Althorp (now Earl Spencer), in his speech on the state of Ireland, is thus reported to have noticed the case of Abington parish, and the conduct of the Protestant Rector (now Bishop of Limerick), in just proof of the importance to Ireland of the maintenance of a resident Protestant clergy. 'The next point on which he would call for information, respected the residence of the clergy. He conceived it to be impossible for any man to look to the state of Ireland, and not feel the necessity of having a resident clergy. If, as they must all be convinced, it was of great importance, to have a good resident clergy in this country, it was infinitely more important, situated as Ireland was, that there should be an efficient resident clergy there. The landed proprietors in England were far more numerous than those in Ireland, and it was of primary importance that men of fortune should be induced, as far as possible, to reside in the latter country, and to do every thing in their power to promote its welfare. He could quote the instance of a Reverend person, who had lately, and he believed very properly, been promoted to the See of Limerick, to prove the utility of a resident clergy. That Reverend person, during his residence in his parish in [the county of] Limerick, had acted so prudently, that, notwithstanding the confusion which reigned around, no outrage had occurred in that particular parish. He was not at all

acquainted with Dr. Jebb, the Bishop to whom he alluded, but he knew that what he had stated was founded on fact.' *See Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, vol. x. p. 119 . . 20.

In the House of Lords, the name of Bishop Jebb commanded equal respect, and obtained similar honourable mention. The Earl of Darnley, in his motion on the state of Ireland, April 8. 1824., took occasion to introduce, and eulogize, the public character and services of the Bishop of Limerick. . . . ' I have particular satisfaction in affording my humble tribute of Applause to a Right Reverend Prelate (the Bishop of Limerick) whom I see in his place, and who has evinced the true Christian feeling, which ought to distinguish his office and sacred profession. To such as have not read it, I would recommend the perusal of his Visitation Charge to the clergy of his Diocese; in which will be found those genuine principles of benevolence and charity, which, if universally felt and acted on in Ireland, would produce a very different state of things, from that which now actually exists in that country.' *Parliamentary Debates*, vol. xi. p. 243.

While zealously engaged at Abington, in promoting the best interests of the people, by securing, through a well acquired, and wisely exercised influence, the preservation of the public peace, it pleased divine Providence that he should be doubly tried, by the hopeless malady of his excellent sister-in-law Mrs. Jebb, whose happy end has been already described, and by the death of his revered friend, Archbishop Brodrick, whose character he has fully pourtrayed, in a sermon preached at the Primary Visitation of Archbishop Laurence.

He was now engaged to preach the annual Sermon

for the Dublin Female Orphan School, (a cause which, upon the death of the celebrated Dean Kirwan, he had, in 1806, most successfully advocated) : he proceeded to Dublin to fulfil this engagement ; and on his sermon, which he published, being presented to the Lord Lieutenant (Marquess Wellesley) as President of the Charity, his Excellency immediately appointed him one of his chaplains, and notified the unexpected appointment through Archdeacon Jebb's friend and tutor, Dr. Magee, then Bishop of Raphoe, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. At this period, there were two vacancies on the episcopal bench in Ireland ; and the Bishop of Raphoe finding that, as matters stood, it was right that his friend should remain in the neighbourhood of Dublin, he advised accordingly ; intimating, in confidence, that his name was in contemplation. It afterwards appeared that his name had been now selected, sent over to England, and approved by the English Government ; and that his elevation to the bench, at this time, was delayed, only in consequence of a decision, that one of the vacant Archbishoprics should be filled from England. The affectionate interest in his concerns, and the tender consideration for his feelings, shown by Bishop Magee, during this period of involuntary suspense, were deeply and gratefully felt by his old pupil. It was the anxiety of a brother, or a parent. And when the immediate prospect had closed, the Bishop would not allow his friend to leave Dublin, without apprizing him that, but for the unforeseen arrangement alluded to, he was to have been the Bishop ; observing, ‘ I need not tell you to keep this information a secret ; your own good sense will sufficiently secure its remaining so.’

Returned once more to Abington, Archdeacon

Jebb found new calls of duty awaiting him there. The disturbances of the preceding winter had been followed by famine : England now came forward, with her characteristic generosity, to relieve the distressed population : and, this benevolent object accomplished, such was the overflowing measure of English liberality, that a large surplus remained still unappropriated, in the hands of the Committee which had been formed in London. A letter received in June by Archdeacon Jebb, announced the wish of the London Committee, that one so well known in England, by his character, and public services in Abington parish, would consent to aid them, in the best, and most effectual distribution of that surplus fund : the letter enclosed an order for 200*l.*, to be unreservedly at the Archdeacon's disposal for the good of the people. Having weighed the matter well, he came to the conclusion, that the benevolent design of the Committee would be best met, by employing this money in the manufacture of implements of industry, to be distributed among the people of Abington, *as a reward for their exemplary conduct during the late troubles.* Accordingly, all the wheelwrights in the Parish were forthwith put in requisition, and several hundred wheels and reels were put in hands, with a view to encourage, or rather to introduce, the linen manufacture, . . . the chief external source of the superior prosperity and civilization of the population of the north of Ireland. Informed of the appropriation of their munificent gift, the London Committee followed it up by an additional donation of 100*l.*, in token of their approval. A portion of the bounty was applied to aid the peasantry, by providing work for them ; the task set, and accomplished, being the lowering of a steep and difficult

hill, which obstructed the market-road from Abington to Limerick. The residue (more than two thirds of the entire grant) was expended, under Mr. Jebb's own eye and direction, in providing a supply of *well-seasoned* implements for the linen manufacture, . . exemplary discipline being required and employed to secure care in the making, and good quality in the materials, of the wheels and reels; which were simultaneously distributed among the parishioners of Abington, assembled, for the purpose, at the Glebe house: the greatest possible precautions being used in the distribution, to correct the prevailing evils of the country, . . namely, jobbing, importunate solicitation, and private favour. Archdeacon Jebb's principle of counteraction here was, that none of the parishioners should know whether they were, or were not, to obtain wheels or reels, until the day of distribution; when none were to attend, but those who had been duly summoned: while he had secured, by wide and strict previous inquiry, that the distribution should be as fair, as equitable, and as comprehensive, as human foresight could make it. Those of the peasantry, who least understood the process, were most astonished by the result. When told, in the earlier stages of preparation, that it was perfectly useless to make applications, . . 'How then,' was the answer of the applicants, 'are we to get the wheels?' On the day of distribution, to their great surprise, it appeared, that the relative merits, wants, and claims of his parishioners (a population of at least 8000), were as well known to Archdeacon Jebb, as if he had himself visited every family, and inspected every cottage. Complaints there were few or none: for even disappointed candidates (there were necessarily many) acknowledged and admired, in this transaction,

the exercise (to the peasantry of the south of Ireland a novel thing) of pure and impartial justice.

In the eyes of political economy, and of modern legislation, busied in the application of *notional* remedies, to *practical* evils, these details, perhaps, may appear trivial: be it so: ‘my appeal is made’ (to use the strong saying of my departed friend upon another subject), ‘from the present times, to the wisdom of past ages, and of ages yet to come.’ For, if the past history of mankind, shall (as most assuredly it will) ever again be acknowledged as our guide, it is neither in the high-sounding projects of political theory, nor in the hollow quackery of temporizing expedients, but in scenes like that which has been just described, domestic scenes which come home ‘to men’s business and bosoms,’ that the true improvement and prosperity, not of Ireland only, but of every country under heaven, must be sought and found. Let the clergy . . . the resident clergy . . . of Ireland, (according to the counsel of my Lord Althorp) be wisely maintained and encouraged*, . . . let the absentees of Ireland return to their abandoned posts, . . . and let both a resident clergy, and a resident nobility and gentry, emulate the example of mingled firmness and kindness, of wise benevolence, and equal justice, bequeathed to them unconsciously, at Abington, by Bishop Jebb, . . . and Ireland may yet become a prosperous and happy land, raised equally above the arts of demagogues, and the influences of superstition.

On the first of August Archdeacon Jebb went to Dublin, to preach his turn at the Chapel Royal. In

* As they yet will be. Is not the country, even now, with a generous inconsistency, giving to the oppressed clergy of Ireland, by the hand of the people, what, by the hand of the legislature, it would seem to take away?

the beginning of November he was again on duty, as chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant. His sermon on this occasion, was the first of his course of sermons on the Liturgy, which have since appeared in Practical Theology. It gave great satisfaction. By the urgent request of a college friend (the late lamented Dr. Phelan), this sermon was repeated, on the following Sunday, in the chapel of Trinity College: a circumstance which led to the mention of a testimony once borne to Mr. Jebb as a preacher, by that very learned, and very singular man, Dr. Barrett, late Vice-Provost of the University of Dublin. Some members of that learned body were discussing the relative merits of preachers: ‘Well, gentlemen,’ said Dr. Barrett, ‘you may say what you please, but the best sermon I ever heard, was one from Mr. Jebb, on the Liturgy.’

His turn of duty performed, he was about to leave town, when he was detained by an intimation from the Archbishop of Dublin; on the 19th of November, he received an official summons to attend the Lord Lieutenant, at the Phoenix Park; it was to offer him a Bishoprick; and a few days after the announcement then made by his Excellency, he was appointed to succeed his kind old friend Bishop Elrington, upon his Lordship’s translation to Ferns, in the see of Limerick. The spirit in which he received the first announcement of his elevation, will be best shown from his letter to myself, written immediately after his audience of the Viceroy.

‘ Tuesday, Nov. 19. 4 o’clock p.m.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ I AM to be the Bishop: . . . I ask your prayers. . . Nothing could be more flattering than the Lord Lieutenant’s expressions: but the more this appointment

rests on presumed qualifications, the greater and the more solemn is the responsibility.

God bless you!

Ever yours,

JOHN JEBB,

His return to Abington, as Bishop-elect of Limerick, was hailed with universal joy by the Roman catholic population ; . . a joy, damped only by the feeling, that they were about to lose the friend and benefactor, who had lived among them for more than twelve years, in the constant exercise of kindness, which came from and went to the heart, without one jarring note, in that long period, to break the full harmony of mutual good-will. He was met, on the border of the parish, by a body of the peasantry, who would not be withheld from taking off the horses, and drawing his carriage, preceded by a band of rustic music, considerably more than a mile, to Abington Glebe : and this expression of attachment was presently followed, by an affectionate address from his Roman catholic parishioners, drawn up by the Roman catholic pastor, and with his signature at its head.

He who relates these things, was himself an eye-witness of them. By the disposal of Providence, which, in its unmerited goodness, has raised up to him another gracious protector, he has ceased to be a member of the Irish branch of the United Church : but he should feel himself unworthy of having been ‘the daily companion, and own familiar friend,’ of the eminent Prelate whose life he records, . . and, as well, of the great cause towards which, under such guidance, his pursuits and studies have been drawn for more than one-and-twenty years, . . were he not here to record his humble, but most solemn convic-

tion, a conviction grounded on the practical experience and observation of nearly fifteen years' residence at Abington or in Limerick, that, in the resident clergy of the Church of England inhabiting among them, the Roman catholics of Ireland possess a moral, a civil, and a social blessing, which, if the hand of man once rashly take away, or even materially diminish, . . . the power of Omnipotence can alone replace.

We have now reached the close of Bishop Jebb's course, as Rector of Abington; and as none seem better entitled to offer counsel, than those whose counsels are illustrated by their conduct, I shall conclude this portion of my task, in the words of his own prophetic warning to the legislature of these countries, eleven years ago.

' The great *desideratum* towards the internal improvement of Ireland is INSTRUMENTALITY ; a link between the government, between the legislature, between the great landed proprietorship, and the people. It were folly, however, to speak of instruments, in a mere mechanical sense. A *moral instrumentality* alone will cement together the frame of society in *any* country ; and in a country, from unhappy circumstances, much *demoralized*, moral instruments are infinitely needful. Such instruments we have in the Irish clergy : to say the least of them as a body (with rare individual exceptions), an educated, liberalized, well-conducted, order of men ; stationed, at proper intervals, throughout the whole country ; regimented, if I may so speak, under the authority of superiors ; disciplined and marshalled for simultaneous movements ; and forming a great chain of intercommunication, from one extremity of Ireland to the other. Now, in what manner could we supply the place occupied by these men ? Parliaments cannot create,

Parliaments are not competent to create, materials such as we possess at this moment. Let Parliaments beware how they *destroy*. They will be altogether powerless to fill the chasm. Take away the fabric of our established Church, and you take away the *nucleus* of our national improvement. A resident gentry we have not : a substantial yeomanry we have not : a body of capitalised manufacturers we have not. Humanly speaking, I do not see what it is, in the least improved parts of Ireland, that we have to rest upon, except the clergy. Here is the only sure provision extant, for disseminating, through all quarters of the land, the wildest and most remote, equally with the most cultivated and peopled, an educated, enlightened, and morally influential class. Here, and here only, is a provision for an interchange of moral instruments, between the north and south, and east and west, which, in due time, may and will produce a community of improved character in all the provinces. For, let me ask, what educated northern would voluntarily migrate to the south, what native of Leinster to the west of Ireland, unless induced by some such prospect of immediate or eventual provision, as the Church establishment holds forth ? The salutary influence of these changes, I have seen, I have felt. And if the government of the country raises, as I trust and believe it will, fit and qualified persons to the higher ecclesiastical stations in Ireland, the resulting benefits cannot fail to be of constantly increasing magnitude. . . Setting aside, therefore, my feeling as a churchman, and viewing the subject as a man solicitous for the social, political, and moral welfare of my country, I would exhort those who are in power to pause, and to weigh well the probable, and even the possible results, before they make any

alteration in the system of our Church establishment. I would recommend to the deliberate attention of all constitutional statesmen, of whatever party, the wise and profound resolution of Mr. Burke : “ Please God,” said this great man, “ I will walk with caution, when I am not able to see my way clearly before me.” .. *Bishop Jebb. Speech in the House of Lords. June, 1824.*

SECTION III.

IN January, 1823, Archdeacon Jebb was consecrated Bishop of Limerick, in the cathedral of Cashel, . . the scene, in former years, of his ministerial labours ; of those professional duties, and that practical experience, which alone can fully qualify even the most competent and gifted minds, to direct and superintend the labours of others. It was late in February, however, before he was enabled, upon the removal of his venerable predecessor to Ferns, finally to take leave of Abington, and to enter on the arduous duties of his diocese. The interval was passed in provident exertions for the welfare of his old parishioners, and in the affectionate interchange of offices of kindness and good-will.

Before the end of February, the Bishop removed to Limerick ; whither I attended him as chaplain. Early in March, he was obliged to attend the meeting of the Board of First-Fruits, in Dublin. A letter from thence, dated March 26., thus names the day for holding his primary ordination : ‘ I have fixed sunday, the 13th April, for the ordination. You will have to examine the candidate solely on friday the 11th, and on saturday we will examine him jointly.’

Upon this most solemn part of the office of a christian bishop, no father of the ancient church went beyond Bishop Jebb, in his own sense of responsibility, and the consequent strictness of his rules and requirements. He ordained for his own diocese only ; and, until withheld, by the visitation

of God, from ordaining personally, he would neither grant, nor accept, letters dimissory. His view of the subject, was the result of long experience: while in the diocese of Cashel, he had been Archbishop Brodrick's examiner for orders, for more than fifteen years; and each succeeding year, and each fresh examination, augmented his heart-felt conviction, that, in the examinations for holy orders, the best interests of the church, and of religion, were at stake: that TO GUARD THE ENTRANCE OF THE SANCTUARY, was the most effectual human security for the welfare of the Church of Christ. In this connection, he often quoted, with cordial approval, an anecdote related of an eminent puritan divine, Dr. Anthony Tuckney, master of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Regius Professor of Divinity, during the usurpation: one of the first scholars of his day. The anecdote is told by Dr. Salter, in his preface to 'Eight Letters of Dr. Anthony Tuckney, and of Dr. Benjamin Whichcote,' first published in his edition of Whichcote Aphorisms. . . 'In his elections at St. John's, when the President, according to the cant of the times, would call upon him to have regard to the *godly*; the master answered, no one should have a greater regard to the truly godly, than himself; but he was determined to choose none but scholars: adding very wisely, . . They *may* deceive me in their *godliness*: they *cannot* in their *scholarship*.'

Actuated by such views and principles in the discharge of his delegated trust, as examiner for the Archbishop of Cashel, Bishop Jebb's first thoughts, and most serious attention, when raised himself to the episcopal office, were directed to the consideration of the best way and means of bringing them more effectually into operation. He began by pre-

paring, for previous diocesan circulation, printed cards of his courses, for deacon's, and for priest's orders* ; each course being made as wide and comprehensive, as might seem compatible with a *solid* preparation on the part of the candidates. This step taken, he proceeded to lay down preliminary rules, designed, at once, to guard against the admission to examination of fundamentally incompetent or disqualified candidates ; and to insure a more perfect knowledge, than could be acquired by *vivâ voce* examination, of the actual preparation of each admitted candidate. By the first of these rules, each candidate was required, before the commencement of the examination, to read a portion of the Liturgy aloud ; in order to ascertain that he was not unfitted, by any natural or acquired defect, from the distinct and devout performance of divine service. By the second rule, the candidates were obliged to give proof of a competent proficiency, in the ground-work of all theological attainment, . . familiarity with the text of the Greek Testament, . . by translating a portion, the candidate deacons from the Gospels, or Acts of the Apostles, the candidate priests from the Epistles. Failure in either of these preliminary trials, excluded the parties from further examination. By the third rule, all candidates for orders, were required to furnish written notes of their preparation, in each of the works, comprised in the printed course : a golden rule, which effectually provided, 1. against that ready quickness of acquirement, which will often be found to cloak a shallow preparation ;

* Several clerical friends having expressed a wish for further information, respecting the courses recommended by Bishop Jebb, I think it due to them to add, in the appendix to this edition, a copy of the card printed in 1822. The rule requiring written notes of their preparation from the candidates was added subsequently.

2. against a natural timidity or slowness of enunciation, which sometimes will conceal, from the most careful examiner, true and solid attainments; and
3. against imperfect justice being rendered, to proficiency of the best, and most extensive kind.

Bishop Jebb's examination for holy orders, conducted upon these strict principles, was continued for three days; each day's examination lasting for six hours. In the course of the inquiry, special stress was invariably laid upon the proficiency of the candidates, in a critical acquaintance with the Greek Testament; portions of which, as a further security of their competence, they were required to translate in writing, in presence of the examiners; the versions thus made being submitted to the Bishop's inspection, who himself examined on the third and last day. As the concluding trial, he gave a subject, upon which the candidates were required to write, within the last two hours, without any aid beyond the use of a Bible and Concordance.

The fruits of this strictness were, even from the outset, apparent, in an extent of preparation, and quality of answering, which more than met the hopes and expectations of the diocesan: the gentlemen presenting themselves for holy orders in the diocese of Limerick, generally speaking, manifested an interest in their sacred studies, and a desire to acquit themselves well, fully proportioned to the pains bestowed in raising, in this most important respect, the tone of the diocese above the ordinary standard. Valuable and durable evidences of this good spirit still exist, in the copious, and, not unfrequently, critical abstracts of the examination course, submitted for inspection, conformably with one of the rules, by the candidates for holy orders: the scholar-

like appearance, and beautiful execution of several of these MS. volumes, might challenge comparison with the note-books of practised writers ; and would impress, at first sight, rather as the productions of trained divines, than of candidates for ordination.

But Bishop Jebb's great aim, in these preliminary cares, was to kindle and diffuse, among the rising generation of his clergy, a spirit of professional study ; to lead them to regard their ordination course as the alphabet only, or index, to their future theological labours ; and thus, so far as in him lay, to bend their thoughts and hearts, practically and experimentally, towards the fulfilment of their solemn ordination pledge, ‘ that they will apply themselves wholly to this one thing, and draw all their cares and studies this way.’ With this special view, a usage, which he had introduced in his examinations at Cashel, was continued, and it is believed with the best effects, at the diocesan examinations in Limerick. The oral examination was closed by an address to the assembled candidates, in which the cultivation of their own minds and hearts, by daily and diligent application to the best studies, was pointed out to them as the only adequate means to qualify them for acting effectually, in the discharge of their public and parochial duties, upon the minds and hearts of others. One practice (a habit, the happy effects of which he had long known by good experience) he especially recommended to every young clergyman, . . . that a day should never be suffered to pass by, without the careful perusal of a portion of the New Testament, in the original ; not critically, but practically, and as a means of religious improvement.

This short notice of Bishop Jebb's ordination course and rules, which soon attracted interest and

attention beyond the diocese of Limerick, is due to the intrinsic importance of the subject. The beneficial consequences of those regulations were early perceptible, in the studious habits, no less than in the professional zeal and efficiency, of the clergy now ordained; who, in several instances, ascribed their growing love of sacred studies, wholly to the effect produced on their minds during their examinations for orders. The love of study, and the spirit of research, thus wisely awakened, naturally led from the want to the desire, from the desire to the purchase, of books: and some time after his great illness, the Bishop was at once cheered and affected by the sight of a well-chosen list of theological works, to the amount of nearly 150*l.*, judiciously put into his hands by a late eminent Dublin bookseller; being the average annual expenditure, at that one house, out of the private fortune of a young clergyman, one of the most distinguished answerers at both examinations for orders, and then an humble curate in the diocese of Limerick. Nor did the spirit of inquiry, thus inspired or called forth by the regulations of Bishop Jebb, terminate in the purchase, . . it has led also to the production, of important works: the *Origines Liturgicæ*, a work long a desideratum in English divinity, and for which the Church in these countries is indebted to the learned labours of the Rev. William Palmer, now of Worcester College, Oxon., owes its idea and design to the well-directed workings of the author's mind, when a candidate for orders, preparing for examination at Limerick.

The bread thus cast upon the waters, it is my happiness to know, and my duty to make known, after many days continues to be found: in the examinations now held in the diocese of Limerick, the

same course, the same rules, the same impartial strictness, are maintained, in the spirit as well as in the letter, under the administration of a Prelate, one of whose first public acts was to express his determination to tread in the steps of his predecessor : while, among the clergy, an association has been formed, of which the Vicar General of the diocese has been chosen permanent chairman, the object of which is, to promote among themselves that thoughtful spirit, and those studious habits, the foundations of which were laid by BISHOP JEBB.

On Thursday, June 19. 1823, the Bishop held his Primary Visitation, in St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick. The Charge delivered on this occasion, and since republished in Practical Theology, is too generally known in these countries, to leave room for calling attention, in this Memoir, to the important principles, and the instructive precepts, which are there unfolded and laid down ; with that happy union of sound good sense and affectionate persuasiveness, which characterizes all Bishop Jebb's writings. It may suffice to observe that, high as the Bishop's name already stood in England, this Primary Charge, as will hereafter appear, greatly increased and extended his reputation with the English public.

In entering upon the government of his diocese, his fundamental maxim for his own guidance was, to govern by *principles*, to the total exclusion of *expedients*. Three rules which he prescribed to himself from the outset, in the exercise of his patronage, may be instanced as examples : . . the first was, that he would never make a promise, nor hold out a hope, to any persons whomsoever ; the second, that he would not allow of exchanges of benefices, under any circumstances whatsoever ; the third, that no living

in his gift should ever, on any account, be placed at the disposal of any lay patron, any bishop, or of the Government itself. His inflexible adherence to these conscientious rules, . . while it secured to himself, during the administration of eleven years, uninterrupted peace of mind, and the unshackled exercise of an unbiassed judgment, in the consideration of circumstances according as they arose, . . was never attended with the slightest practical inconvenience. On the contrary, so great was the respect for his character, and such the sense entertained of the purity of his motives, that the Irish Government itself, to the honour of the minister then in power*, upon one occasion was known to declare, in offering promotion to a late dignitary of the diocese, that Government would not interfere with the patronage of the Bishop of Limerick.

The primary visitation of the diocese of Limerick was followed, in the autumn of the same year, by the Triennial Visitation of the Archbishop of Cashel. The Bishop now attended Archbishop Lawrence to Tralee, and Killarney; and held his own Primary Visitation of the diocese of Ardfert. This visit to Killarney was rendered painfully memorable by a lake storm, to which both prelates were exposed, and which was attended with loss of life: a large sail-boat being overset, almost under our eyes, the owner taken up senseless, and one of the crew, the son of a poor widow, drowned: a row-boat, with two soldiers in it, was upset at the same moment; the poor men were rescued from the water, after a long struggle, and carried, likewise senseless, to an adjoining island. None, who witnessed, can easily forget, the awful moment, when the boat which saved Captain Wyse,

* The Right Hon. Henry Goulburn.

bore him past that in which the Archbishop and the Bishop of Limerick were, and hailed it to the assistance of the other sufferers; nor the feelings with which, on landing at Lord Kenmare's side of the lower lake, we found Captain W.'s dog, who had swum from the centre of the lake, where the accident happened, and continued to howl mournfully by the water's edge, as the party stood for nearly an hour, waiting for the return of the boat with tidings of the sufferers, under the distressing apprehension (happily an erroneous one), that among them was numbered a son of our venerable host, the late R. T. Herbert, Esq., of Cahernane; a state of suspense painfully aggravated, by the presence of the Father.

Shortly after Bishop Jebb's return to Limerick, a most afflicting calamity occurred, which, while it shed a universal gloom, keenly affected the diocesan; who well knew and valued the friend whom he had now to mourn. This event was the sudden death, by a fall from his gig, of the Vicar General of Limerick, the late Rev. William Deane Hoare. In this good, and simple-hearted man, the Bishop had found one, in whom he could place every reliance, both as his official, and as a private friend. They differed materially, indeed, in their theological views; but their differences were such as may subsist between good, and never will disturb the harmony of wise, men. The Funeral Sermon delivered, by Bishop Jebb, on this solemn occasion, while it pourtrays the character of that faithful servant of God, is a monument to his memory more durable than brass or marble, . . for it unfolds scriptural views and principles which can never die, respecting the future state, the instant consciousness, and immediate blessedness, of ‘the dead who die in the Lord.’

The universal sympathy now called forth at Li-

merick, by this sudden removal of an exemplary clergyman of the Church of England, was in accordance with all Bishop Jebb's most cherished feelings, and was proportionately grateful to his heart. The Roman catholic clergy, with the venerable titular bishop at their head, walked in the procession, as far as the entrance of the west door of the Cathedral, arm in arm with their protestant brethren. The church was thronged, almost to suffocation, with members of both communions. And the preacher was heard by the assembled multitude with a stillness, which those only, who witnessed and partook the solemn emotion, can conceive. The Bishop's sermon was printed, nearly simultaneously, in Dublin and Limerick; the Dublin impression being insufficient to meet the public anxiety for copies of a discourse, which, both in subject and spirit, might fitly be regarded as the property of the universal Church of Christ.

It now appeared, that the principles upon which Bishop Jebb had lived and acted, while Rector of Abington, had lost nothing of their virtue, by his transfer to the See of Limerick. As in the humbler station, he had been on the best and happiest terms with the Roman catholic priests and their flock, so in the higher, he became on terms, at least equally good and happy, with the Roman catholic bishop and his clergy. The venerable Bishop Toughy, while he conversed with him as a friend, honoured him as a christian bishop, and advised with him as fellow-labourers in the vineyard of their common Lord. The spirit of their ecclesiastical superior, diffused itself among the Roman catholic priesthood of Limerick. And one of the last walks taken by Bishop Jebb through the streets of that city, presented the

gratifying sight of the protestant Bishop walking, arm in arm, with a Roman catholic priest; who, on taking leave, turned, and bent the knee, as to his own ecclesiastical superior.

In the second year of an episcopate, thus well and wisely commenced, Bishop Jebb was summoned, from the cares of a particular diocese, to take his part in the more general care and guardianship of pure religion in these countries, as one of the representative Bishops of the Church in Ireland. The crisis, at which he was thus called forth to engage in this, to him wholly novel field of duty, was most alarming. For a considerable time previous to the year 1824, the Irish branch of the united Church had been the mark, and victim, of successful, because incessant and uncontradicted calumnies. The newspapers, the clubs, the Houses of Parliament themselves, had been made the medium of studied, or undesigned, misrepresentations; aiming as much, on the one hand, to depreciate the character of the Irish protestant clergy, as, on the other, to exaggerate the revenues of the Church establishment. Upon this subject, and upon this alone, the laws of society seemed to be suspended: assertion was, every where, accepted as proof; no incredibility, however enormous or absurd, surpassed the false appetite of public credulity; and it may be instanced as a single example of the stage of this epidemic, that a strong-minded, and independent member of the legislature, by no means unfriendly to the established Church, stated to the present writer as his simple and sincere belief, the result of the best and widest information he could collect from Ireland, that the actual receipts of the Irish Bishoprics, varied from 15,000*l.*, to 40,000*l.* per annum each! His astonishment was great, when

apprized of the real truth, . . that the Irish Bishoprics and Archbishoprics, taken together, scarcely averaged 5,000*l.* : yet, upon information such as his, have been commenced, continued, and not concluded, the attacks, both in and out of Parliament, upon the endowments of the Church in Ireland.

Such were the nature, extent, and hardihood of the misrepresentations, and such the consequently disordered state of the public mind in England, which the Bishop of Limerick was called to encounter, in the single session of his parliamentary life. He well understood, and deeply felt, the crisis : and he prepared, humbly yet fearlessly, to meet it, in the true spirit of his sacred calling, . . in that ‘quietness and confidence’ which ever were ‘his strength.’ Early in January, 1824, he left Limerick for London ; making Dublin his road, in order that he might devote a few days to the society of his brother ; who, in the preceding November, had been bereaved of his admirable wife.

The Bishop reached London the latter end of January. At former periods, his occasional visits to the metropolis, had been those of a retired private clergyman, occupying himself in the publication of his learned labours, and personally known only within a limited circle of intimate friends. He was now very differently circumstanced : while his well-established reputation, as a scholar and divine, gave its just weight and prominence to his station in the Church, his public services at Abington, and his Primary Charge, had rendered his name universally popular : and it would be difficult, if not impossible, at this distance of time, to convey any just impression of the respect, the cordiality, I might with stricter correctness say, the enthusiasm of the reception,

which awaited him, as Bishop of Limerick, in England. It were little to repeat, what at the time was said, that his name was now the fashion : it will more justly describe the general feeling to remark, that that affectionate interest, which he had ever experienced in the chosen private circle of his English friends, and which he has himself so gratefully commemorated in the earlier pages of this Memoir, seemed now diffused, not only through good society at large, but through every class of the English public. To the unfeigned surprize of one, whose life had been passed, hitherto, in remote provincial retirement, and who had ever loved and followed (to borrow his happy expression, in his Memoir of William Phelan) ‘the high and lonely walk’ of thought and study, . . . Bishop Jebb now found himself at the height of public favour ; and that there was no way of escape from the penalties of that unbought popularity, which the generous spirit of England, when suffered freely to flow forth, seldom fails to inflict upon the possessor of a ‘ fair fame.’

The object of a popularity like this, could not, indeed, be literally unaware, but, in spirit, he lived as one wholly unconscious, of the space which he filled in the public estimation. In his retirement, he had ever religiously cultivated that humbleness of mind, which formed one of the most marked characters of his happy nature : and amidst the public gaze, while ever mindful of the dignity of his sacred office, the grace of humility still shone the most conspicuous among his eminent virtues. His nearest friends could not discern the slightest change in the childlike simplicity of his heart and life : or, if they could, it was only that he had become more childlike.

Shortly after his settlement in Curzon Street, the Bishop found, that, amidst the business and engagements of London life, the mornings afforded the best, if not the only opportunities, of really seeing and enjoying his friends. He tried the experiment, accordingly, of asking, occasionally, a few friends to breakfast : and it answered so well, as to induce him to give weekly breakfasts, during the remainder of his stay in town ; a practice which he resumed, whenever afterwards resident for a time in London. At these quiet 10 o'clock breakfasts, which were often honoured by eminent, and much frequented by rising young men, there was a flow of interesting anecdote, and of animated conversation, seldom to be met with, at least in equal freshness, at more formal entertainments. The guests themselves, seemed fully sensible of this : some of them not infrequently abridging their very limited rest, after a late debate in the House of Commons, that they might be present at the Bishop of Limerick's saturday breakfast-table.

Among the most interesting of those guests in Curzon Street, may be named, for they are no longer living, the Rev. John Davison, of Oriel College, Oxford, and Mr. Charles Butler, late of Lincoln's Inn. Mr. Davison's manner was peculiar : but the mind which shone through it, richly repaid you, for an exterior of singular coldness and reserve. His conversation was sententious . . almost epigrammatic ; but it was evidently unaffected, and in character with the very original cast of his thoughts. As he went on, he kindled : and, in proportion as he disclosed himself, we became more and more satisfied, that a cold outside covered a warm heart. Upon the important subject of national education, Mr. Davison

and Bishop Jebb held sentiments nearly identical. On one occasion, when Mr. Davison started and led the conversation, he threw out strong doubts and objections to the prevailing rage, for diffusing knowledge among the lower classes: knowledge, *per se*, he conceived quite as likely to produce bad, as good consequences: he thought the power of reading to be about as operative *morally*, as the faculty of hearing; for the term *education*, he would substitute *training*, . . . i.e. early discipline of the temper and passions; for which he thought the plough a better instrument than the national school. *His* discipline, he would connect with the arts of industry, not with ideal knowledge. . . The readers who may wish to compare these sentiments, with those in Bishop Jebb's discourse on Transmissive Religion (Practical Theology, vol. i. pp. 214. . . 40.), will have the advantage of forming, or regulating, their judgment, by the light arising from the consent of two such minds.* Upon the principles of education above

* Upon the subject of general education, Dr. Johnson has expressed sentiments, so opposed to the views in fashion in the present day, and, at the same time, so entirely coincident with those entertained by Bishop Jebb, that to quote the passage from his favourite author, will be doing his views the best justice.

'The truth is, that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are *not* the great, or frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the *first* requisite is, the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the *next* is, an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove, by events, the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice, are virtues and excellencies of all times, and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometers only by chance. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter, are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of *such rare emergence*, that one may know any other half his life, without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostatics, or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

'Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools, that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for

indicated, Mr. Davison and the Bishop were much interested by the plan, then in its infancy, of establishing Infant Schools* ; in which, while the acquirement of mere knowledge necessarily formed a very subordinate consideration, there must exist, in the ductility and malleableness of the materials, the best and happiest opportunities for the exercise of discipline and training.

Mr. Charles Butler's conversation was in a very different style ; but peculiarly interesting and pleasing. Without being remarkable, either for strength, or depth, it was characterized by a vein of reflection, and a spirit of benevolence, which gave a double charm to his easy and lively flow of language. In anecdote, he abounded and excelled. A characteristic anecdote of Mr. Burke may be given as a specimen : it merits a place in Mr. Prior's valuable life of that illustrious senator. . . ‘One who knew him well was used to say, that, if you could afford to wait and hear him out, he was the best man in the world to look for an opinion from : but that, if you were

conversation ; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.

‘ Let me not be censured for this digression, as pedantic, or paradoxical ; for, if I have *Milton* against me, I have *Socrates* on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature, to speculations upon life ; but the innovators whom I oppose, are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion, that what we had to learn was, how to do good, and avoid evil.

ΟΤΤΙ ΤΟΙ ΕΥ ΜΕΓΑΡΟΙΣ ΧΑΚΟΥΤ' αγαθούτε τετυκται.’

Life of Milton. Works, Vol. ix. p. 97, 98. ed. Lond. 1796.

* The Bishop had recently visited the infant school, established by Joseph Wilson, Esq. of Clapham, in Quaker Street, Spital Fields. He was equally struck with the principle of these institutions, and with its application, and observable effects : the infant-school system continued, to the last, the only modern invention in education which met his full approval.

in a hurry, he was the very worst. Let him run on, and you would be amply satisfied ; look for a direct answer, and all was over.' . . The slightest incident was, at some times, sufficient to divert Mr. Burke, irretrievably, from the gravest subjects. Pending the celebrated Begum question, Sir Philip Francis went down express to Beaconsfield ; carrying with him the notes and materials of a speech, which he had prepared with great care and labour, in order to lay them before Mr. Burke, and to have the benefit of his advice and correction. On his arrival, he was told that Mr. Burke was in the garden ; whither he at once hastened, as there was no time to lose. Sir Philip announced his errand, and produced his papers : but Mr. Burke, holding towards him a grasshopper, which he held in his hand, ran on thus : . . ' Did you ever consider the conformation of a grasshopper ? I never studied it before, and am quite delighted by it. It is a singularly beautiful creature ; and well deserving of attention. I don't know that I ever remarked so delicate and perfect a conformation.' . . ' But, Sir,' rejoined the annoyed Sir Philip, ' I have brought all my papers on the Begum question, and want your advice : if you would hear the speech that I have prepared, there is not a moment to be lost.' . . ' The Begum question : oh yes : let me hear your notes by all means.' Sir Philip drew forth his papers, and began. He had proceeded some way, and felt that he had quite got hold of his auditor when Mr. Burke broke out . . ' I should be glad to know the classical name for the grasshopper. I doubt, indeed, whether they had any name for it. They *say* the Romans called it *cicada* ; but I apprehend the *cicada* was altogether of a different species.' Sir Philip was struck mute ; pocketed his papers, and returned to

town. The Begum question was lost in the chirpings of a grasshopper! *

But the Bishop's residence in Curzon Street, at this time, is, by the present writer at least, to be remembered and commemorated upon other ground, than the enjoyment of congenial society : it placed him in the near neighbourhood, and introduced him, not to the acquaintance merely, but to the intimate friendship of one, whose professional skill, under Providence, eminently aided to prolong, and whose private regard largely contributed to cheer and gladden, the closing years of life : it is with mingled feelings of gratitude, affection, and respect, that I here venture to add the name of SIR HENRY HALFORD ; whose house, and whose heart, were alike open to Bishop Jebb, from the hour in which they first met, to that in which our honoured Friend exchanged time for immortality.† But I may not further anticipate.

* Perhaps, however, *this grasshopper*, suggested one of Mr. Burke's happiest, and most splendid images, in his Letter on the French Revolution. In the hands of true genius, the smallest things will become great.

The character of Mr. Burke's genius, displayed throughout his first great work, is inscribed on the title-page of that splendid production : an affecting occurrence, near the close of his career, marks how truly *the sublime* was his native element. The fact rests on the information of a friend, who had it from Mr. Ellis, an eye-witness. This highly-valued friend will I know authorize its insertion. When Richard Burke was dying, it was thought necessary to remove Mr. Burke from the room, lest his son should expire in his presence ; the poor Father, accordingly, was led, or rather hustled out : the patient's room was up one pair of stairs ; Mr. Burke, on being removed from it, went down stairs, and out into a bowling-green immediately behind the house ; just as he reached the bowling-green, a window of his son's chamber was thrown up with violence : . . . Mr. Burke took it as the signal that Richard had breathed his last, . . . when he instantly faced the open window, fell upon his knees, and, with hands uplifted towards heaven, apostrophized the departing spirit.

† Ecclesiasticus xxxviii. 13, 14. None will more cordially subscribe the sentiment of the Son of Sirach, than the present learned President of the College of Physicians. The art of healing, in his classical orations, assumes its primitive, and proper rank, . . . the dignity of *ethical* science.

Bp. Jebb thus expressed himself, after reading one of Sir Henry's treatises

Bishop Jebb's fine natural taste for music has been elsewhere noticed. His ear was susceptible both of melody and harmony, in a very high degree. But, while he felt and enjoyed, as few enjoy and feel, both 'gentle airs,' and 'concord of sweet sounds,' it was in sacred music, and especially in the oratorios of Handel, that he took delight. The concerts of ancient music in Hanover Square, conducted as they still were in 1824, afforded gratification of the highest and purest kind to a taste like his ; and his sober and homefelt enjoyment was heightened, by the presence of congenial friends. Among the friends whom he chiefly met in London at this period, may I be permitted to distinguish by name, Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Bart., and Mr. Haviland Burke, of Lincoln's Inn, only grand-nephew and representative in blood, of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. Sir Thomas Acland's friendship with the Bishop, one of long standing, arose out of their mutual intimacy with Mrs. Hannah More ; and, through his instrumentality, a new friendship was now formed, as true and firm, though, by the disposal of an all-wise Providence, not long-lived as his own. The amiable and high-minded nobleman, to whom Bishop Jebb now first became personally known, and with whom, as soon as known, he became thus closely and cordially intimate, was the late lamented

(1831), previous to its delivery at the College of Physicians. 'I cannot for a moment doubt, that a series of such medico-moral treatises, will not merely do credit and service to the cause of medicine, but, under Providence, may, in the most important concerns, have the happiest consequences, in giving a right direction to the minds of that class of mankind, which, above all others, ought to feel, that in the midst of life we are in death. I esteem it a blessing of inestimable value, that Sir H. Halford unites his testimony with those of Boerhaave and Haller, to the truth and value of the Christian revelation. His testimony must have weight, and I trust that some, at least, will be induced to tread in his steps.'

Thomas Lord Lilford. The Bishop's Primary Charge, it afterwards appeared, had prepared the way for this intimacy. Lord Lilford had read it with deep interest ; and had been led, by the perusal, to feel, and to express, a strong desire to become acquainted with its author. There seemed, however, little prospect of this wish being realized ; belonging, as they did, to different countries, and not meeting, or likely to meet, in private society in London : when, at the ancient concerts, Lord Lilford unexpectedly found, that, in Sir Thomas Acland, they possessed a mutual friend. In this way were brought together two men, who, from a similarity of nature, producing a cordial and entire sympathy of views and feelings, seemed formed to be to each other, ‘as the friend that sticketh closer than a brother.’ Nor did the friendship of Lord Lilford terminate here : it was his desire and delight to make the Bishop intimately known throughout his own connections, both in London and in Lancashire ; and other friendships sprang up out of this stock, and continued to spread and strengthen, long after the hand that formed, and the heart that fostered them, were at rest.

From the pleasant paths of private friendship, we return to Bishop Jebb's public, and parliamentary duties. During the earlier part of the Session, he had been a silent, but no inattentive observer, both of the usages of the House, and of the signs of the times. In the debate upon Lord Darnley's motion, for an inquiry into the state of Ireland, there was a general expectation, on both sides of the House, that the Bishop of Limerick would take part : still, however, he preserved silence ; under the conviction, that his peculiar duty, as a representative of the Church in Ireland, could best be discharged, by re-

serving himself for a subject more directly connected with that Church. With this view of his line of duty, he calmly let pass intermediate opportunities : nor did he speak, excepting in short and effective vindications of two personal friends, the late Archbishop of Dublin, and a private Irish clergyman, against most unprovoked public attacks, until Thursday, June 10, when the question of the Irish Tythe Commutation Bill was brought forward, by the Earl of Liverpool, in the House of Lords.

It is not, I feel, my province to review, in its details, the speech, upon this occasion, delivered by Bishop Jebb. Its general merits are well known : would that its views and principles were wisely studied and applied. Whether regarded as a full and faithful exposure of the real evils of Ireland ; as a triumphant vindication, against all the calumnies of its enemies, of the Irish branch of the United Church ; or as an invincible argument for the political importance, both to Ireland and the empire, of maintaining, in its integrity, the Irish Protestant Episcopal establishment, . . . that speech, it will suffice here to observe, remains unanswered and unanswerable.

The house was taken by surprize : a debate not having been anticipated. The Bishop spoke for upwards of three hours. The general opinion, at the time, appeared to be, that the speech had but one fault, its length.

But Bishop Jebb had spoken, neither with a view to consult public opinion, nor to court public favour, but simply to do his duty : and, next only to the witness of a good conscience, he derived his highest satisfaction from two private testimonies, . . . the testimonies of men not more eminent for their genius

and eloquence, than for their christian piety and virtue.

Mr. Knox, who measured the coming storm with the prospective eye of a philosopher, while he felt its approach in the spirit of a true son of the church of England, thus conveys the impression made upon him by the Bishop's printed speech. ‘ The subject was continually before me ; and I saw not how the multifarious falsehoods, which were gaining more and more the blind acquiescence of even well-meaning persons, were to be competently met and refuted. It was lamentably obvious, that too many did not care, and none thoroughly knew, any thing about the matter. This *desideratum* your speech has supplied ; and, if the clergy and friends of our Irish branch of the Anglican church, do not feel themselves more obliged to you, than to any other individual for the last hundred years, I can only say, they see the business with eyes differing from mine.’

One of the last survivors of the Augustan age of British oratory, himself a brilliant model, as well as a veteran judge, of parliamentary eloquence, Mr. Wilberforce, in a letter to a common friend, has happily left on record the estimate which he had formed of the varied merits of this speech, and of the rank to which it stood entitled in the annals of parliamentary debate. Writing in the following September, Mr. Wilberforce asks, . . . ‘ Have you read the Bishop of Limerick’s speech ? It is one of the most able ever delivered in Parliament ; and I cannot but feel some indignation, when I remember the coldness with which it was spoken of by many, who ought to have felt its excellencies with a keener relish. But they did not expect a debate, and were in haste to get away to their dinners.’

The coldness here alluded to, so far as it prevailed, arose, it is to be feared, from a very different cause ; and Mr. Knox has assigned it : ‘ it was lamentably obvious, that many did not care any thing about the matter.’

Upon this occasion the Bishop found the advantage, and his opponents felt the effects, of his early training in the debates of the Irish Historical Society. His perfect self-possession, and happy readiness in rejoinder, in particular, made and left a powerful impression. When describing, with the graphic fidelity of one who had seen and known what he described, the poverty and privations of late years endured by the Irish clergy, he was assailed with loud cries of ‘ hear ! hear ! hear ! ’ from the opposition benches. ‘ Yes, my Lords,’ was his instant and resolved reply, in a voice which at once restored silence and attention, ‘ and I say HEAR ! HEAR ! HEAR ! and I wish the noble lords who cheer, would accompany me to Ireland, and there visit the humble residences of the parochial clergy, and there see with their own eyes, the shifts and expedients to which those respectable men are reduced. One noble baron, I am sure, from his generous nature, would, on his return to this house, place himself by my side, and say to your lordships, “ Listen to this prelate : what he tells you is the truth.” ’

The effect of this speech upon the public mind, was long seen and felt, in the altered tone of general conversation. Those calumnies, which had once borrowed the stamp, and obtained, for a time, the currency, of sterling truth, instead of being loudly urged, were now scarcely whispered. For a season, at least, a better spirit, more just because more generous, prevailed. The strict parliamentary scrutiny into the state of Ireland, and into the revenues of the Irish

branch of the united church, subsequently carried into effect, has served only to exemplify and evidence the accuracy of Bishop Jebb's statements. And if his memorable speech on the church in Ireland, shall cease to be productive of the most valuable and growing benefits to that his native country, it can be only in consequence of statesmen closing the eyes of their understanding, to the important truths which it assembles, and the no less important principles which it unfolds.*

While thus acquitting his conscience, in his place in Parliament, as a representative Irish Bishop, he was not the less ready to engage, when called on, in the more sacred duties of his office. On Sunday, May 9, he had preached, from Acts xi. 26., upon the origin of the Christian name, in the parish church of St. John, Clerkenwell, in behalf of the funds of the General Philanthropic Society ; and, in the midst of preparation for his speech, he found time to compose,

* Since writing the above, ample justice has been done to this part of my subject, in the published speech of the Bishop of London, in the House of Lords, August 24, 1835. It is with no common satisfaction that I add this recent and public tribute, to the testimonies borne, at the time, by Mr. Knox and Mr. Wilberforce... ‘Is it not obvious,’ observes that eminent Prelate, ‘that they (the Roman catholic peasantry of Ireland) must be injured, and not benefitted, by the withdrawal from among them of the most constantly resident, the most active, the most benevolent class of Irish gentry? Is that description too strong? Permit me, my Lords, to confirm its truth, by quoting the words of one, who, while he lived, was one of the brightest ornaments of the Irish Church, and who died, deeply regretted by all its friends, the late Bishop Jebb. That excellent prelate delivered a speech in this house, in the year 1824, which he afterwards printed, and which has been more than once republished. It well deserves the perusal of every one, who wishes to understand the real state of the Church in Ireland. The statements which that speech contains have long been before the public, and to this day, my Lords, not one of them has been controverted. The testimony of Bishop Jebb, valuable as it is in itself, is the more so, because it is the testimony of one, who was at all times animated with a spirit of the utmost liberality and kindness towards the Roman catholics, and who, as he deserved, was respected and loved by them in return.’ *Speech of Charles James, Lord Bishop of London, on the Irish Church Bill.*

at the request of a friend, his discourse on TRANSMISSIVE RELIGION, . . which was preached on sunday, June 13, for the Philanthropic Society, at Mitcham, and on the following sunday, before the parent society, at their chapel in Surrey Road. The former of these sermons was published, at the time, by request: and both have since appeared, in his last original work.

Just at this time, an opportunity very unexpectedly arose of effecting an object, which the Bishop had had long, and near at heart, the making inquiry after the unpublished sermons of the late Rev. Thomas Townson, D.D. . . The account of this matter, and of the friendship to which it gave birth, we possess in Bishop Jebb's own words, in the Preface to his private edition of Dr. Townson's Discourses: it is far too interesting to need apology for its introduction in the Bishop's Life. Alluding to the late Archdeacon Churton's edition of Dr. Townson's Works, he thus relates the occurrence: . . 'From this publication, the editor felt an increased interest in the works of Dr. Townson; with which, as separately published, he had long been familiarly acquainted. One dear friend, in particular, raised this interest to its height; and from him the wish was imbibed, which has been cherished for nearly eighteen years, that, at least, a volume of these discourses [a specimen only had been published] might be given to the world. But how was this wish to be accomplished? They who entertained it, were altogether unknown to the possessor of the manuscripts; and, not having any proper channel of introduction, they could not obtrude themselves on his notice. Therefore they were silent. Still, however, the wish was unabated by the lapse of years. And when, in

1824, the editor, then attending his duty in Parliament, offered to execute any commission for his friend, the answer was: ‘I have but one commission to give; get tidings, if possible, of Dr. Townson’s manuscripts.’ It happened, by an extraordinary coincidence, that, the day after receiving this answer (June 17), the editor, for the first time, and quite unexpectedly, found himself in company with the very person whom he then most wished to see; with the friend of Dr. Townson, and custodee of his papers; in a word, with Archdeacon Churton. An acquaintance thus commenced, which soon ripened into friendship; and thence grew the confidential trust, which authorizes the appearance of the present volume. This incident may not be uninteresting to the reader; to the relater, it is matter of humble gratitude.’

With the close of the session, the Bishop was released from parliamentary duty, but not from the more congenial claims of private friendship. In addition to his old friends near London and Bristol, he had now other friends to visit, and fresh English hospitality to partake of, before his return to Ireland. One of the first of these visits was to the University of Cambridge, the *alma mater* of the Jebb family.

Through his friend the Rev. A. J. Carrighan, then fellow of St. John’s, now Rector of Barrow, near Bury St. Edmund’s, Suffolk, he had been honoured with a flattering invitation to graduate, *ad eundem*, at the approaching Cambridge Commencements. On wednesday, June 30, accordingly, he left town; and, after a visit of two or three days to Lady O. Sparrow, at Brampton Park, in Huntingdonshire, reached Cambridge on the 3d of July. During Commencements, he was lodged at St. John’s College; where

(as indeed in the University at large) he experienced a cordiality of kindness, happily in unison with his own affectionate nature, and which he ever after cherished in his grateful remembrance. In public and in private, during his stay, every thing which could be done by that learned society, was done, to mark the estimate formed of his character, and the sense entertained both of his professional, and of his parliamentary services. And while St. John's College was his chosen and adopted home, the hospitalities of the other chief Colleges, and Heads of Houses, were such, as to make him feel himself at home throughout the University. He has noticed, as characteristic, the deep and tender sorrow with which he first left College: his kindred feeling towards Cambridge will not lightly be forgotten, by the assembled friends, who witnessed and partook the emotion, with which, on the afternoon of July 7, he took leave of them, and of the University of his fathers, at the venerable gate of St. John's.

On Saturday, July 17, the Bishop finally left town. The remainder of July, and the whole of August, were occupied in the fulfilment of his different engagements, in distant and opposite quarters of England. To himself, whose turn of mind may be best represented in his own lines, . .

‘For sure thou lov’st domestic joys,
And hours of intimate delight,
And days retired from vulgar noise,
And converse bland that cheats the night.’ . .

this was a period full of present happiness, and fruitful in interesting recollections: and, while he thus intimately conversed with that ‘best English society,’ which he had recently and justly characterized as

‘the first society in the world,’.. the friends among whom he lived were, at least, equally alive, to the high interest and instructiveness of his familiar conversation. Constitutionally shy and reserved, it was only in the hours of domestic intimacy, with congenial minds, that Bishop Jebb could be fully known: but here he pre-eminently shone: wit, anecdote, and sometimes lively repartee, were naturally and attractively blended with his graver discourse. But though, with the poet, he could pass, in happiest interchange, ‘from grave to gay,’ he never (such was the benevolence of his nature) was known to turn ‘from lively to severe.’ The social intercourse, however, which is most profitable in itself, and most pleasurable in the recollection, is, perhaps, that, which it is least possible to embody into shape. Avoiding, therefore, particulars, with a single exception, I shall mark only, by a few notices of dates and places, a slight outline of the Bishop’s course homeward, in bringing to its close this very remarkable year of his life. On the evening of saturday, July 17, he reached Middleton-Cheney Rectory, in Northamptonshire, the residence of the friend of Dr. Townson, the late truly venerable Archdeacon Churton. This first visit fixed a friendship with that excellent man, and with his hopeful family, which, I may say, had been already commenced, when they first met in London. The head of this good and happy family (since gone to his reward) is known by his works: the chosen friend of Townson, and worthy to have been his friend, his memory will ever live associated with that honoured name and memory. Of his sons, one may be recorded here, for that ‘one is not,’ the late Rev. William Ralph Churton, M. A., sometime Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford, afterwards domestic chaplain

to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, when Bishop of London. To fine talents, assiduously cultivated, this universally beloved and lamented young man united a native elegance of manners, and a child-like innocence, which made him the delight of all who knew him. Snatched (September 4. 1828.) from the Church on earth, at the early age of twenty-seven, his ‘Remains,’ a modest but valuable private memorial of the love of his surviving brothers, still live to tell what he would have been.

. *Nec fungar inani*
Munere : . .

‘The brethren,’ who mourn his early doom, ‘sorrow not as others which have no hope ;’ and, to the eye of faith, the ‘fata aspera’ of the *heathen* poet, becomes transformed into the CHRISTIAN’s everlasting crown !

July 19, the Bishop left Middleton-Cheney for Guilsborough, also in Northamptonshire, the hospitable vicarage of the late Rev. Thomas Sikes, a locality mournfully memorable in English history, as the head-quarters of the republican army, on the eve of the battle of Naseby Field. From thence, July 22, he proceeded towards Bristol ; and descending the Wye from Ross, arrived once more, on the evening of the 24th, at Henbury, and under the roof of his old friend Thomas Stock, Esq., where he remained till August 4. From Henbury he moved to Wells in Somersetshire, pausing, on the road, for a day at Barley Wood, with Mrs. Hannah More. August 5, he reached Wells, and was received at the Palace by Bishop Law, with the hereditary kindness which had long subsisted between their families. August 9, he retraced his road by Ross and Hereford (where *en*

passant he visited the venerable Bishop Huntingford), on his way homeward by Lancashire, and Scotland. And, on August the 14th, arrived at Knowsley Park ; whence, with the fresh impressions of as great personal kindness, and as true family enjoyment, as could be compressed within so many days, on Monday the 23d, he set out for the Cumberland lakes, and Keswick. Here, a day at Mr. Southey's, in his society, and that of Bishop Hobart of New York (whom he had previously met in town .. and whose acquaintance laid the foundation of his growing interest in the American episcopal Church) far outweighed, in Bishop Jebb's estimation, all the beauties of the lakes, which yet no one more thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. From Keswick, entering Scotland by Carlisle, he visited Edinburgh for the first time ; saw, and preached in the fine episcopal church of the venerable Bishop Sandford ; visiting, on the way, the Royal ruins of Linlithgow ; passed through Glasgow, where, at the sight of the still reverend, though mutilated and subdivided, cathedral, he deeply partook, only in a milder spirit, Dr. Johnson's emotion, when looking at like specimens of the reformation of John Knox ; and thence embarking at Greenock for Belfast, rested for a few days with his beloved sister, and the McCormick family, at Rosstrevor ; from whence, before the close of September, he returned to the duties of his diocese, by the time named for holding his annual visitations. At Christmas he was joined by his brother, accompanied by his family ; and the year 1824, which had proved, from its commencement, one of the most useful and memorable, closed, one of the happiest years of a happy life.

While in London, the Bishop had intimation given

him of a strong wish entertained by ministers, that his views and opinions respecting Ireland should be brought more fully before Parliament and the country; and that it was in contemplation, accordingly, to examine him as a witness, before the Committees of both Houses, then recently appointed to inquire into the state of Ireland. In the spring of 1825, the intimation was renewed, provided always that attendance on the Committees did not materially interfere with the Bishop's convenience. But, while he held himself in readiness to proceed to London, if summoned, his sense of higher duties made him most desirous, if practicable, to remain this year at his post. The apprehended summons did not, however, arrive: and the only examination to which he was eventually subjected, did not take place until the following year, when he was examined, in the Committee-room of the House of Commons, before the Emigration Committee; and his evidence, which gave high satisfaction, afterwards published in its unequal and miscellaneous, but still very valuable and important Report.

In April he had the gratification, to him no ordinary gratification, of receiving a letter, which I must venture to give, throwing myself upon the indulgence of the Right Reverend and venerated writer to excuse its insertion: this letter possesses a double interest, as the first communication received by Bishop Jebb from the American Episcopal Church, and as coming from the venerable President of that Church, the head of the House of Bishops:

‘Philadelphia, April 18. 1825.

‘MY LORD,

In the beginning of the late winter, I received from New York three volumes, which your Lordship had

done me the honour to present to me, as appears from an inscription on the blank leaf of each volume.

However unequal in value the return for your kindness, I have taken the liberty to address to your Lordship two productions of my pen: one of them, being ‘Memoirs of the Episcopal Church’ in this country; and the other, a Discussion of the Calvinistic and Arminian controversy, in two volumes. From letters of my friend Bishop Hobart it appears, that he intended to be in London, in the course of this month. As he will certainly make some stay there, before his return to his native country, I shall direct them to his care, to be left for him with Messrs. Charles Rivington and Co. Booksellers, London: submitting to him the proper mode of conveying them to your Lordship.

Although to your Lordship it can be of no importance, I take the liberty to say, that I perused the valuable volumes sent to me, with great interest; and, in respect to the treatise on Sacred Literature in particular, that it opened to me a new field, on the ground of Holy Scripture. I had been long acquainted with the parallelism of the poetry of the Old Testament, as displayed by Bishop Lowth; and had been sensible of the advantage of comprehending an entire sense, in one poetic line: but the extension to the New Testament of this property of the Old, did not occur to me, until instructed in it by the volume referred to.

As a citizen of the United States, I avail myself of the opportunity of thanking your Lordship, for the very valuable information contained in your late speech in the House of Lords, on the subject of the Church and the Clergy in Ireland. Our country

abounds with representations of a very different description ; and we have very little to oppose to them, carrying so much authority from the character of the speaker, and from the place in which so open an appeal is made to facts.

That your Lordship may long continue a blessing to the venerable Church, which the Church in these States claims as her mother, is the wish and prayer of

Your Lordship's very humble servant,
W.M. WHITE,

Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church,
in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.'

The early part of the summer of this year was devoted to his ordinary Visitations, and to a progress through the united dioceses, for the consecration of several new churches. These duties accomplished, he returned home about the end of May.

In addition to the society of part of his own family, the unexpected arrival of his friend Sir Thomas Acland, and promised visits from other valued English friends, had the best effect on the Bishop's spirits ; for he had always found both his studies, and his duties, prosper best, when he could bring around him in his own house, a few congenial friends. This gleam of sunshine, however, was presently clouded ; and soon heavily overcast. Immediately on his return, he was taken seriously ill ; and the successive shocks which he sustained during his illness, brought it to an alarming height : his sister at Rosstrevor was seized with apoplexy ; and the account that her death might be hourly expected, reaching her brother on his own sick-bed, brought on a constitutional deter-

mination of blood to the head so violently, as to cause the most serious alarm for his safety : by prompt and copious bleeding, the immediate danger was averted ; and he was cheered by most unexpected accounts of his sister's revival, when the melancholy tidings arrived of the death of the very friend, whom he hourly expected ; and who was taken to a better world, on the eve of a journey to Ireland, which had been kindly planned with the express view of joining the Bishop at Limerick. How his affectionate heart was wounded by this blow, it is equally impossible for me to forget or express : but he bowed, with his wonted spirit of resignation, to the will of his heavenly Father. The following entry in his scrap-book, from the pen of a common friend, will speak his feelings better than any words of mine.

From the Courier of Tuesday, June 12. 1825.

THE LATE LORD LILFORD.

It may truly be said of this excellent and lamented nobleman, that he possessed, in a high degree, all the qualities which are best calculated to ensure respect, and conciliate esteem. Firm in his religious, moral, and public principles, he manifested in his deportment a conscious, but unassuming integrity. His understanding was clear, acute, and highly cultivated ; as a public speaker, his talents were considerable, but the exercise of them was so controlled by his natural modesty, that they were not to be called forth, except under the impulse of a strong and urgent sense of public duty. The qualities of his heart are too well and painfully attested, by the deep sorrow of his most amiable family, of his numerous friends, his tenants and domestics, by all of whom he was ar-

dently beloved and revered. To him the beautiful language of Shakspeare may most justly be applied : . .

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, . . ‘ This was a man ! ’

Limerick, July 15. 1825.

But although this invaluable friend was thus suddenly withdrawn, the effects of his friendship survived him : the Bishop had the pleasure of receiving this year at Limerick, Mr. (now Lord) Stanley, the friend of Lord Lilford ; and who was then preparing to build and reside upon Lord Derby’s estates, in the neighbourhood of Tipperary. Originating in common zeal to promote the best interests of Ireland, the mutual respect and regard already subsisting between Mr. Stanley and Bishop Jebb, suffered no abatement from the opportunity now afforded of nearer intercourse. With regard to the true interest both of Ireland and the empire, may I be permitted here to observe, that fixed political principles, and firmness in adhering to them, constituted the Bishop’s standard, in judging of public men.

Always alive to the calls of family affection, his sister’s still critical state determined him to visit her in the north of Ireland ; and he availed himself of this opportunity, to carry into effect a wish, which he had cherished for many years, . . namely, to revisit the affectionately-remembered scenes, of his school-boy days, at Londonderry, and of his early ministerial labours, at Swanlinbar. It enabled him, also, to view, for the first time, the Giant’s Causeway, and the romantic coast of Antrim ; to visit, after a separation of several years, his valued and attached friend, the Rev. Richard Herbert Nash, D. D.,

near Newtown-Stewart, and his early college intimate, the Rev. Edward Chichester, in the neighbourhood of Armagh ; and largely to experience the courteous and cordial hospitality of the nobility and gentry of the northern counties. Upon one incident only, a most interesting and affecting one, of this tour, his biographer would here pause : for it bears a testimony to the ministry of Bishop Jebb, such as rarely falls to the lot of the true Christian pastor. As the Bishop returned, one day, to his carriage, after viewing by permission, as a passing stranger, the fine seat of a person of high rank, he was met and accosted, outside the gates, by the proprietress, who, with many apologies for so unusual a course, told him that, having learnt it was the Bishop of Limerick who had just visited her castle, she was unable to deny herself the satisfaction of personally acknowledging the debt of gratitude, which she had long owed to Bishop Jebb, for the great profit and comfort derived from his volume of Sermons ; which, for the last ten years, had been her daily study ; and from which she had received strength and consolation, under the heaviest earthly trials and afflictions. It is needless to say that the Bishop was deeply touched by this address, or that he felt great regret that his previous engagements rendered it impossible for him to profit by the invitation, with which it was accompanied, to return to the house as a welcome and honoured guest. They never met more, in this world : but the mutual kind feelings, thus incidentally awakened, were kept alive by occasional letters, in acknowledgment of presentation copies of the Bishop's other publications. One of these, the last, may not unappropriately close this pleasing passage of his life.

‘ Dublin, Nov. 31. 1836.

‘ MY DEAR LORD,

I WAS most particularly gratified, two days ago, by receiving an unexpected and most valuable gift from your Lordship, of two volumes of your late Sermons, that I had never before seen.

Just at this moment it was peculiarly grateful to my feelings, having been for some time in a very weak and low state of health. I have already begun the perusal of them, and from the little I have as yet read, felt the same gratification I have ever experienced, upon the reading of your former works. Whether I shall ever live to finish them, seems at present to be uncertain : but whether living or dying, I trust you will conceive me most truly thankful for these and all favours bestowed upon me, and believe me, my dear Lord,

Your most grateful and obedient servant,

H. M.’

The Lord Bishop of Limerick.

Both are now gone to that better country, where earthly obstacles no longer interrupt the communion of the perfected spirits of the just : where the faithful pastor, and the children which God hath given him, shall know even as also they are known ; and shall meet together, in everlasting fellowship, to partake their divinely apportioned recompence of reward ; when ‘they that are wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever !’

At Derry, the Bishop had the pleasure of passing an evening, with the sisters of his old and favourite master, the Rev. Thomas Marshall : at Swanlinbar, after an absence of three and twenty years, he met, with a pastor’s feelings, some whom he had catechized,

and others whom he had baptized; but the village itself, in his day a fashionable resort, had been long deserted as a watering-place, and was already fallen into decay. Retracing his steps to Rosstrevor, he returned to Limerick, early in July, by the midland counties; stopping on the way at Edgeworthstown, (a well known name,) where he was hospitably welcomed by the present accomplished owner, Thomas Edgeworth, Esq., and much interested (while doubtful of the eventual benefits) by the singular, and apparently successful experiment of that gentleman, for blending, without confounding together, by their education in a common school, the different classes of society.

Domesticated for the rest of the year with his books and papers, neither the cares of his diocese, which he watchfully superintended, nor the society of his friends, which none more cordially valued, could turn away the Bishop's thoughts from studies, always connected with the highest interests of the church, and of religion. By the kindness of Archdeacon Churton, the whole of Dr. Townson's MS. sermons had been entrusted to his custody, with a view to the selection of a portion, at least, for publication. These valuable MSS. he now critically examined, in order to make the selection, which he gave subsequently to the world.

In January 1826, in consequence of a discussion relative to the Homilies, raised by the *theological* inquiries of the Commissioners of Education, the Bishop was led to examine..

I. The kind and degree of authority given, by the church of England, to the Books of Homilies: and

II. The eligibility of distributing those books, at the present day, among children, as catechetical pre-

miums ; especially in a country circumstanced as Ireland is.

These two questions he treated, in a letter, addressed to his friend the Rev. C. R. Elrington, D.D., then Fellow of Trinity College, now (1835) Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin. This letter, since republished, in which he undertakes to prove, 1. that the Books of Homilies are wholly without authority, and unbinding, as articles of faith ; and 2. that they are altogether unfitted, not only for the use of children, but for indiscriminative perusal or distribution, at the present day, . . . has been justly pronounced one of the closest and most perfect specimens of conclusive reasoning upon a theological subject, that has appeared in modern times. In England especially, this masterly production gave the highest satisfaction : it was spoken of by good judges, as the most complete and perfect argument, within the compass, that they had ever read : and the desire was strongly entertained and expressed, that the Bishop would do as much for the question then in agitation, upon the subject of the Apocrypha, as he had done to settle and set at rest that of the Homilies ; that he would establish the proper authority of the one as completely, as he had overturned the assumed authority of the other. It was observed, that there had been much angry discussion upon the question about the Apocrypha, without any *conclusive* argument ; and that a statement of the question, such as the author of the Letter on the Homilies could give, backed by the authority of his name, was just what the public wanted, in order to set the points at issue at rest. On this occasion, mention was made of a very interesting fact, . . . the recent discovery, in the State Paper Office, of a formal remonstrance, on the

side of the puritan party of our Reformers, against the retention of the Apocrypha in our authorized version. This document was then in the hands of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. Its importance is obvious, as it proves the Apocrypha to have been retained by the Fathers of the Church of England, not only advisedly, but *against an opposition*. Had time and health allowed, Bishop Jebb would willingly have employed his pen in this good cause.

I have taken notice of an intimation, received by the Bishop early in 1825, that it was in contemplation to examine him before the committees of inquiry into the state of Ireland. The intention, however, was not carried into effect: but the friends of Ireland, and especially of the Church in Ireland, as, if rightly administered, one of the best instruments for the civil improvement of that country, were naturally desirous of Bishop Jebb's presence, in the ensuing year, pending parliamentary discussions vitally affecting the best interests of that church, of which he had stood forth the able and triumphant apologist, in 1824. Under these circumstances, an offer coming most unexpectedly from his metropolitan, while the Bishop was in Dublin as a member of the Board of First-Fruits, in March 1826, to dispense, in the event of his going to England, with his attendance at the triennial visitation, determined at once, his movements.

On Tuesday, March 21, accordingly, he sailed from Howth for Holyhead; shaping his course by Derbyshire, that he might visit his friend and relative Joshua Jebb, Esq., at Walton Grove, near Chesterfield. Arriving at Lichfield on Good Friday, he felt peculiar interest in keeping a day so solemnly observed by Dr. Johnson, in his favourite moralist's own

city and cathedral. After service, he was politely accosted by one of the dignitaries in residence, who offered his services to conduct him over the cathedral : the offer was thankfully accepted ; and, on entering into conversation, the Bishop learned, with deep interest, that this gentleman had not only known Dr. Johnson, but was in possession, also, of his watch, his bible, his ink-stand, and several other Johnsonian relics. Conducted to his house to view these curiosities, we gathered, on the way, some interesting gleanings. There are still many who will peruse with satisfaction any genuine fragments of Johnson's conversation.

The first meeting with his great townsman, our conductor confessed, he looked forward to with nervous apprehension... ‘I was then a youth, fresh from the university, and I had heard so much of Dr. Johnson’s awful manner, that I felt quite afraid of meeting him. But his first address at once relieved me... ‘Sir, I knew your father, he was a classmate of mine at Dr. Hunter’s ; I knew your grandfather, and I knew your great-grandfather ; and (reaching out his hand as he spoke) I am glad to know you.’ From that moment I was at my ease with him, and we conversed with the greatest freedom. He was a man of the truest simplicity of character, and tender-hearted as a child.’ Asking the Bishop, whether he had taken notice of the prebendary who accompanied him to the altar, he proceeded, . . . ‘That person could do what he pleased with Johnson ; and would make him talk, when nobody else durst address him. He used to say . . . ‘Do you wish to hear Dr. Johnson to-night ? You shall, then, presently. He is a clock ; I will wind him up, and make him go.’ He would go up at once to the oracle, and begin, . . . ‘Come,

Sir, let us have your opinion on such, or such, a subject, &c.,' when Johnson would immediately open out, to the instruction and delight of the company."

Most of the relics possessed by our informant, had been obtained from Francis Barber, Johnson's black servant; who reduced himself to great misery, and parted with them in his distress. The watch, its present possessor has had remounted in a gold case; but the dial-plate, work, cap, &c., remain as Johnson left them. On the original dial-plate were engraved the words $\nu\nu\xi \varepsilon\chi\varepsilon\tau\alpha\iota$; but Dr. Johnson, thinking the motto might appear ostentatious, disused the dial-plate, replacing it with a plain one. The watch itself was made by Mudge, London. . . The Bible is a pocket one, bound in red leather, with a clasp: the London edition of 1650, printed for the Stationers' Company; and (what one could not have expected to find with Dr. Johnson), consequently *a republican copy*. It bears marks of close and constant study, being folded down, according to his custom, at numerous passages. The present owner religiously preserves the folds as Johnson left them. I hope it was with no unprofitable emotion that I held in my hand this little volume, the well-worn manual of our great English moralist. . . A volume of South's Sermons, used by Dr. Johnson for his dictionary, was also much worn, and the margin repeatedly marked in pencilling, or the passages for citation underlined.

From the cathedral, the Bishop proceeded to visit the house in which Dr. Johnson was born; saw the shop (then a brazier's) in which his father carried on business as a bookseller; and a small back-parlour, in which the son is said to have studied. The room in which he was born stands immediately over the shop: this the owner was prevented from showing,

owing to the illness of one of the family. . . In taking leave of the birth-place and last memorials of the illustrious author of ‘the Rambler,’ a name which he had loved and venerated from his earliest years, the Bishop felt, in all its unchanging reality, what Cicero has so naturally and nobly expressed : ‘ Me quidem ipsæ illæ nostræ Athenæ non tam operibus magnificis exquisitisque antiquorum artibus delectant, quàm recordatione summorum virorum, ubi quisque habitare, ubi sedere, ubi disputare sit solitus : studio-séque eorum etiam sepulcra contemplor.’

At Mansfield, which he visited, for the first time, on his way to town from Chesterfield, he saw the house of his great-grandfather, the father of the learned Dr. Samuel Jebb.

The Bishop’s health had been indifferent, when he left Dublin : it became more seriously affected, in the course of his journey : at Dunchurch, in Warwickshire, he felt so much out of order, as to be compelled to lie by at the inn, where he kept his room for several days ; at Oxford, to the mutual disappointment of himself and his friends in the University, he was again confined by a feverish attack, for nearly a week, . . . the entire period of his stay. During his illness, there were many gratifying incidental proofs given, that Oxford did not yield to Cambridge, in estimation of Bishop Jebb’s services, or in respect for his virtues : one, a slight but remarkable circumstance, I shall mention here. At the high table of a college, where the Bishop had always been a welcome guest, one of the Fellows, a gentleman who had never seen him, unaware of my being his friend, expressed the strongest regret that the Bishop of Limerick should be indisposed when he came to Oxford : adding, ‘ I *had* hoped to see him in his walks

about the University. I have such a respect for Dr. Jebb, that I would gladly go three miles to catch a sight of him.' This little anecdote, slight in itself, is of no slight biographical interest, as a specimen of the spirit in which the Bishop was regarded and received, not at Oxford or Cambridge only, but throughout England. In London especially, where the most eminent are so commonly lost in the crowd, it was observed that so great and general was the respect entertained for Bishop Jebb, that he was often pointed out, and followed in the streets by those, who, like the gentleman just alluded to, 'wished to catch a sight of him.' A similar incident to that just related, occurred immediately upon his reaching town this year: an eminent barrister, dropping in upon a friend who was engaged in conversation with the Bishop, remained in the room for a few minutes; and, on going away, apologized to his friend for the interruption, observing, 'that he had stayed long enough to get a good look at the Bishop of Limerick.' These circumstances are preserved, as simple records of facts, less, perhaps, of present, than of future value. In the lives of eminent men, contemporary biographers too frequently forget, that, while its solidity must be weighed in other scales, it is by marks like these *posterity* can best measure the extent of their reputation.

April 7. the Bishop arrived in town; and, from apartments at Warren's Hotel, kindly vacated for him by his friend, Sir Thomas Acland, removed, on the 10th, to lodgings at No. 80. Pall Mall. On Thursday, the 27th, he was examined before the Emigration Committee. Preparatory to the examination, he had made notes, for his own use, upon the points on which he felt himself most competent to give evi-

dence. By special desire of the chairman, Mr. (now Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton, this paper was read to the Committee, previously to the examination. Both parts of the Bishop's evidence were heard with marked interest, and with manifest satisfaction, by the members present. The sense of the Committee was afterwards communicated to a friend of the Bishop, by one of its leading members : speaking on the subject of emigration from Ireland, he observed, ‘ That was a very interesting evidence the Bishop of Limerick gave us on Thursday. What a picture it presents of the state of things in Ireland ! It has made a strong impression ; and has determined us in favour of the expediency of encouraging emigration, on a great scale, from Ireland. You *must* drain off her surplus population.’

But, like most measures for the good of Ireland, unconnected with private, or with party views and objects, the natural and safe project of relief by emigration, with the exception of a solitary and most successful experiment previously made, fell, untried, to the ground : and the sober and practical views of Bishop Jebb, however, at the time, admired and approved, were left to instruct a simpler, or a wiser generation.

On his return to town this year, the Bishop found, that his saturday breakfasts in Curzon Street had not been forgotten by his friends : they were now, by special request, resumed in Pall Mall, and still more largely and constantly attended ; especially by young men ; who seemed particularly to relish the Bishop's society, and in whose society, on the other hand, Bishop Jebb always took much interest, both as a valuable means of usefulness, and as the best way, while life advanced, of preserving his own mind fresh

and youthful. This point of his character has been happily sketched, by one who knew him well : ‘ In private life, he was among the most amiable and beloved of men, with a singular faculty of attaching all of every age to him.’ The fidelity of the portrait could not be more happily illustrated, than by the brilliant overflows at his breakfast-table in Pall Mall ; where statesmen and lawyers, churchmen and men of letters, mingled, in familiar and friendly intercourse, with young men of rank, and with students of promise from the Universities. As a rare (perhaps gentlemen of that learned profession would say *a unique*) instance of the interest taken, it may be mentioned, that, on one of these occasions, a practising barrister actually declined a brief, rather than fail in being present : ‘ You may judge,’ he remarked to a friend, on entering the room, ‘ of my wish to be at this breakfast, when I tell you that it costs me five guineas : to keep my engagement, I have been obliged to send away a five guinea brief, which would not wait.’

The Bishop’s own graphical description of these temperate *symposia* ought not to be omitted : it occurs in his correspondence, at the time, with his friend Mr. Alexander Knox. ‘ When, whom, and what I have seen, and what my present manner of being is, would, within the limit of any one letter, be difficult to say, and in this hasty billet must be altogether out of the question. It is enough to say, that I have found England ‘ *qualem ab incepto*,’ .. kind, hospitable, and affectionate, .. that old friends are unchanged, and new friendships formed, to be, I trust, equally solid and lasting ; that very many agreeable acquaintances have poured in, bringing along with them, often very considerable powers of mind, and always much amiability of manner. Each week we have commonly

two large breakfasts ; one at Sir Thomas Acland's, on thursday, one at my lodgings, on saturday ; the guests from twelve to twenty, . . most of them distinguished persons, and all blending admirably together. The conversation, of course, more brilliant, or more amusing, than profound ; but still conveying information, and intellectual play, to the mind, and certainly great amusement. On the whole, I have been idle in one sense, while ever employed in another ; but kindly feeling has been elicited and cherished, which is no trifling gain ; and I would hope that higher purposes, too, have been served. Much of our breakfast intercourse has been with very young men, Lords * * * * *, &c., &c. ; and certainly, in this class of life, the rising generation gives wonderful promise, not only of great amiability, but, so far as I can judge, moral-mindedness, bottomed, at the least, on a sincere respect for religion ; but, in many cases, I would say with Cowper . . ‘more,’ much more, ‘than mere respect.’ Their very willingness to frequent my breakfast-table (all things considered) is, in itself, no bad symptom : mere young men of fashion would be apter to run away from it.’

Amidst these pleasant home engagements, and the boundless hospitalities of London life, which now multiplied upon him far beyond his power to meet, Bishop Jebb was ever himself, . . calm, thoughtful, and recollect ed, as when limited to the society of his beloved books, in the almost eremetical retirement of Abington. Always mindful of the uncertainty of life, his heart, just at this time, was deeply affected, by two monitory instances of that uncertainty, in the sudden removal, within a single week, of two justly valued friends, the late John Pearson, Esq., of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the late Rev. James

Bean, assistant Preacher at Welbeck Chapel, and one of the sub-librarians of the British Museum. The effect produced on his mind by this double shock, is thus expressed in a letter to Mr. Knox. ‘ In the midst of enjoyments, there have been drawbacks of a serious kind. Our *first* London friend . . good Mr. Pearson, who, you doubtless recollect, was our introducer to the Thorntons, Grants, &c., is no more! I drove to call on him, in hopes to have a little conversation ; on reaching the door, I was alarmed at seeing a muffled knocker : the servant but too soon confirmed my fears, his countenance showing, that he was the faithful domestic of a good master. He said that Mr. Babington (Mr. Pearson’s son-in-law) would see me : from Mr. B. I learned that the case was hopeless, though an illness of but four days ; and that very night he breathed his last, . . calmly and peacefully, as became such a man as he was. I went from the door with feelings that I cannot describe, thinking how many sources of friendship and enjoyment were opened to me in that house : you cannot forget, that, before we had returned from the walk, in the course of which we left our introductory letter, and our cards, at Golden Square, Mr. Pearson had returned our call, and left an invitation to meet at dinner Dr. Buchanan from India. . . A few days after, we learned, suddenly, the death of excellent old Mr. Bean. On sunday he preached (though previously very unwell) with more than usual energy of voice, and great impressiveness. Monday he was at the rehearsal of the ancient music, this being his favourite recreation. A few days before he had told me, with a calm delight on his face, and with tears in his eyes, that Handel’s music particularly elevated his mind to heavenly things. On thursday, he fell asleep so serenely, that

he scarcely seemed to have passed from this life to a better. From Mr. Bean's family I have heard, since his death, what indeed was manifest while he lived, that he had a warm affection both for Mr. F. and myself. It is consolatory and delightful to us, that we saw and conversed with him near the close ; and that the interviews cheered the good man in sickness.'

When Vicar of Olney, (to which he was inducted in December, 1787,) Mr. Bean had been the intimate friend of Cowper ; whom he was in the habit of visiting every ten days, upon a footing of the most friendly and familiar intercourse. 'I went,' he said to us, with his placid liveliness of manner, 'to cull sweets from the various flowers, so richly springing in his conversation ; and when a stock was thus collected, I returned to my bee-hive, and scraped off the honey from my thighs into my own store.' A touching anecdote, illustrative of the poet's malady, was communicated, in one of our calls, by this excellent friend : as nothing connected with the mind of Cowper, even in its madness, is uninteresting, the circumstance shall be preserved here. For a long time he would see no one, not even Mr. Bean, who used to be his spiritual comforter and adviser. His morbid imagination became a prey to the belief, that he was about to be publicly executed as a malefactor, in the market-place of Olney. Lady Hesketh, induced by the hope that his presence might effect a salutary diversion, obliged Mr. Bean, one day, to go, unbidden, into the poet's room, who now received no one. On his entrance, Mr. Cowper looked earnestly at him, and asked, .. 'Is all ready?' .. 'Really, Sir,' said Mr. Bean, 'I don't understand you: what do you mean by the question?' .. 'I mean, is all ready in the market-place for my execution?' Mr. Bean used

every endeavour to dissipate his notion, but without effect : he assured him there were no preparations in the market-place for his, or any one else's execution ; that he had himself just been there ; and that nothing was to be seen there but the usual commodities, or to be heard, but the cackling of hens, gobbling of turkies, grunting of pigs, &c. Mr. Cowper listened attentively to these assurances, and was silent ; looking at his visitor, at the same time, with an air of incredulous politeness, which showed that he regarded the conversation wholly as a well-meant attempt to deceive.

To return to the venerable relater : a few days only before his removal to a better world, Mr. Bean had engaged the present writer to take his place, for a charity sermon, on the Sunday following, in the pulpit of Welbeck Chapel. A rumour of his sudden death having reached the Bishop (then in the country) late on Saturday evening, with his characteristic thoughtfulness for the feelings of others, he wrote, and dispatched express, the following note :

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ I HAVE just heard a report, which may be altogether unfounded ; . . . but which also we might have been prepared, at any moment, to hear, . . . that our dear old friend Mr. Bean is removed to a higher and better state of being. . . If it be not true, you can very soon ascertain the fact : . . . if otherwise, I think it right to guard against your receiving a sudden shock in the vestry-room. However it be, it is the will of God. Living or dying, he is happy ; may we be prepared to meet him ! . . . It is a grateful reflection, that we have had intercourse of such a kind with him, so lately ; . . . and to you particularly, that

you are about fulfilling the last request he made : may you have strength to get through ! . . Recollect, that, if he is gone, he is but gone to his reward, to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to God the Judge of all.

‘God Almighty bless and keep you.

‘Ever yours,

‘J. L.’

But while thus chequered and clouded by the loss of friends, the Bishop’s visit to London, at this time, was attended by one consequence, which, when taken in connection with the will of God (so soon to be made manifest !) concerning himself, forms a memorable circumstance in his life : it enabled him, at length, to gratify the long-cherished wish of his affectionate and beloved brother, (a wish in which many besides that brother felt interested,) that he might possess a likeness of him by a first-rate artist. Judge Jebb had repeatedly made this request ; but his brother’s humility was still slow in complying with it ; and, so late as the year 1826, . . his last year of bodily health and strength, . . no portrait of him, deserving the name, was in existence. The first opportunity, *and the last*, now presented itself, of sitting to Sir Thomas Lawrence. It is too well known how the genius of that great master, especially in later years, was over-tasked by his numerous engagements : but he found, or made, time to receive Bishop Jebb. Upon the portrait which he now executed, Sir Thomas bestowed great, and eminently successful pains ; and when completed, as it was in eight sittings, he pronounced it ‘about as good a head as he could make.’ It may be noticed as an interesting fact, that

the last *finishing* touch Sir Thomas ever gave, was given to this picture, about three weeks before that accomplished artist's death. The head had been engraved under his own eye; and he continued to re-touch it, for several years, while in the hands of his engraver. This is the only portrait of Bishop Jebb, in his robes. In recording the lives of eminent men, it is usual and right, so far as description can convey it, to hand down the character of the countenance. The most characteristic feature of Bishop Jebb's countenance, in the opinion of Sir Thomas Lawrence, was the eye, which was blue: and I am so fortunate as to have it in my power to record his judgment of this feature in his own words: after the first sitting, Sir Thomas remarked to me, . . 'To some persons spectacles are an advantage; they are better without their eyes. It was so with Burke: when he took off his spectacles, the character of his countenance was gone. But, with the Bishop of Limerick, the effect is very different. I do not know a face which suffers more by the concealment of the eyes. His Lordship's use of spectacles is doing himself any thing but justice: I do not remember a countenance which derives more character from this feature.' After the concluding sitting, Sir Thomas's last request to the Bishop himself, on learning that the picture had given great satisfaction to his friends, was to the same effect: 'If I have succeeded, the only favour I desire of your Lordship in return is, that you will never again put on your spectacles.' What Sir Thomas thus dwelt on, must have been felt by most who saw and conversed with Bishop Jebb. Both when first about to speak, and when highly interested, the eloquent expression of his eye lighted up the whole countenance. And when sickness had worn down all the other features,

the expression of the eye became only more sublimated : it was the remark of the accomplished artist, who, in September, 1832, made the full-length likeness prefixed to this Memoir, . . ‘ I never saw before, in the human countenance, an eye like the Bishop’s : there is one particular expression of it, when he looks (as he sometimes does unconsciously) *upwards*, . . that always gives me the idea of a disembodied spirit.’

During the May commencement of this year, the Bishop accompanied his kind friend Bishop Law, and the venerable Bishop Burgess, on a visit to Cambridge ; where they were received by the Society of St. John’s College with its wonted hospitality, and experienced, every where, the most gratifying marks of respect and kindness.

Returning to Ireland by Lancashire, in July, Bishop Jebb now enjoyed the invaluable opportunity of cultivating a friendship, previously formed in London, with the Rev. J. J. Hornby, rector of Winwick, and brother-in-law to his lamented friend Lord Lilford. But the days passed in this truly congenial society, were, in the order of Providence, attended by results, of a far more general interest, than the cementing of private friendship : as connected with the publication of the Remains of Alexander Knox, those days will possess a lasting interest, with all lovers of pure catholic, and church-of England christianity. In the friendly conversations, which took place at this time, the views of this great christian philosopher were made fully known, where they could be adequately appreciated ; and providential circumstances having eventually submitted his papers to the judgment, and placed them at the disposal, of a kindred mind, a monument has been erected to his memory, in works, of which it may be securely af-

firmed, in the words of our great poet, ‘that mankind will not willingly let them die.’

From Winwick, he went to Chester, to pass some days with his friend Bishop Blomfield; where he had the high satisfaction of witnessing a strictness in ordination, and finding views of clerical duty and responsibility, corresponding with his own.

While in England this year, the Bishop had been strongly urged, as a matter of duty, by friends whose judgment was entitled to his respect, to prepare and publish another volume of sermons. Upon his return to Limerick, and to the duties of his diocese, he was not unmindful of this literary object. Early in October, he mentions to Mr. Knox, that he had the publication of a fresh volume of sermons seriously in view. Indifferent health, however, and other hindrances, still delayed the execution; and the year 1826 closed, without his being enabled to accomplish this, or any other literary undertaking.

With the new year, new, and extraordinary calls of duty, most unexpectedly sprang up. At a moment, when the poor of Limerick, . . . always a frightful proportion of its population, and, too generally, labouring under the compound miseries of famine and disease, . . . suffered, beyond all former experience, from both these dreadful evils, an affecting appeal, from an unknown hand, appeared in one of the Limerick newspapers, in consequence of an entire family, lying in fever, having perished for want of food: the writer called upon his fellow-citizens, instead of bestowing vain regrets upon the dead, to think of the living, and thus turn the awful calamity to the only true account; and concluded by suggesting the immediate formation of ‘a Society,’ on the plan and principle of that long existing in Dublin, ‘for the relief

of sick and indigent room-keepers.' The Bishop read this letter with deep emotion ; and, with that characteristic promptitude and energy, which never failed or forsook him in cases of similar emergency, he decided, on the instant, to act upon the suggestion. Without the loss of a moment, he waited upon the mayor ; planned a general meeting of the inhabitants, to be held at the Chamber of Commerce on the ensuing day ; when he proposed, and carried by unanimous consent, the establishment of a charity, which has, from that day forth, approved itself the best, and most effective of the many charities, supported by the exemplary zeal and humanity of the resident proprietors and citizens of Limerick.

Bishop Jebb's hand once put to the plough in this labour of love, he went forward in it with his whole heart ; preparing the necessary rules and regulations for the infant society, presiding at the weekly meetings, and promoting the interests of the institution by every means within his power. His conduct, in this matter, was eminently characteristic ; for, while, by no means given to the invention, or application, of novel plans or schemes for doing good, . . when, under conscientious conviction, he saw it right to act, never was that counsel of the Preacher more fully realized than in his example, ' Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'

Amidst his indefatigable cares and exertions to secure the success of this merciful undertaking, the Bishop's attention, as diocesan, was demanded and drawn to a movement of a wholly different kind, . . the reported conversion, namely, from the errors of the Church of Rome, and conformity to the reformed worship of the Church of England, of no incon-

siderable portion of the inhabitants of a parish in the diocese of Limerick.

Upon the subject of conversions, at a near period, and upon an extended scale, from among the Roman catholic body in Ireland, the sentiments which Bishop Jebb had always entertained, must, to zealous protestants, have appeared peculiar: on the one hand, he had no expectations whatever, from schemes of professed proselyte-making, neither was he able to indulge sanguine hopes as to any near prospect of a general reformation, among his Roman catholic fellow-countrymen; on the other hand, he held it to be the bounden duty of the clergy of the established church, wherever voluntarily consulted by them, to open the eyes of individual Roman catholics to the errors of their communion, and mildly, but powerfully, to attract them from those errors, by the uncontroversial exhibition of a purer faith. Upon this principle, he had himself most successfully acted, in more instances than one.

Such being his long-formed, and well-weighed sentiments, upon the question of a national reformation in Ireland, he was necessarily unable to partake the sanguine hopes and anticipations awakened by proceedings, at this period, publicly carried on, especially in the north of Ireland, for the conversion of her Roman catholic population. The case of the parish of Askeaton, however, in his own diocese, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Richard Murray, which now came before him, while it fell properly under his cognizance, seemed, at the same time, to come, in its essential features, within the rules which, as a private clergyman, he had always prescribed to himself for his own guidance: Mr. Murray had not set out as a maker of proselytes; the work of reformation had

been forced upon him, or rather upon the people themselves, by the violent opposition given on the part of the Roman catholic priesthood, to the education of Roman catholics in his parochial and private schools ; and his part in the transaction had been chiefly confined to meeting, zealously, indeed, and indefatigably, but mildly and uncontroversially, the wishes of the population. With this exemplary clergyman, and with his amiable lady, it had been the Bishop's happiness to become previously well acquainted. No sooner had he been apprized, by public fame, of the character and extent of the religious movement at Askeaton, than he availed himself of his intimacy with its vicar, and confidence in him, to become acquainted with all the very interesting particulars. Among these, not the least interesting in Bishop Jebb's eye was, the fact, that the conversions at Askeaton had both preceded, and were altogether independent of, the reformation proceedings in the north of Ireland ; and thus stood entirely apart from avowed and systematized schemes for proselyte-making.

To theories upon this most delicate and difficult subject, the Bishop had always listened with becoming doubtfulness and distrust ; but his candid mind, and impartial judgment, were ever, at the same time, open to the investigation of facts. The facts, in the instance of Askeaton parish, were, that 170 adults, and 300 children, had already publicly conformed to the church of England ; the adult converts being distributed into classes, according to the periods of conversion, and the proficiency individually made in religious instruction : that the several classes of communicants, catechumens, &c., were daily instructed in their faith by Mr. Murray himself, who devoted,

to this purpose, the chief part of each day ; and that (though Askeaton is situated in one of the wildest districts of the west of the county of Limerick, the scene of the then recent disturbances,) so far from any hostile spirit being, in consequence, shown by the Roman catholic peasantry, Mr. Murray could walk, as he made it his rule to do, every sunday, from his house to his church, situated at opposite ends of the town, in full canonicals, through a long and crowded street, not only without molestation, but with every mark, on the part of the people, of civility and respect.

Possessed of these interesting details, the Bishop, at the desire of a valued English friend (accounts of the occurrences at Askeaton having previously reached England), embodied them in a letter, bearing date April 7., which will be found in its place, among his correspondence, in the latter part of this memoir ; enriching the detail of facts, by the addition of his own prospective, and comprehensive views and principles, with reference to the means most likely to promote the eventual diffusion, over Ireland, of church-of-England reformation.

At this stage of a transaction, unprecedented, it would appear, in the history of Ireland, having thus acquired, and communicated in influential quarters, the best and fullest attainable information, the Bishop, at length, felt himself called upon to act. He prepared, accordingly to do so, with his usual decision of character. Satisfied that it became him, as a bishop of our reformed portion of the catholic church, to place himself at the head of such a movement, he determined on visiting Askeaton in person, immediately after Easter ; preaching two sermons, not on controversial points, but on the Liturgy of our vener-

able church, to the new converts ; and taking such further steps, present or prospective, as the case, on personal investigation, might seem to require : . . such were the intentions of this true and faithful father in Christ, but all-wise Providence ordered events otherwise.

In the preceding pages, in which the life of Bishop Jebb has been carried down to the fifth year of his episcopate, and fifty-first of his age, it has been endeavoured faithfully to place before the reader, what manner of man he was from his youth up, both in natural dispositions, . . and in those dispositions, as gradually raised and refined by the progressive influences of thought, of study, and, in all and above all, of inward, experimental christianity. The true character of his mind and spirit has been here successively traced, through the endearing charities of family affection, and the honest efforts, and generous emulations, of his school-boy, and his college days, to its matured formation and developement, in the exercise of his sacred functions, as a clergyman, as a divine, and as a christian bishop. Through these several stages of his course, as it was the first duty of his biographer to preserve, so it is his humble hope that he has been enabled to present to others, a living likeness of the man.

Hitherto it has been our high privilege to see, how happily the principles, in which this humble follower of Christ had been early trained, while they proved the unfailing strength and solace of his private walk, sustained him amidst the arduous duties and difficulties of a public station. But it was the good pleasure of a gracious Providence, that his ex-

emplary life should read yet another lesson ; that having taught, for our example, how such a christian can live, it should teach, also, for our higher edification, how such a christian can suffer ; and, as he had served his heavenly Master faithfully in the time of his strength, it seemed granted as his reward, that he should ‘ glorify God in the day of his visitation !’

The hour appointed had now, at length, arrived, which was to withdraw him from the height of public eminence and usefulness, to pass the remnant of his days in sickness and retirement ; but in sickness, sanctified and sweetened by those heavenly influences, ‘ which the world knoweth not of ;’ and in retirement, wholly dedicated, to less conspicuous, indeed, but most probably, therefore, only to more enduring labours in his Master’s vineyard.

On Easter Day, the Bishop preached, in the Cathedral of St. Mary, with more than his usual impressiveness, to a crowded and deeply attentive congregation. It was his last appearance in the pulpit. During the previous week, he had felt himself indisposed, and laboured under an unusual depression of spirits. His indisposition yielded, for the moment, to the excitement of the solemn day and duty ; but, immediately after, it returned with increased force, and confined him for several days to his room : still, there appeared nothing serious, or that should cause alarm. On Thursday morning, April 26., he wrote a long letter to an absent friend ; it was written with all his accustomed fluency of composition, and fulness of thought, upon matters which claimed more than an ordinary exercise of his judgment. It was the last letter ever written with that right hand, which, beyond any that I had known, held ‘ the pen of a ready writer.’ About

five o'clock, as we sat together at dinner, the Bishop suddenly said, 'I feel a numbness in my hand . . it is going up the arm . . it has gone down my side: send for Mr. Thwaites.' In a moment after, he was speechless. The shock of that awful moment returns on me, as I describe it. It was, indeed, 'a sharp arrow,' . . but it was 'the arrow of the Lord,' winged with mercy, and tempered by love! The goodness of a guardian Providence over and around my suffering Friend, was, even in the instant, manifest; not a moment had been lost in ministering such help, as the servants and I could minister; and, within five minutes from the occurrence of the paralysis, the Bishop's family surgeon, one of the most eminent of his profession, was in the room, and at his side: the messenger met him descending the steps of his own hall-door, on his way to visit the County Hospital, at a considerable distance in the opposite direction; arriving when he did, nothing could be more timely; a single moment later, and Mr. Thwaites would have been gone, and the inevitable delay of, at least, half an hour, if it did not, as seemed too likely, occasion death, would, in all human probability, have rendered recovery hopeless. The sense of his timely arrival is present with me, as though it had been an event of yesterday: while memory is spared, I never can forget the mingled feelings of thankfulness and trust which it awakened: may minds, unhappily for their own peace, unwilling to discern, in such coincidences, the agency of a Providence, be taught, by like experience of the divine mercy, to unlearn their unbelief!

By the skill and decision of Mr. Thwaites, the most energetic treatment was now instantly adopted, where only the most energetic treatment could have

proved successful. Under his directions, the Bishop was borne up stairs, apparently in a state of insensibility; from which he was almost immediately relieved by the free use of the lancet. The pressure thus taken off, he was removed to bed. Immediately on being laid down, he gave an affecting proof, at once of the perfect collectedness and calmness of his own thoughts, and of tender consideration, even in a moment like this, for the sorrowing friends who now stood around him. Having partially recovered his speech, his first use of it was faintly to articulate the word ‘paper.’ On its being brought, he feebly attempted to mark with the left hand, in what could not be called characters, something which he wished to express, and placed the paper in my hand. Those who have hearts to feel may judge of my distress, when I found myself unable to decypher it: my brother was more fortunate, . . . they were words of comfort, and he read them aloud. . . . ‘Don’t fear, J. L.’ The moment he had done so, the Bishop’s eye brightened, and he recovered strength to utter ‘Yes, don’t be afraid.’

It was the good pleasure of Providence that he should now, once more, be surrounded by the same friends, who, in 1817, had ministered to him, during his great illness at Abington. The constitutional predisposition, which, for so many years, had oppressed his health, clouded his fine mind, and cramped his native energies, had, at length, fully declared itself; the malady was a definite one; and every thing that, under the Divine blessing, human skill and care could do, was done to meet it. A second eminent physician was called in, by Mr. Thwaites, on the evening of the seizure; the temporal artery was opened the same night, to prevent re-action;

and a full statement of the case and treatment, was forwarded the next day to Sir Henry Halford. The arrival of the Bishop's brother, for whom a faithful friend had gone express *, on the third day, afforded him inexpressible comfort: at the sight of this best and earliest friend, his firmness yielded for a single moment, and his eyes became suffused with tears: he quickly recovered himself, and calmly observed, ‘Richard, you see my present state, half the man gone.’ . . . ‘No,’ affectionately replied the Judge, ‘not so, . . . for the face has escaped, and your mind is strong and clear as ever.’ Judge Jebb was accompanied by an eminent Dublin surgeon; but the zeal and science of Dr. Carroll and Mr. Thwaites had anticipated every resource of medicine. And his family and friends enjoyed the cheering consciousness, throughout this heavy trial, that the skill of his physicians was surpassed only by the devotedness of their zeal.

But, in critical cases, the highest medical skill may prove unavailing, unless seconded by intelligence, tenderness, and unremitting vigilance, on the part of the attendants: and here another providential provision remains to be thankfully acknowledged. Of the old and faithful domestics who had followed him from Abington, the two principal had died, since the Bishop's removal to Limerick. His wish to place a thoroughly respectable person at the head of his establishment, had induced him to wait for upwards of a year, in the hope of procuring one from London. After repeated disappointments, he had nearly given

* James M^cMahon, Esq., now Registrar of Limerick; who, though, at the time, under much anxiety of mind on account of illness in his own family, did not hesitate a moment to give this proof of a friendship, ready to be shown in the hour of trial.

up this hope, when, the Christmas only before his seizure, a person every way most eligible unexpectedly offered for the situation, and was immediately engaged. This individual, Mr. James Alexander Sell, approved himself, now, of inestimable value: for so it happened, that, for several years, he had been in attendance upon a gentleman suffering under paralysis; and to his skill, care, and experience, next only in importance to those of the physicians themselves, may, under Providence, be ascribed, not only Bishop Jebb's present recovery, but the prolongation, also, of his valuable life. In paying this slight tribute to modest worth, I feel myself expressing, however inadequately, the sentiments and wishes of my departed Friend.

The general sympathy manifested by all classes and communions at Limerick, and, as the lamented tidings of the Bishop's illness spread, in Dublin and in England, instinctively showed how society at large could be affected, by the danger of such a man. For some days after the attack, it was found necessary to relieve the public anxiety through the medium of the newspapers, as it was quite impossible to answer otherwise the numerous letters and inquiries. A single incident may serve to illustrate the interest universally felt: a respectable inhabitant of Limerick happening, at this time, to pass through Sheffield (a place where Bishop Jebb was known only by his public character), he was stopped in the streets, by earnest and anxious inquiries, from total strangers, about the Bishop's state, and the prospect and progress of his recovery. The affectionate interest taken by his own clergy*,

* Among the gentry, the Bishop ever gratefully recollects the kindness of John Browne, Esq. who reserved for his use the entire produce of his valuable hothouses, sending daily supplies of fruit, which could not otherwise have been procured.

from his valued friend Dean Preston, to the youngest curates of the united dioceses, was beautifully emulated by the Roman catholic bishop and priesthood. The personal inquiries of the titular bishop, Dr. Ryan, were unremitting; and they were rendered doubly acceptable by the assurance, with tears in his eyes, that they were accompanied by his constant and fervent prayers. By the Rev. Mr. Enright, the Roman catholic clergyman with whom the Bishop had taken one of his last walks, and who had effectually co-operated with him in the establishment of ‘The Sick and Indigent Roomkeepers’ Charity,’ prayers to Almighty God were publicly offered up in his Chapel, in which the congregation were affectionately invited to join, for the restoration of, ‘the good Bishop of Limerick.’

These touching proofs of the degree in which he was loved, by their happy effect upon his heart and spirits, contributed, not a little, to promote his convalescence. For, while there never breathed a heart more susceptible of kindness and good-will towards his fellow-men, than that of Bishop Jebb, it was also one peculiarly impressible, by marks of their good-will and kindness: among his earliest inquiries, when able and allowed to speak a little, had been, whether his English brethren had asked after him; and when told that they had both written, and were offering up prayers for his recovery, the look of happiness that lighted up his eye was such, as it would be equally impossible to describe or forget.

But to pass, from human sympathy, to higher considerations: . . . the bed of pain and sickness is one great triumph of christianity: and it would ill become the recorders of the lives of eminently good men, while they relate the sufferings of the outer, to withhold altogether from their readers, the thoughts

and movements of the inner man. At most other times, the matured christian, and the man ‘whose wisdom is in this world,’ where possessed of equal intellectual powers, may be brought into comparison with each other upon lower grounds, and measured by received human standards. But let their conversation be compared upon a sick-bed ; and, if the comparison be fairly made, the triumph of christianity will be uniform and complete : the humblest follower of Christ will here rise as high above the philosopher, falsely, so called, as the heaven is higher than the earth ; and so it should be, ‘for,’ says the apostle, ‘our conversation *is* in heaven.’

Thus it was with Bishop Jebb, in his great affliction : while his conversation, in this respect, was peculiarly instructive, that it happily exemplified the perfect compatibility, between the exercise of all his characteristic judgment, forethought, and circumspection in temporal affairs, and the contemplation of things eternal. Nothing which had a just claim upon it, seemed now to escape his attention. The duties of this life, from the least to the greatest, and the concerns of the next, had each its proper place in his well-balanced mind.

An account of his friend’s state of mind, given to Mr. Knox, during the height of the illness, will probably possess a higher interest with the reader, than any description which I could give at this distance of time : the letter is further interesting, as it contains the particulars of an occurrence already alluded to ; . . . a delightful exemplification how perfectly the spirit of christian charity may, and therefore should invariably, be preserved, amidst the differences confessedly subsisting between the churches of England and of Rome.

‘Your dear Friend’s mind so overflows with thought, that one of the chief difficulties is to restrain it from over exertion. The Bishop is now aware of this, and aids us by imposing restraints upon himself. You know his characteristic love of order and punctuality*: never was it more strongly manifested than during his present illness. At different times, he reserved his strength, until he felt it equal to the task of giving directions on the subjects, on which it was really of the most importance that *his own* instructions should be given; . . . such as instructions to me to open and answer all letters, &c.; to my brother, to transact all the lighter business of the diocese; and to both, to communicate to the clergy his earnest desire, that they would refrain from taking any extra-steps during his indisposition, so that, in the event of his restoration to health, his plans might be resumed without impediment.†

* It was strikingly exemplified, within a day or two after the attack of paralysis, when he showed great anxiety to obtain a sight of the letters arrived by the last posts. The medical gentlemen, at first, strongly objected to their being shown him, but yielded afterwards to his wish, as the safer course. A large parcel of letters being, accordingly, placed in his hand, the Bishop merely looked at the directions, until he came to one which evidently contained an account: sending away the rest unopened, he handed this to me to read. It was a Dublin bookseller’s account, for which the Bishop had himself written to ask, the day before his seizure, and which therefore, lest the delay should occasion the slightest disappointment or inconvenience, he would not allow to remain a needless day undischarged. For his love of punctuality was always connected with that thoughtfulness for others, which belonged to him in health, and which forsook him not even in this extremity. May I be permitted to add, in this connection, that Phil. ii. 4. was his rule in all the transactions of life.

† Extracts from diary of the Bishop’s illness. — Wednesday morning, May 2. About three o’clock, during my brother’s turn of watch, the Bishop spoke in a distinct voice, the following words, which he desired my brother to take down. . . ‘The little that I have learnt, has taught me to live to do good.’ My brother showed him his transcript, when he added, ‘Yes, that is what I said.’ [This, it afterwards appeared, was a saying of his beloved College friend, Reid, which had now returned to his remembrance: the friend whom he thus treasured in his heart, had been dead nearly thirty years.] His next words were, . . . ‘Don’t let the charities be relaxed on account of my illness.’ Presently after I came in, and

His inward frame is such as you would rejoice to witness, . . . composed, cheerful, and serene, full of happy thoughts, and heavenly meditations*: never

found him asleep; on his awaking, I told him that his old friend Mr. Whitty had been with us. He asked with animation, . . . ‘Did he come on purpose to see me?’ and smiled with pleasure when told that he did. The Bishop then said earnestly, . . . ‘Tell your brother the Doctor, to do all the light business: let all the light business go on.’ Shortly after he called me again to him, and inquired, ‘Is the Visitation going on?’ I told him not. He continued, . . . ‘Is it to go on?’ I replied it would be adjourned, when the proper time came, and the reason assigned for its adjournment; when he expressed his satisfaction. I now reminded him that sleep was of great consequence to him, and that the physicians wished him to remain as composed as possible, and to encourage sleep. ‘Yes,’ he replied, ‘but these things must be looked to *beforehand*.’ ‘Tell your brother to write to the clergy generally, and procure their subscriptions; and not to let any thing *go back* during my illness; only for them not to act, or to take steps for themselves, till I am well.’

* May 2. Wednesday, 6 p. m. The Bishop desired to see me. On my coming to the bedside, he took my hand, and said with a firm voice, ‘Now be calm.’ I promised to be so. . . . ‘What do you *really* think of my present situation?’ . . . ‘What the physicians have thought of it for the last three days, . . . that you are regularly advancing towards recovery.’ . . . ‘I think so too,’ was his reply. He proceeded. . . . ‘In my situation, my mind has been naturally turned to *the things that are*,’ . . . ‘You mean, to invisible and heavenly objects?’ . . . ‘Just so. My mind now begins to clear.’ I told him it had been clear throughout. . . . ‘Well,’ he resumed, ‘but after such an attack, the ideas must have been confused and uncertain: they now grow clear, and my mind is able to designate objects. In this situation, it returns to past remembrances . . . *reminiscences* . . . you understand me?’ I assented. . . . ‘Looking back to past remembrances, from my present position, I have *now* the *same* thoughts I *then* had, respecting the *mansions*.’ . . . ‘Heavenly mansions?’ . . . ‘Yes, *MANSIONS, OIKIAZ . . . OIKIAZ*.’ . . . he repeated with serene energy. ‘You mean,’ I asked, ‘respecting the communion of the blessed with each other, in those everlasting habitations?’ The Bishop answered ‘Yes.’ . . . He then added, . . . ‘My ideas now are clear, but, in a day or two, *all* will be clearer.’ I thought, for the moment, that this was said with anticipation of the near approach, to himself, of the heavenly world; and composed myself to observe, that, while, under his guidance, I had long learnt to feel that this prospect could not be too constantly, or too nearly contemplated by the christian, it was still our part, also, to recollect, that we were in the hands of God; that Divine providence might have in store for him further usefulness to the Church; and that, from his present progress, there was, under God, every ground to anticipate his restoration to both. He calmly replied, ‘That is just what I think; but I wished, *at this time*, to put you in possession of my *unchanged* view of the *OIKIAZ* . . . the mansions of heaven.’

Such were the happy thoughts, upon this high subject, which filled his mind, while fluctuating between life and death. They now arose naturally there, for, in

from the pulpit, where he so eminently shone, did he preach the blessed influences of christianity so effectually, as he now preaches them from his sick bed ; physicians, friends, domestics, . . all who are privileged to approach him, see and own with delight, the peace that, in his example, piety and goodness bring with them to the bed of sickness. Would you had seen the Bishop yesterday morning, as we surrounded his bed to congratulate ourselves upon his great amendment, and the angelic smile with which, looking gratefully towards the physicians, he took each of us by the hand, exclaiming every time, ‘Yes, under God, under God !’

‘ For the satisfaction of this city, where the public anxiety has been intense, a medical report was sent yesterday, for insertion in the Limerick Chronicle : all classes and persuasions are deeply interested in your Friend’s recovery ; none more unfeignedly so than the Roman catholic population ; on sunday last, prayers were publicly offered up for him in the principal chapel, when the previous address of the officiating priest, melted the whole congregation, composed chiefly of the lower classes, into tears . . . ‘ I have,’ he said, ‘ fifteen thousand poor in my parish, . . let them

all time of his health, they had been present with him. A few months only, before his seizure, a valued English friend happened, in familiar conversation, to ask his sentiments upon the subsistence of a communion between the visible and invisible worlds : his answer was, . . ‘ I am quite sure of this, that, if I precede you to the other world, I shall be with you then, as much as I am with you now.’

It is scarcely necessary, to add, that his thoughts and sentiments, upon these matters, remained unaltered, excepting by their continual growth and increase, to the moment of his last great earthly change. Whatever may be their own impressions, there are, it is believed, but few serious minds, to whom the settled judgment of eminent christians upon themes like these, can be wholly matter of indifference ; while there are not a few, who will learn, with more than common interest, what was the assured persuasion entertained respecting them, by the subject of the present memoir, in life and in death.

and all of us pray, falling now upon our knees, for the good Bishop of Limerick, . . . none before have done as *he* has done for the poor, . . . never will they have such another benefactor !'

The life of such a man was one continual preparation, for meeting the divine will concerning him. But it should not pass unrecorded, that, when it pleased God thus suddenly to visit his faithful servant, he was found, within as without, in that preparedness, which our blessed Lord himself (St. Luke xii. 35, 36.) has specially recommended and enjoined. For several days previous to the shock, he had been engaged in the study (with him an early and favourite study) of Bishop Hall's Contemplations. And, on the evening of the attack, the book lay open upon his study-table, ready to be resumed, had he returned in health. Accordingly, when first able to collect his thoughts, they flowed naturally in their wonted channels. His mind once relieved, by the instructions he had been enabled to give, from the pressure of private and episcopal cares, he now gave himself wholly, at his waking hours, to hearing passages of Scripture read, suited to his present state, and to meditating, or making short reflections, upon them. One night, finding himself disturbed from sleep by uneasy dreams, as is usual in sleep procured by anodynes, he desired to have some suitable religious subject read to him. My brother proposed a Psalm, and was about to begin the beautiful and appropriate 103d, when the Bishop said, 'Read the Psalm that has, *who saveth thy life from destruction.*' He listened with the deepest interest and emotion ; called for Bishop Horne's Commentary, which gave him much satisfaction ; and immediately subsided into a calm slumber, which lasted through the night. In the morning he told the phy-

sicians of *his anodyne*, which they cordially agreed was far more effectual than any they could have prescribed. At another time, expatiating, in their presence, upon the matchless beauties of Scripture, he called for the 104th Psalm, and, pronouncing it the sublimest ode that ever had come from the mind or pen, even of inspired man, desired that it might be read aloud. The effect, none, who had the happiness to be present, can easily forget : his animated eye seemed to read a comment on each verse, and to impart his own feeling of the divine original : none caught the spirit of the moment more fully, than his two medical friends ; while one of them, Dr. Carroll, a Roman catholic, could not refrain from expressing the mingled pleasure and edification, with which he ministered at the bedside of a Bishop of the Church of England.

But from nothing did he derive more support or comfort, than from a lesson, at this time, specially recommended for his use, by his friend Mr. Knox : the second chapter of the Book of Ecclesiasticus. Its soothing and cheering influence upon his mind and spirits, was attended with the happiest consequences to his health ; effects which, some years after, he thus describes, in a letter to an early friend... ‘ Let me recommend to your attention, the first Lesson for Lady Day (the Annunciation) the 25th of March. It is full of divine comfort : they call it apocryphal, but, surely, if ever there was a lesson of inspired wisdom, it is there. This chapter was my best anodyne, near six years ago, when I lay in Limerick, on the bed of sickness and pain. May it, in all time of difficulty, be as effectual for you, my old friend ! ’

The name of Alexander Knox naturally leads me to mention, how deeply he was afflicted in the afflic-

tion of his friend. With his whole heart he sympathized in the Bishop's sufferings. But while he felt those sufferings as a man, he reflected on them in the spirit of a true Christian philosopher. The thoughts of such a mind, at such a crisis, will be valuable to every reader; while his testimony to the child-like and unspoilt simplicity of his friend's character (the witness, it will be observed, of a conscientiously jealous judge in such matters) make the letters which convey it properly part of the Bishop's Life... With extracts from these letters, I shall, therefore, close the account of a dispensation of Providence, which, by wholly, and finally breaking down his active powers, changed the sphere, and the duties, of Bishop Jebb's remaining years.

‘Bellevue, Delgany, May 16. 1827.

‘Thanks to Divine Providence, things are now as promising, as, in such a case, they can be; and I cannot but hope that our dear friend, and all who have been concerned for him, will be compensated by real improvement in his general health, and, may I not add, by the increased usefulness, to which this temporary, but surely, for a little while, *awful* discipline, may eventually be conducive? ‘May be,’ do I say? nay, rather *must be*,... for painful and astounding as it was, it has been so borne as, I trust, to evince an accompanying influence to support the heart and mind, from the same hand, which was afflicting the body.

‘Let me freely say to you, my dear Charles, that my greatest fear about the Bishop was, that his circumstances, altogether, might be too fascinating, for his spiritual growth. If St. Paul’s supernatural vision of paradise, and the third heaven, required a counter-

poise, ‘lest he should be exalted above measure,’ how dangerous might it be for us to be left, for any length of time, in peculiarly gratifying circumstances, without the occurrence of proportioned correctives? . . . And, of all correctives, I am inclined to think, from experience, that what comes from the very hand of God himself, is, if we be not wanting to ourselves, the most tolerable, as well as the most profitable. It involves no mixed feelings, and it calls forth into the simplest and deepest exercise all those dispositions and tendencies, of which, through the grace of God, we are already possessed. What is said, on this subject, in many of the Psalms, and in the twelfth chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, are, to all my feelings, among the most interesting, and self-evidently divine passages of Holy Scripture; in the latter instance, particularly, enough is said, to make the want of such visitations a matter of terror, and their actual occurrence to one of ‘honest and good heart,’ a subject of sober satisfaction, as well as of humble acquiescence.

‘ My interest in my friend’s truest happiness, uniting with all I have known and felt in my own particular case, has led me, without intending it, into these reflections.’

‘ May 17.

‘ I felt yesterday, when it was too late, that, when I spoke of the utility of a counterpoise to circumstances, in their own nature, perhaps over fascinating, I ought to have distinguished this idea more clearly from that of a mental corrective, where there is actual inflation. I need hardly assure you that of this latter thought, there was not the least shade in my mind. On the contrary, I must say, I never saw, nor could conceive an instance, in which, in spite of altered

circumstances, simplicity of manner was more signally retained, or where there was a more complete absence of every self-gratulatory intimation. There was, in truth, little danger of this, in a sensible and religious mind. But still it is a high test of soundness, both in principle and intellect, not, unconsciously, to show something, which might be observed at least by a jealous eye. But our friend has always seemed to me to have as little to fear from such a scrutiny, as any man that ever passed, from comparatively private life, to conspicuousness and eminence. You have no need to be told all this ; but I do wish you should feel, that all this was most fully before me, when I was making the remarks of yesterday.

‘ The ground of those remarks was, that very prosperous circumstances may require a corrective, even where there is nothing positively to be corrected, arising from those circumstances, in the mind of the person ; because, without such a corrective, improvement and growth in interior virtue and happiness, however sincerely desired and sought, might not, in the very nature of things, be attainable. In short, my position is, that, clogged as we are by animality, and ever liable as we are to sensitive impressions, we are unable, notwithstanding our sincerest wishes and endeavours, to seek our supreme rest in God with the same intensity, as when felt necessity leaves us no other support or refuge, but what we must find in Him. As these are times of trial, which may most comfortably evince the ‘house to be built upon a rock,’ so also, are they seasons, in which that may be done for us, which, without their (as it were) *mechanical* pressure, we could never accomplish for ourselves. This providential process may be clear, even at the moment, to the mind on which it is exercised ;

and the consolation thus afforded, is, that ‘light,’ which ariseth to the godly man, ‘in the midst of darkness.’ But the highest happiness is, that though the visitation be transient, the improvement remains, . . so that, afterwards, the season of affliction is looked back upon, not with painful, but rather with joyous recollection. ‘Thy loving correction,’ says the psalmist, ‘has made me great.’

‘In fact, the deep experience of religious support in the hour of trial, has moral consequences, which nothing else can equally produce ; and it is a species of teaching, not to partake of which is a positive disadvantage. What you tell me of my friend’s anodyne * exemplifies the very point, on which I mean to observe ; and I need not assure you, that, though it naturally followed all you have been stating to me, your account of this particular fact gives me heart-felt satisfaction. For what can I desire more for my beloved and valued friend, than that he should have such a resource, and such proof its efficacy ? This is, in its essence, what we ask for in that noble collect, . . ‘Give unto thy servants that peace, which the world cannot give.’’

‘ May 24.

‘ I hoped that, even in my first letter [of May 16.], you would exactly see my meaning. Yet it seemed to me, that I had not sufficiently conveyed the entire impression on my mind ; and therefore, had it been only to satisfy my own feelings, I could not but proceed to communicate the sequel of my thoughts. To find that they so perfectly agreed with your own gives me sincere satisfaction.

‘ The fact is, that, in the great work of redinte-

* See page 248.

grating the inner man, we can do little for ourselves. We may be faithful to what we have received, and we may intreat for more of divine grace and operation. But, on this latter depends our actual progress; and in what manner the benefit is to be conferred, and real advancement effected, no human mind can previously conjecture. It is our wisdom, therefore, not less than our duty, ‘to be careful for nothing; but, in every thing, to make our request known unto God,’ and, as much as possible, to leave ourselves in his hands. Johnson’s lines on this subject, in the conclusion of his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, are very fine* . . as, indeed, the whole poem is a most noble modification of a magnificent original.’

Did the Christian world owe nothing further to

* ‘ Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
 Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain,
 Which Heav’n may hear, nor deem religion vain.
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heav’n the measure and the choice.
 Safe in His pow’r, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious pray’r ;
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
 Secure, whate’er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign’d ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
 For patience, sov’reign o’er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature’s signal of retreat :
 These goods for man the laws of Heav’n ordain,
 These goods He grants, who grants the pow’r to gain :
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.’

Bishop Jebb's present illness, than as the occasion which gave birth to the profound and experimental analysis of the Divine dealings, comprised in the foregoing extracts, it might without hesitation be affirmed, that, 'for instruction in righteousness,' his illness was not sent in vain: of this, at least, I am satisfied, that such will be the conclusion of all, who, from experience of similar trials, have learnt their need of similar grounds, and aids, of confidence and consolation.

When sufficiently recovered to bear removal to his library, the Bishop gave immediate proof that his relish for his favourite studies, and the pleasure which he had always taken in the instruments of those studies, had suffered no abatement. Among the additions to his well-stored book-shelves, which had reached Limerick shortly previous to his illness, was a fine and complete set of the *Antiquities of Grævius* and *Gronovius*: on being carried into the room, the Bishop requested to be taken in front of these folios, 'that he might get a good look at them.' Even in this slight, but characteristic incident, may be seen the happy disengagedness and elasticity of a mind at peace within, and therefore alive to every innocent enjoyment; and which, now and at all times, enabled its possessor to rise superior to all merely bodily suffering and privation. In the same spirit, from the moment he was able to leave his sick-room, the Bishop enjoyed, with all his wonted interest, the pleasures of reading, of music, and of friendly conversation. The society of his beloved brother, and of other members of his family, now contributed greatly to his comfort and convalescence. And he had much gratification in a visit from Mr. (now Sir Robert) Wilmot Horton, who most kindly

reserved a day or two, when returning to his official duties in London, for the express purpose of seeing and conversing with him.

When sufficiently recruited in strength to bear the fatigue of a journey, his medical advisers prescribed a change of climate, and the use of the Leamington waters. On the 21st of August, accordingly, we set out for England, by way of Cork, accompanied by Mr. Thwaites, who kindly made arrangements to attend his patient across the Channel. At Charleville, where he was hospitably lodged by the worthy rector, the Rev. W. Dunn, the first night, the Bishop observed, in reply to the inquiries of his kind host, . . ‘It is a satisfaction to reflect, that, during an illness of four months, *I have not had a sad moment.*’ That cheerfulness of heart, which ‘doeth good as a medicine,’ in truth never forsook him. In the last year of his life, observing, one evening, on his disposition always to see the bright side, even of gloomy prospects in public affairs, he beautifully added, ‘It is the same with me in private life. It is this which has enabled me to bear my long illness with cheerfulness, where others might have sunk under it.’

On landing at Bristol, he had fresh experience of what, to his affectionate nature, next only to his trust in God, was the great sweetener of life, . . the attachment of his friends. Beside the vessel stood his valued friend the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie, in readiness to greet him, and to conduct him to his own home, where, with affectionate anticipation, every thing was prepared for his reception. His critical state, however, and the limited time of his physician, rendered it impracticable to profit by this act of true friendship. At his hotel, he was awaited by his dear friend Mr. Stock, so often mentioned in these pages, and through-

out his correspondence. While, to perfect the enjoyment of the moment, he now learned, from Mr. Ogilvie, the sympathy shown in his sufferings, by one whom he eminently revered, the venerable President of Magdalen College, Dr. Routh, and the deep interest and emotion manifested by that illustrious ornament of Oxford and of the Church of England, on first receiving the tidings of his safety and convalescence. These coincidences, altogether, were about as cheering, as it was possible for him, in his present state, to experience ; and as it was the habit of his life studiously to consider the ways, and to observe, even in little things, the apparent indications of Providence, he received this gratifying commencement (and most justly, if we may judge by the event) as a pledge, at once, and foretaste, of future providential kindness.

A friendly visit from Sir Henry Halford, then fortunately at his seat in Leicestershire, followed, almost immediately, the Bishop's arrival at Leamington. The good effects of the treatment now adopted, gradually became visible ; and he was soon able to enjoy the twofold benefit of his eminent friend's skill and conversation, under his own roof, at Wistow Hall. After the fullest consideration of his case, Sir Henry decided on Leamington as his station during the remainder of the autumn, when he advised his removal to London, as a situation combining, with the best medical resources, the command, in perfection, of those mechanical means and restoratives, which, in cases of paralysis, are always essential, and often effectual, for the recovery of the muscular action.

After about two months' stay at Leamington, accordingly, . . . a time rendered more tolerable by the

society of a friend, the Rev. R. C. Hurly, Surrogate of Ardfert diocese, who had joined his revered diocesan at Cork, . . . the Bishop removed to town, where he passed the winter months at No. 24.*, and the spring at No. 5., York Terrace, in the Regent's Park.

No sooner had it pleased God that he should be deprived of the use of the right hand, than he applied himself, with his usual promptitude and decision, to cultivate the use of his left hand in every way, but above all in practice with the pen. The process was slow and difficult, as each letter had to be formed separately : but difficulty soon gave way, before a resolution like his ; each day he wrote with increasing facility ; and, in a few months, his left-hand autographs, while they strikingly resembled in character, rivalled, as specimens of calligraphy, his beautiful right-hand penmanship. His way of accounting for what was naturally matter of surprize to all his friends, was much the same with the answer of the late Major Rennell, when questioned, in a similar case, by an intimate friend. From the united effects of severe sabre wounds, and of the gout, Major Rennell's right hand was sadly crippled and contracted : yet, with it, he wrote his geographical works, and well. In reply to his friend's query, how he contrived to do so, his memorable answer was, . . . 'I write *with the*

* Although living now quite out of the world, his breakfast-table still became, once more, an instructive resort of some of the friends, who had frequented it in 1824, and 1826. On one of these occasions, an intimate friend strongly urged upon him the necessity of conforming to the opinions of his own times. The Bishop's reply deserves to be written in letters of gold. . . . 'In abiding by the opinions which I have always held, my appeal is made, from the present times to the wisdom of past ages, and of ages still to come.' . . . I cannot forget the impression made, for the time at least, by this rejoinder, both upon his friend monitor, and upon the company then present.

mind : I determine on forming a certain character, and form it.'

No sooner had he possessed himself of this newly-acquired power, than Bishop Jebb sought to turn it to solid and useful account. His first literary employment was, a new edition of ‘ Sacred Literature.’ On his reaching town in November, he learned from his publisher that the work was out of print ; and immediately proceeded to correct and revise it for a second edition, which came out early in the following year. Meanwhile, though weak in body, he was mindful of, and watchful over, as in his best days, the highest interests of the Church in Ireland. In April, 1828, he had several interviews with the late Archbishop of Canterbury, upon points, to his judgment, vitally affecting those interests ; and, although setting out with a conscientious difference of opinion, he had the satisfaction to find his Grace, at the close, cordially and entirely of his mind. The candour with which that eminent person stated, and the magnanimity with which, upon conviction, he retracted, his own views, impressed the Bishop most strongly, at the time, as essential qualities for good government. The questions at issue, respected the means most likely to advance, upon church principles, the cause of the reformed faith in Ireland.

It is needless to say that, while unable conscientiously to make common cause with indiscriminative protestantism, Bishop Jebb yielded to none in sober zeal for the advancement of Church-of-England Reformation. But it may be well to show, in this immediate connection, that his was a zeal always tempered by charity, and which never for a moment chilled the spirit of kindness and good-will. A little anecdote in point may be mentioned here. About

this time, he was applied to by a respectable Roman catholic clergyman, to contribute to the erection of a chapel in Limerick. This, as Bishop of the diocese, he felt it his duty to decline ; but he availed himself, in so doing, of the opportunity to soften his conscientious refusal, by enclosing to the worthy applicant a donation of five guineas, for the poor of his flock. The happy time for doing a kindness, by him, in truth, was never lost.

Another slight incident, which occurred during his residence in York Terrace this year (1828-9), happily exemplifies his ever-present sense of the goodness of Providence towards him. Happening to receive, one morning, a circular letter from the Humane Society, he acknowledged it the same day, by an enclosure of 20*l.*: observing to me, as he named the sum to be enclosed, . . ‘ It is more than, under ordinary circumstances, I should feel authorized to contribute. But *I* am peculiarly called upon. I have myself been rescued from a sudden death ; and it is but right that I should contribute more than others to the relief of fellow-sufferers.’

The desire which he had long entertained to see the public in possession, of a portion, at least, of the valuable MS. sermons of Dr. Townson, now returned with increased strength ; as he had both time himself to make a suitable selection, and was on the spot to superintend the volume through the press. Accordingly, he proposed the matter, once more, to his venerated friend Archdeacon Churton ; and, on receiving his cordial assent to the undertaking, consulted his publisher, who, however, declined the risk of reviving a nearly forgotten name, however eminent in its day. Strong in his judgment as to the intrinsic merits of these writings, and impressed with

a deep conviction of their importance, in times like the present, as specimens of the unadulterated spirit and teaching of the Church of England, the Bishop immediately resolved on printing a private impression, at his own expense. The task of selecting and preparing the materials for this edition, occupied him, most congenially, through the remaining months of his residence in York Terrace. And, early in June, he enjoyed the comfort, to him, one of the highest life could afford, of supplying with a fresh provision of solid moral and spiritual food, many minds capable of tasting, and pre-disposed for benefiting by it. The testimonies borne by the highest authorities, to the service thus rendered, were of the most gratifying kind. The experiment itself, too, was eminently successful. As the Bishop had anticipated, the work soon became its own recommendation. In the following year, Mr. Duncan undertook its publication. And Dr. Townson's Practical Discourses, having already passed through three editions, has taken its permanent place, amidst the praises of the learned, and the approval of the good, with its fellows, the kindred productions of elder ornaments of the Church of England.

With the return of summer, it was the advice of his friend and physician that he should return to Leamington, and resume the use of the waters, with the addition of the warm baths, as the means most likely to promote the recovery of the limbs. During his former visit, he had to use a bath chair; he was now able to walk every morning, with assistance, from his house to the wells, a distance of more than half a mile, and back to breakfast. Here, under the skilful care of Mr. Pritchard, he continued daily to gain ground: and as, in cases like his, much always

depends upon the influences of atmosphere, Sir Henry Halford, after a time, prescribed a change to Malvern, for the benefit of a purer air. From some weeks, passed at Malvern, and at Wistow Hall, the Bishop experienced much advantage to his health, and more to his spirits. At Malvern, he enjoyed the society of Mr. and Mrs. Heyland ; and upon his return to Leamington, had the pleasure of receiving his brother and his eldest son, (now the Rev. John Jebb) from Ireland, his valued relative, Joshua Jebb, Esq. of Derbyshire, and his friend Mr. Hornby from Lancashire. At this time, also, he had the happiness to form the acquaintance of the Rev. W. F. Hook of Coventry, as afterwards that of his estimable mother, and most amiable family : an introduction which contributed not a little to soothe many anxious months of renewed bodily affliction, and increased debility. And here I am reminded of a saying of one of the Bishop's college acquaintances, of the justness of which, his life, indeed, afforded one continual exemplification : . . . 'Jebb, wherever you are, you will never want friends.'

Meanwhile, his health, although materially improved, continued in a very critical and precarious state : the circulation was still unsettled : and it was only by the constant use of cupping, that he could avert the return of the original attack. Under these trying circumstances, he still felt it his duty to consult with his medical advisers, upon the safety of his returning to Ireland, and to the duties of his diocese, in his present state. He had all along looked forward, with conscientious anxiety, to the accomplishment of this great object ; and, while at Wistow this year, he submitted the question for the judgment of the highest medical authority. The result of the con-

sultation was a decisive opinion, that both his safety, and his prospects of recovery, turned upon his persevering, at least for another year, in the use of the means, which had so far prospered, especially of the air and waters of Leamington or Malvern, together with a total abstinence from the personal cares and anxieties of episcopal duty. To all who saw him, indeed, it was only too evident, that the case admitted of no other medical decision. With that implicitness, accordingly, which, when under medical guidance, was his rule of life, he made up his mind to return to York Terrace, and to try, under the eye of Sir Henry Halford, the effects of electricity upon the paralyzed limbs.

Before we return with him to London, it may be profitable, for the example of others, to record in this place, how religiously, during years of bodily malady and suffering, Bishop Jebb watched over, and husbanded his time. Summer and winter, his hour of rising was six o'clock, and, except when he received friends, he breakfasted at eight: an economy of time, which enabled him to dedicate, to the best studies, the prime hours of each day. At Leamington, he was always the first at the well; and, before others thought of going, he was at home, and at his desk. He resumed his pen, or his books, immediately after breakfast, and, again, on returning from his daily drive. In the evenings, he was found always prepared, as his health permitted, to read or to converse. His conversation, as he sat in his invalid chair, with a moveable desk in front, always furnished with books or papers, was at once so cheerful and so edifying, as to read a perpetual lesson of christian acquiescence in the will of God. He seldom spoke continuously: generally in short reflections, giving

utterance to what was passing in his own mind, and so natural and easy, as to instruct without seeming to do so. A few examples of his manner and spirit, may illustrate this imperfect description. One evening, as he sat in his chair, finding himself unable to reach something he wanted, with his left hand, he gently raised it, and said, . . This *one* hand does very little for one: but it is a great comfort and blessing *to have one hand.*' . . At another time, alluding to the chair in which he sat, here marked, . . 'What should I do to read, but for this chair? It is one great comfort of having a little money, that, since I have had this attack, I am able to have so many comforts: I have my chair, I have my carriage, and so many other blessings, for which I am very thankful to God.' . . One day, at a time when he was suffering severely from an access of fever, accompanied by faintness to a distressing degree, being told that a little boy was below, who greatly desired to see him, . . though scarcely able to speak from illness, the Bishop would have the child brought to him, and was quite overcome when giving him his blessing. On my saying how much the boy had wished to see his Lordship, . . recovering himself, he observed, with his own expressive manner and look, . . ' My dear, you come to see me at an unfavourable time, . . an invalid, in his chair: you see *what I am* . . Mr. Forster can show you (pointing to his print) *what I was.*' The touching voice in which the words were spoken, sunk irresistibly into the heart. . . One Sunday evening, the Bishop expressed his opinion, that '*Hooker* is the most perfect prose-writer in the English language: the most pure, the most free from needless words and expletives, the best collocator of words, . . the most truly *classical.*' . . Another evening, he dwelt beau-

tifully on a passage of Baxter (one of his chosen favourites), which had occurred in his morning reading, and which, he now observed, had long and often struck him. It is where he treats of *the best time for meditation.** He said that it reminded him of Cowper's picture, beginning, . .

' When Isaac-like, the solitary saint,' &c.

* Turning, while I write, to his own copy of Baxter's works, I find the passage alluded to, marked by himself in pencil. For the benefit of those who are like-minded, I shall transcribe it here. . . ' Seldom conversing with him, will breed a strangeness betwixt thy soul and God. Frequent society breeds familiarity, and familiarity increaseth love and delight, and maketh us bold and confident in our addresses. This, is the main end of this duty, that thou mayest have acquaintance and fellowship with God therein; therefore, if thou come but seldom to it, thou wilt keep thyself a stranger still, and so miss the end of the work. O! when a man feels his need of God, and must seek his help in a time of necessity, when nothing else would do him any good, you would little think what an encouragement it is, to go to a God that we know, and are acquainted with. O! saith the heavenly christian, I know, both whither I go, and to whom; I have gone this way many a time before now; it is the same God that I daily conversed with; it is the same way, that was my daily walk; God knows me well enough, and I have some knowledge of him. On the other side, what a horror and discouragement to the soul will it be, when it is forced to fly God in streights: to think, alas! I know not whither to go; I never went the way before; I have no acquaintance at the court of heaven; my soul knows not that God that I must speak to, and I fear He will not know my soul! But especially when we come to die, and must immediately appear before this God, and expect to enter into his eternal rest, . . then the difference will plainly appear: then, what a joy will it be to think, I am going to the place that I daily conversed in; to the place from whence I tasted so frequent delights; to that God, whom I have met in meditation so oft! My heart hath been at heaven before now, and tasted the sweetness that hath oft revived it; and (as Jonathan by his honey) if my eyes were so enlightened, and my mind refreshed, when I tasted but a little of that sweetness, what will it be, when I shall feed on it freely? On the other side, what a terror must it be to think, I must die, and go I know not whither; from a place where I am acquainted, to a place where I have no familiarity or knowledge! O Sirs! it is an unexpressible horror to a dying man, to have strange thoughts of God and heaven. I am persuaded there is no cause so common, that makes death, even to godly men, unwelcome and uncomfortable. Therefore I persuade them to frequency in this duty, . . that seldomness breed not estrangedness from God.' . . Then follows the part above referred to. . . ' Concerning the time of this duty. . . every man is the meetest judge for himself. Only give me leave to tender you my observation, which time I have always found fittest for myself; and that is the evening, from sun-setting to the twilight; and

On a subsequent occasion, I happened to read to him a paragraph from a newspaper, stating that the creditors of Sir Walter Scott, had just presented him with his plate, library, &c., in testimony of their high respect for his honourable conduct by them. The Bishop listened with silent interest; and then expressed his feelings thus: . . . ‘I don’t know whether you have experienced the same kind of sensation; but, whenever I hear any trait, of that kind which you have read to me, I feel my heart swell, as if I could not keep it down; I can describe it only as a swelling of the heart which affects my breathing.’

Such was the usual manner and spirit of his remarks, whenever he paused from his books, or laid down his pen. But his books and pen were his favourite, and never-failing resources; while he both read and wrote with a constant aim, no less to the good of others, than to his own improvement: hence his desire to have always some suitable literary object in view; especially works of a practical and experimental character, by Church-of-England divines, to which he might be instrumental in recalling the public attention, and which he might enrich with notes. Nothing of this kind occurred to his mind in 1828, after the preparation of Townson’s Discourses; but, for the remainder of the year, he diligently em-

sometimes in the night, when it is warm and clear. Whether it be any thing from the temperature of my body, I know not; but I conjecture that the same time would be seasonable to most tempers, for several natural reasons, which I will not now stand to mention. Neither would I have mentioned my own experience in this, but that I was encouraged hercunto, by finding it suit with the experience of a better and wiser man than myself, and that is Isaac: for it is said in Gen. xxiv. 63. *That he went to meditate in the field, at the eventide.* And his experience, I dare more boldly recommend to you than my own.’ . . . Baxter’s *Practical Works*, vol. iii. pp. 276, 277. ed. fol.

ployed his critical skill and judgment, to aid the progress of the work upon which I was then engaged.

To the period of the Bishop's illness at which we have now arrived, his life had passed in uninterrupted tranquillity, apart from all public cares and concerns. But the shock of the sudden, and most unexpected change in political sentiment, which took place in the spring of 1829, penetrated even into retirement like his. The kindly feelings which he had ever cherished towards his Roman catholic fellow-subjects, need not now be repeated ; but, conscientiously persuaded, that the British constitution was a constitution of religion, he felt that the time was come to make his political testament, and to give proof, not to be misconstrued, that his kindness, was a kindness without compromise. His turn for sitting in Parliament was to come round this year, but not before the close of the session. Unable, therefore, to state his sentiments, or record his protest, in the House of Lords, he declared himself by letter in a high quarter ; and united with his clergy in a dutiful petition to the throne.

Early in the memorable February of 1829, he thus avows his principles, and his anticipations... ‘ In the present state of things, it seems to me a matter of duty to declare, that my political opinions are wholly unchanged. Towards my Roman catholic fellow-subjects, I have ever felt and acted with kindness and good will : but, my conviction is unalterable, that the worst consequences, civil and political, to England, and to Ireland, must arise, from admitting, under any modifications, the Roman catholic body, or any part of it, to political power.

‘ It is my sober, settled persuasion, that, however

it may suspend for a time, concession will remove none of the existing evils, but will greatly aggravate them all: that it may, possibly, purchase the chance of a temporary calm, but with a certainty of growing and permanent troubles, involving consequences beyond human calculation or control; the melancholy commencement of which, may, not improbably, be witnessed by the present generation.

‘ As an Irish Bishop, not privileged, during the present session, to state my sentiments in Parliament, I trust you will excuse my thus discharging my conscience.

‘ That our state is most awful, I cannot, if I would, conceal from myself. The Papists of Ireland, indeed, know their strength: but their chief strength lies, and they know that too, in the weakness of our government. After a long period of misrule, with an appalling military force in the country, no substantive measure has been taken, within the last six months of total anarchy, against the agitators, and against treason worse than open rebellion. On the contrary, the friends of the constitution have been discredited almost as enemies; its enemies encouraged, altogether as friends; and, humanly speaking, under such a system, nothing can save us.

‘ But my ultimate reliance is placed, where it cannot be shaken, . . . in Divine Providence. I trust that all will yet be right. But, in the mean time, in defence of all that is dear to British Protestants, I am cheerfully prepared, if necessary, to lay down life itself.’

The petition, drawn up with his own hand, while it breathed the very spirit of christian charity, conveyed an uncompromising declaration of unchanged, and unchangeable attachment, to that protestant constitution in church and state, which had originally

placed the Royal House of Brunswick upon the throne of these realms.*

The steadfast adherence to the principles of that constitution so nobly manifested by the University of Oxford, called forth his heartfelt sympathy, and caused him the liveliest satisfaction; while his private, as well as his public, feelings were gratified by a result, which raised one of his nearest and dearest friends to the most honourable eminence, which personal merit can reach, or public life afford, the representation of that illustrious seat of learning and religion.†

The Bishop's general health, in the spring of 1829, was in a very delicate state; his weakened frame had

*

‘ To the King's most Excellent Majesty.

‘ The dutiful petition of his Majesty's devoted subjects, the Bishop and Clergy of the diocese of Limerick,

‘ Most humbly showeth,

‘ That your Majesty's petitioners cannot, without extreme apprehension, contemplate the possibility of any inroad whatsoever being made, on our present constitution.

‘ That, while your Majesty's petitioners have always endeavoured, they trust not unsuccessfully, to cultivate and cherish the utmost brotherly kindness and affection towards all classes of their separated brethren, they feel that every thing, which as Protestants and as subjects, they hold most dear, would be not merely endangered, but destroyed, by the admission of Roman catholics, under any modification, to political power.

‘ Your Majesty's petitioners, therefore, most humbly, yet hopefully implore, that your Majesty will take such measures, as to your wisdom may seem best calculated, to preserve unaltered, the matchless Constitution of 1688; which, under Providence, has, for many generations, flourished under the mild and auspicious rule of your Majesty's Royal House; which has raised these realms to an unexampled pitch of prosperity and glory; and which, by the blessing of the King of kings, will, we trust, protect our descendants to the latest generations, in dutiful, undivided allegiance to a race of protestant sovereigns, of the illustrious family of Brunswick.

‘ And your Majesty's dutiful petitioners will ever pray.’

† I never can forget the Bishop's emotion, on learning the declaration of the venerable President of Magdalen College, Dr. Routh, then much indisposed, that, rather than fail in being at his post, as the proposer of Sir Robert Inglis, ‘ he would be carried to the House of Convocation.’

been much tried, by the severity of the preceding winter ; and, though he did not sensibly lose, inflammatory symptoms, united with debility, withheld him from gaining, ground. This doubtful and anxious state was soon followed, and too fully explained, by a recurrence of the original malady. On the morning of thursday, May 14., he was seized with a second attack of paralysis, only in a mitigated form, its effects falling, almost entirely, on the previously affected limbs. Prior to this relapse, he had regained power sufficient to take walking exercise, and had also partially recovered the use of his right hand : but, after the second shock, his hand became wholly powerless ; and, although still able, from time to time, to walk a little, it was the will of God that he should become more and more dependent upon the faithful attendants, who carried him, from his well-worn study chair, to his carriage, or his room, for the remainder of his days.

This renewal of affliction in the body served, in his case, only to exemplify anew, the truth of a saying as just as it is beautiful, . . ‘The christian spirit is like the myrtle-leaf, the more you press it, the more fragrant it smells.’ Some specimens of that spirit I would record here ; for the reader, I cannot doubt, will agree with me, in accounting the thoughts and words of such men, at such moments, among the most precious jewels in the treasury of biography.

That thoughtfulness for others, which has been already noticed, and which was always present with him even in his greatest trials, was now shown, while under the first shock of this fresh seizure. I had been ill, and forbidden to rise early that morning : this the Bishop recollects, and his first care was, to give strict orders that I should not be awakened, or

apprized of his state. It was recommended that he should endeavour to sit up in the afternoon ; he rose accordingly ; and, on coming into the room which he usually occupied, his first words to me were, and his countenance brightened as he uttered them, . . ‘ Well, *Townson* is done at any rate.’ The next day he again expressed his heart-felt thankfulness, that he had been spared to finish this good service, . . observing, with grateful emotion, ‘ If this had happened, while *Townson* was but half done ! My mind,’ he then calmly added, ‘ is quite made up. I am prepared for the will of God, in life, or in death.’

On Sunday night, May 17., he experienced an alarming attack of spasm. The next evening he said to me, ‘ Last night was a very trying one : but I feel a perfect calm ; *I never felt more happy.* So it is, that what has been disagreeable in my long confinement, has left no impression : the whole seems to have been a time of literary retreat and occupation.’ The spasmodic affection returned with increased violence, in July, extending along the left side, and threatening the heart : but neither pain, nor danger, shook, for a single moment, the serenity of his mind : speaking of an attack of spasms on the night of the 27th, his observation was, ‘ I thought I was going to die, and I felt quite composed.’ Providentially he was, at this time, under the roof of Sir Henry Halford, by whose affectionate care and skill his life and usefulness were prolonged.

To his own mind, the heaviest draw-back, connected with this recurrence of his malady, was the distance to which it inevitably threw his hitherto fair prospect, of returning to his diocese in sufficient health and strength to resume the personal discharge of his

episcopal duties. In this view, he thought and spoke of his broken state with deep emotion : yet without anxious care, for he felt, to use his own words, ‘that God had taken him into his own hands,’ and that his first duty, as a christian, was, entire acquiescence in the Divine will concerning him. In his present situation, it was the judgment of his great medical friend, as indeed it was plain to all who saw him, that all hope of future recovery, and the preservation of life itself, depended upon an entire abstinence from business, and the avoidance of all excitement. He returned, accordingly, in July, to Leamington ; and there remained until April in the following year. Though weaker than, since his first arrival in England, he had yet been in body, his mind continued strong and active as ever. August 4. he writes to Mr. Knox, ‘Sunday, I had the comfort of receiving the Sacrament at Warwick church. I am an early riser ; this morning I was somewhat later than usual, yet still was dressed, and at my desk, at half past seven o’clock.’ The increased uncertainty of life, served only to make him more desirous, in the cause, and after the example of his heavenly Master, ‘to work while it is called to-day.’ The *publication* of Dr. Townson’s Sermons, now much desired, afforded him, during the autumn, an employment suited to the measure of his strength. As this improved, he advanced to a more laborious undertaking, the preparation for the press of his own unpublished manuscripts ; including six discourses on the Liturgy of the Church of England, originally composed at Cashel ; . . . discourses, of which it may safely be pronounced, that they set those venerable, and truly scriptural services, in a light, and to an advantage, in which they had not been placed before ;

and treat them in a manner equally calculated, to recommend them to the understanding, and to impress them upon the heart. The work itself, his last original publication in theology, which came out in 1830, under the title of ‘ Practical Theology,’ in two volumes 8vo., is too well known to the public, by whom it was received with its accustomed favour, to need any more detailed account of it in this place. It may suffice to observe, that, besides the discourses on the Liturgy, it contains some of Bishop Jebb’s most finished single sermons. Among these, I would venture to indicate discourses i. vii. xi. of vol. i. entitled *The Parable of the Sower*, *The Church divinely governed*, and *Transmissive Religion*; and discourses xiv. xvi., . . . the former, on Saint John, v. 39., *Search the Scriptures: or ye search the Scriptures*; the latter, on Rom. viii. 3, 4., showing the *practical* bearing of that context, and of the entire epistle. In vol. ii., his discourse, from Revelation, xiv. 13., on *the death of the righteous*, will claim an interest in the mind of every reader, who desires to see the other world brought near to man in this life, or man, rather, brought near to the other world. Each sheet and revise of this publication, was corrected with his own left hand; and, during the three months employed in bringing it through the press, he did not flag for a single day.

Always desirous of some useful and edifying occupation, he gladly employed himself, in the interval between these publications, at the desire of a highly valued friend, the then Christian Advocate at Cambridge, in conducting through the press, one of the most important of those works in divinity, which have rendered the name of the Rev. H. J. Rose familiar to all true sons of the Church of England. I cannot

introduce the mention of Mr. Rose, without gratefully numbering among the compensatory circumstances of Bishop Jebb's long illness, the opportunity which it afforded him of forming the personal friendship of one, previously well known to him by his writings, but adequately to be known only in the happy hours of social intimacy, and by the constancy and kindness with which, amidst multiplied duties and engagements, he invariably reserved a portion of his time, to contribute to the happiness, while he profited by the example, of an 'emerited' servant of the altar, by the visitation of God withdrawn from the world. I reflect with pleasure, that the memory of this truly christian friendship stands lastingly preserved, in the beautiful dedication prefixed to the work above alluded to, Mr. Rose's '*Christianity always progressive.*' *

During his residence in York Terrace, in the winters of 1827 and 1828, the Bishop's retirement had been cheered by the occasional society of those friends, who had known and appreciated him in his days of health.† In the state of weakness, however, to which he was now reduced, pure air, and perfect quiet, became daily more essential to his comfort and

* I cannot deny myself the pleasure, or the reader the profit, of introducing here some thoughts, from the private journal of a late able and enlightened layman, suggested by the perusal of that work. . . 'Read Mr. Rose's book : it is a beautiful work ; the argument convincing, the style eloquent, in some places superior to any thing modern, particularly the conclusion of chapters i. and iv. It is delightful to see the great talents of so many churchmen of this day, thus beneficially employed ; in various ways illustrating their country, instructing, and improving mankind : and it is particularly gratifying, that the Bishop should hold so distinguished a place among these worthies, and be, as I think he is, and, if life and strength be granted him, will be more and more, a principal means of their working together for the common good.' . . *Mr. Justice Jebb; Journal; January, 1830.*

† I would here particularly mention the Rev. W. Vaux, Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

safety. Accordingly, in March, 1830, he removed from Leamington, to East Hill, near Wandsworth, Surrey; an airy and delightful situation; perfectly retired, yet within an easy distance of town, and of Sir Henry Halford. Here, it pleased that gracious Providence, which had shielded him from his youth up until now, that he should find, in the respectable old villa, known by the name of Wandsworth Manor, every comfort that his infirm state admitted or required: . . . it was his last earthly home. Nor, since it pleased Providence to order, that his remaining service in his Master's vineyard should be rendered with the mind alone, could England have yielded a more congenial resting-place, (though still with occasional removals to Leamington,) for the short, but well-filled remnant of his days.

The commencement, indeed, of his residence at East Hill, was marked by a heavy and protracted return of sickness and languor. His friend, Sir H. Halford, was now engaged at Windsor, in close attendance upon his late Majesty; nor, for weeks together, could he revisit London for a day. Meanwhile, by frequent loss of blood, to guard against apprehended returns of paralysis, the Bishop had sunk almost to the lowest stage of exhaustion. With Sir Henry's return, however, and the decided change of treatment which he instantly prescribed, the alarming symptoms disappeared, and his strength gradually returned.

His first expenditure of reviving power, was dedicated to the preparation of a manual of devotion, selected from the works of three bright lights, two of the Church of England, the first, of the episcopal Church of Scotland, Scougal, Charles How, and Cudworth: a selection from purely protestant writers,

designed to provide food for pious minds, analogous to the provision so long enjoyed by Roman catholic piety, in Thomas à Kempis, but free from the ascetical alloy which disfigures that otherwise precious volume: this publication the Bishop gave to the world in October, under the appropriate title of *The Protestant Kempis*. In the acceptance experienced by this experimental manual, he found the best, and only desired recompense of his labour. To many readers, all, to most, some of the treatises there collected, were previously unknown; and the charm of novelty thus heightened that of intrinsic value. From the many valuable testimonies, to the service rendered by this publication, I shall select one only, . . . an affecting testimony, because, while breathing the very spirit which had animated the editor in his undertaking, it came from a venerable clergyman, whose situation resembled his own: . . . ‘If the Bishop will accept the blessing of an old man, now in his eighty-fourth year, for having, by his publication, smoothed his way to the grave, . . . that blessing I would offer.’

In August, the Bishop returned, after a visit at Wistow Hall, to Leamington, to try once more the efficacy of the baths and waters. But before I proceed to notice his occupations there, some characteristic traits may not be unacceptable to the reader. . . . In preparing for a journey, it was his invariable rule, that the last hour should be the quietest; that all should be ready in time, so as to gain that hour for reading and recollection: by this practice, he secured that there should be no prepermissions, that nothing should be left behind. At a time, with most people, too commonly, one of hurry and confusion, *he* was usually to be seen, whether at home or at his inn, seated calmly, with his books before him; and

equally ready to read, or to converse, to the moment of departure. In the lowest weakness of his frame, this good habit never abandoned him ; and, at the time of which I now write, he had the pleasure to receive friends at his eight o'clock breakfast, whom he delighted by his placid and instructive conversation, until the appointed moment for his setting out had arrived.

Throughout his long, and oftentimes distressing malady, he always kept the same religious guard upon his time : his watch stood constantly before him, upon his desk ; and, as each change in the duties of the day approached, his eye might be observed fixed intuitively upon his watch. In the morning, at family prayer-time, this was peculiarly observable ; at this more sacred time, he was certain to make a remark, if a guest or a servant were one minute late. For, with him, it was among the first rules of ‘ holy living,’ *to begin the day well.*

Whenever obliged to censure, or to say any thing in the least degree severe, to any one whomsoever, his next care was to soothe the feelings of the person, though really in fault. An instance of this tenderness of nature, communicated to me by a friend, will illustrate what must have been often observed by those who enjoyed his intimacy. A footman having incurred a reprimand, on his leaving the room, the Bishop, after a moment’s pause, said to my informant, ‘I fear I may have hurt * * * * *’s feelings ; pray ring the bell, I will tell him to bring some coals.’ On the man’s re-appearance, the Bishop praised him for his skill in fire-making... ‘ You make a fire particularly well, it is a pleasure to see you make one.’ The poor fellow, whose fault had been a little slovenliness, went away soothed and gratified. The incident,

though trivial, is full of character ; it is equally full of moral instruction. We see human nature, here, tenderly consulted, and treated with true christian charity. It would be a blessing to society, were this thoughtful tenderness of feeling more prevalent among truly good men.

His watchfulness over his words can be adequately expressed, only by observing, that his conversation was always regulated, strictly and literally, by our Lord's precept, St. Matth. v. 37. During our domestic intimacy of more than twenty years, I never heard an expression from his lips, which would not bear the test of this evangelic rule. Conversational expletives, accordingly, he deeply disliked, as tending, at least, to its violation ; and, as he never employed them himself, so he never let a fit opportunity escape of checking the use of them by others. In the last year of his life, a friend happening once to make use of the expression ‘upon my word,’ the Bishop said, with an earnest and solemn look, . . . ‘Why do you use those words ? never accustom yourself to such expressions. Remember our Lord’s rule : . . . “Let your communication be, yea, yea ; nay, nay : for whatsoever is more than these, cometh of the Evil one.”’

Sunday, May 12. 1833. This morning, I pointed out to the Bishop a melancholy passage, in the first volume of Dr. Currie’s Memoirs, respecting EDWARD GIBBON ; in which the historian is described as expressing to Mrs. Holroyd, a few days before death, the little or no hope he had of a future life, and his contentment with annihilation ! My friend’s reply was, . . . ‘No one can say what may have taken place in his mind, even in the last day or two. I was once drowned, (alluding to his all but fatal accident at Rosstrevor, more than five and thirty years before,) . . .

and I know, by experience, how much thought may be crowded into a single moment.' On my inquiring, whether he distinctly recollects the sensations he experienced while under water, he replied, . . ' There was a great stunning, but I well recollect, that a vast train of thought came, on the moment, into my mind.'

Faith in a superintending Providence was, with him, not, as with too many, a mere speculative belief, but the governing principle of his daily life. As Almighty wisdom and power are equally discernible, in the formation of the minutest plant or flower, as in the creation of a world, so he believed, and lived conformably with the belief, that the superintendence of Providence was no less really and effectually exercised, in ordering the course and concerns of individual life, than in directing the movements of armies, the fate of empires, or the advancement of civilization. But to qualify individuals for reaping the full benefits of this divine superintendence, he believed it to be, in conformity with the uniform teaching of holy Scripture, an indispensable pre-requisite, that they should 'put their trust in God,' and never consciously take themselves out of his hands. To secure this great object, one rule of life, which he always observed himself, and constantly recommended to others, was this, . . to watch the indications of circumstances as they arose, and never, unless where the voice of duty clearly called, to press any undertaking against opposing circumstances ; lest, by so doing, we should cross the course, or take ourselves out of the current, of God's providential dealings. This maxim he daily illustrated by his own practice ; and his invariable experience was, that, sooner or later, he found himself richly overpaid by the resulting benefits.

This spirit of child-like affiance, whenever he was led to look back to preceding years of suffering, dictated, to the close of life, all his reflections. Thus, in February, 1832, he observed to me, in the manner of one thinking aloud, . . . ‘When I think of past, and passing events, I feel not only resigned, but full of gratitude to Providence, for withdrawing me, by illness, from active life, during the last five years. It has saved me so much thankless anxiety, where it would have been impossible to do any good; and I have had great positive enjoyment in my retirement.’ Again, in July, 1833, a few months only before his departure, as we sat together after dinner, at East Hill, the thoughts uppermost in his mind were thus beautifully expressed, in the manner of soliloquy: . . . ‘Well, the more I think of it, the more I am full of wonder and thankfulness at the goodness of Providence to me. My illness, instead of a trial, has been made a source of continual delight and enjoyment. I am placed by it in this delightful situation. While I have the comfort to feel, that it is not my own doing; that all as been done for me. God has taken me into his own hands; and I have only to acquiesce in the Divine will.’ A few evenings after, having rung the bell to go to rest, he said, in a tone that went irresistibly to the heart, . . . ‘It’s a pleasant thing, Mr. Forster, to be brought to the state of *a little child*; to be *put to bed*; to see it coming on: I thank God for it!’ The heavenly expression of his countenance, as he thus gave vent to ‘the abundance of the heart,’ was a living comment upon our Lord’s words, ‘Who-soever shall not receive the kingdom of God *as a little child*, shall in no wise enter therein.’ At an earlier period of his illness, alluding, in conversation with a friend, to his helpless state, and his consequent

dependence upon others, he added, in the same resigned spirit, . . ‘ My illness has been no trial to me. I never loved bodily exercise ; and, while my servants are good enough to think it not a trouble to carry me up and down stairs, I have every cause to be happy and thankful.’ Speaking one evening of *imaginary* trials, he happened to say, . . ‘ I have had my share of trials,’ . . but, instantly correcting himself, added, with earnest emphasis, ‘ God forgive me for saying so ! I have been most graciously dealt with. My trials have been few and slight indeed. I meant only to say, that I had had some ; sufficient to give me experience of what trial is.’

To a spirit like this, no bodily suffering, indeed, could prove a trial. To apply words, which he has himself somewhere used to describe the advanced christian’s frame, ‘ God’s ways had become his ways, and God’s pleasure his pleasure, and suffering itself a source of the purest and most unmixed enjoyment.’ He seldom spoke of his own religious state, and still more seldom of the secret converse of his soul with God : upon these subjects, he thought a sacred delicacy could not be too carefully observed. What passed within, therefore, could generally be gathered, even by his nearest friends, only from indirect intimations. One such intimation may be found in his ‘ Protestant Kempis’ : it is given in a passage from the Life of George Herbert, prefixed by the Bishop, as a motto, to How’s Meditations. I never can forget the emotion experienced, when, on first opening the book, my eye fell unexpectedly upon this quotation, which, though he never once mentioned or alluded to it, I well knew delineated, to the life, his own state of body and of mind : ‘ Sir, I pray, give my brother Farrer an account of the decaying condition of my body,

and tell him, I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me: and let him know, that I have considered, that God only is what he would be ; and that I am, by his grace, become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him : and tell him, that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health : and tell him, my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found : and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience.' *

In June, 1830, he was deeply affected by the death of his friend, the Rev. William Phelan, D.D., and by the destitute condition of the widow, and orphan daughters, of that truly able and excellent man. Nor did he allow his feelings, on this melancholy occasion, to expend themselves in idle sympathy, but applied himself at once, with heart and hand, to meet the exigency of the case. On the same day on which the tidings reached him, he wrote to influential quarters in Dublin, to suggest a subscription for the family, honourably founded on the publication of his departed friend's Remains. Upon his removal to Leamington, this work of mercy became his chief daily occupation : in one day, he wrote no fewer than thirteen letters, with his left hand, in behalf of the proposed subscription ; an exertion which will be better understood, in his state of

* In one of the Bishop's Scrap-books, of the year 1811-12, I find an extract, too beautifully in accordance with the above quotation, and too happily illustrative of the habits of thought, in which he uniformly lived, to be withheld from the reader.

' Dying prayer of John Kettlewell, App. to his Life, No. xxii. Works, Vol. i. xxix.'

" I wait, O God ! for that everlasting rest, which I want at present, but shall not want long. I am ready, when thou, my God, callest me ; yet can stay with patience, till thou pleasest ; for thy time is the best time, and thy pleasure the best pleasure."

health, when I mention, that it took him an hour to write one ordinary letter. He had the happiness to find his exertions crowned with complete success, . . . the subscription eventually raised, amounting to a sum little short of two thousand pounds.

A visit from his brother, and two of his nephews, in September, contributed much to his happiness, at this time. Though no longer able to walk, he continued his practice of being first at the wells; to which he was taken in a bath chair, between six and seven o'clock in the morning, accompanied by his friends, to whom he seemed to communicate his own cheerful spirit. Immediately after their departure from Leamington, he entered vigorously upon the task of editing Dr. Phelan's works, in fulfilment of his engagement to the subscribers. This interesting employment occupied, during the ensuing winter, whatever time was left disposable amidst repeated returns of illness and languor, which more than once raised just apprehensions of a failure in the constitution *: after a struggle, however, it again rallied: and, on his return to Wandsworth, in April, 1831, he prosecuted, and even enlarged his editorial labours, by publishing, under the title of 'Pastoral Instructions,' a selection from his own former publications, designed especially as a token of affectionate remembrance for the clergy of his diocese.†

* At this trying period, October, 1830, it pleased God that I should be bereaved of my surviving parent, . . . the best of fathers; who, 'in a good old age,' and in the maturity of every christian grace, was now gently summoned hence. In this, as in my former great trial, in September, 1827, (when my mother died, like him, 'the death of the righteous,') the Bishop seemed to forget his own state and sufferings, in his sympathy with his friend. He who, under his manifold afflictions of body, seemed to stand most in need of comfort, now showed himself the truest, and most effectual of comforters.

† He thus expresses himself, in a passage prefixed to this volume: . . . 'Withdrawn, at least for a season, by the visitation of Divine Providence, from the im-

It was while thus engaged, in the only way now left open to him, in his Master's service, that it pleased divine Providence to prepare him, by one of the heaviest bereavements which his affectionate heart could sustain, for his own appointed change. This new affliction was, the death of ALEXANDER KNOX. On Friday morning, June 17., his great and good friend was taken to his reward : his life had been a bright pattern of Christian excellence ; his conversation, one perennial flow of evangelic wisdom and goodness ; and he was blest accordingly at the last, for his end was peace. The letter announcing Mr. Knox's death, by the considerate kindness of a common friend *, had been addressed to me, in order that the Bishop, in his broken state, might be spared too direct a shock. It found me labouring under severe illness. As the only way of breaking gently to him our great loss, I sent to request a visit from the Bishop. He was carried, accordingly, to my room. After a few words of general conversation, he inquired from whom I had heard, and thus gave the desired opportunity. I had often seen him under affliction, but never before saw him similarly affected. It was his nature to be stunned, rather than melted, by grief ; but, under this blow, his heart found irrepressible vent in tears : at other times he has wept,

mediate performance of episcopal duties, the author has long desired to give some proof, that, though absent in person, he was, in spirit and affection, still present with his flock. To this desire, the following selection owes its origin. His first intention was merely to print a private edition for the use of his own diocese, but, in compliance with the suggestion of his publisher, the impression has been somewhat extended. . . J. L.

* East Hill, Wandsworth, April 18. 1831.'

* The Rev. Charles Dickinson, now rector of St. Anne's, Dublin, . . the friend of *Charles Wolfe* ; who will, I trust, forgive this public acknowledgment of his kindness.

but not, as now, day after day. Yet amidst his sorrow, the characteristic kindness, which always led him to think for others, did not fail him. His first words, on learning the tidings, were an expression of regret, that he had not himself broken the seal, and spared me the trial of a sudden shock, in my then weak state. Leaving the room for a short time, he returned with a volume, containing the handwriting of Mr. Knox. He had gone, it appeared, to write my name in it, as a memorial of the friendship of the three ; and as he gave it, he burst into tears.

A circumstance, which occurred shortly after, may be given here, as one instance, among many, of his way of doing benevolent actions. A case of great distress had been brought before me, that of a person with whom my family had been well acquainted in early life, and which required for its relief the immediate advance of $50l.$, which it was proposed to raise by subscription. The Bishop, seeing that I was shocked by the intelligence which I had received, desired to know what it was. The moment he had read the letter, he took a sheet of paper, wrote at the top a draft on his Dublin banker, for the amount in full, and, handing me the paper, said, ‘ You can write your answer to the poor widow’s application underneath.’

Although, through life, so great a lover and purchaser of books, he never, it is worthy of remark, bought in the spirit of a collector. His purchases were made for use. And, in making them, accordingly, he was equally on his guard against the indulgence of curiosity or ostentation. If, in any instance, he seemed to relax his rule, the exception, it would be found, was made in kindness to a deserving bookseller or artist, or out of benevolence to some less

favoured votary of learning. On one occasion, for example, hearing a friend express his regret, that a copy of a voluminous system of divinity (being one of fourteen only, printed by the author himself, a venerable clergyman of Devonshire then recently deceased, . . . the labour of many years, . . . and of which his friend had the disposal, for the benefit of the family) had been declined by book collectors of the highest rank and wealth, on account of the price asked, which was 50*l.*, the Bishop immediately said, that the question was one, not of bibliomanicism, but of charity, and that he would take the book. On another occasion, being much struck and interested by Mr. Allan Cunningham's account of BLAKE, in his 'Lives of the British Painters,' he expressed his feeling by remitting 20*l.* to a friend, with a commission to purchase drawings, by that eminent artist and excellent man, to this amount, for the relief of his destitute and deserving widow.

Upon the question of combined literary efforts, for the support and advancement of religion, he was less sanguine than many of his friends. The conversation turning one day, about this time, upon the failure of a theological journal; and a friend having spoken of the failure, as, at least, harmless: . . . 'No,' replied the Bishop, 'it was not harmless. There never yet was an *unsuccessful* effort made, that did not do harm; and in many ways, though often unperceived.'

The winter of 1831, he passed at Leamington. And, although suffering so much from illness, as to be unable, for many weeks together, to venture into the air, he composed, during this time of severe bodily trial, the last, and perhaps the most interesting of his smaller works, . . . a Biographical Memoir of the Rev. William Phelan, D. D. The materials had been

furnished by Dr. Phelan's widow, and three of his most intimate friends. Their rich and various contributions, falling into a hand like his, have been blended together in a memoir, which will bear comparison with any biographical sketch in the English language ; and which, though in a different style, may be pronounced worthy to stand beside his own favourite model, Archdeacon Churton's* Life of the venerable Townson.

Biography had always been Bishop Jebb's favourite study ; and he thought instruction conveyed through this channel, the kind of instruction most likely to do good. Accordingly, he had no sooner completed the publication of Dr. Phelan's Life and Remains, than he turned his thoughts to the re-publication, with prefatory treatises and notes, of a biographical work, the fit companion of Walton's Lives, and Dr. Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography, . . Bishop Burnet's Lives of Sir Matthew Hale, and of John, Earl of Rochester, together with Characters selected from his History of his own Times, his Funeral Sermon on the Hon. Robert Boyle, and the Conclusion of his Address to Posterity.

To this design, which he had contemplated for some years, he seriously addressed himself, upon his

* The name of Archdeacon Churton, is gratefully associated in my mind, with that of a venerated nobleman, the Viscount Sidmouth ; between whom and the Biographer of Townson, a friendship, uninterrupted by ‘the cares of state,’ had subsisted from their Oxford days ; and from whom, ‘fond to forget the statesman in the friend,’ the Bishop, both in London and during his residence in the neighbourhood of Richmond Park, experienced the most constant, and the kindest attentions. I trust I shall be forgiven for the liberty taken, in making this acknowledgment. I could not suppress it, without injustice to the feelings of my friend ; who deeply partook the national respect for a nobleman, whose every act, in public and private life, has been a comment on his character, as drawn by Mr. Southey, in his history of the Peninsular war, . . ‘a man who never, in a single instance, allowed either personal or party feeling to prevail over his natural integrity.’

return to Wandsworth, in the spring of 1832. The following is his published account of the undertaking:... ‘This impression of Burnet’s Lives, has been formed on the basis of an edition, published in Ireland, in the year 1803, and since frequently reprinted there, under the direction of the Association for Discountenancing Vice, &c. To the first and second Dublin editions, and to all subsequent ones, two prefaces were given, by the late Alexander Knox, Esq. : and, several years ago, the present writer, asked, and obtained permission, from Mr. Knox, to republish in London, the Lives, &c., accompanied by those prefaces. Circumstances inevitably postponed the fulfilment of this purpose ; but they only postponed it. And the editor has, now, the melancholy gratification, of presenting that, as a tribute to the memory of his friend, in which, he once fondly hoped, that friend might have afforded counsel by his judgment, and, perhaps, encouragement by his approbation.’

To Mr. Knox’s two prefaces, he prefixed an introduction, containing the since well-known letter, by that friend, on *Christian preaching* ; and illustrated the volume by his own notes and reflections : ‘the latter,’ observes his reviewer in the British Critic, ‘affording channels, through which issue forth the overflowings of a capacious mind, richly stored with the most choice and varied reading ; Παῦρα μὲν ἀλλὰ μάλα λίγεως.’

The work was published in 1833, in 8vo., and with so favourable a reception, that, before the close of the year, it was judged advisable by his publisher to reprint it in 12mo.

Burnet’s Lives had scarcely appeared, when he

received a testimony as gratifying, as it was unexpected, to his previous labours.

‘ New York, U. S. A., Feb. 27. 1833.

‘ MY LORD,

‘ AT the request of the standing Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Press, I forward a copy of your Lordship’s late compilation, ‘The Protestant Kempis,’ with the humble request of the Committee that your Lordship would be pleased to accept of the same, as a slight testimonial of the estimation, in which your Lordship’s character and eminent services to the Church of Christ, of which you are a pillar and an ornament, are held, in the transatlantic branch of that Church; and, in particular, of gratitude for the highly acceptable and useful addition to the devotional treasures of the English language, which they rejoice to have been instrumental in circulating in a ‘ New World.’

‘ In behalf of the Committee,

‘ W. R. WHITTINGHAM,

‘ Editor.

‘ Bishop Jebb will excuse the overflowings of a grateful heart, if one who, for years, has loved and admired him in his writings, cannot close an official communication, without appending *some* expression of the ardent admiration which he entertains; and giving his feeble testimony to the sense which is here, as every where, where sound learning and true devotion are known and valued, most deeply felt, and freely expressed, concerning the author of ‘ Practical Sermons,’ ‘ Sacred Literature,’ and ‘ Practical Theology.’

‘ W. R. WHITTINGHAM.’

The spirit in which the Bishop received this truly catholic testimony, happily is preserved in a blank leaf of his copy of the American edition of ‘Piety without Asceticism.’

‘A copy of this American impression was sent to me, with a very courteous address, by the promoters and directors of the Protestant Episcopal Press, New York. The address, forwarded by post, duly came to hand; the volume, entrusted to some other mode of conveyance, never reached me. Fortunately, however, I had procured it through my bookseller; and I wish it to be preserved, as a memorial of the communion, and mutual good offices, which ought to subsist, between kindred branches of the Church of Christ.

‘JOHN LIMERICK.

‘July 11. 1833.’

In July, he received a second communication from Mr. Whittingham, announcing an American edition of his ‘Burnet’s Lives,’ as already in the press. Besides this impression of the book itself, the Bishop’s Introduction, containing Mr. Knox’s letter on what Christian preaching ought to be, was printed this year, at the Protestant Episcopal Press, for general circulation among the clergy.

The publications thus highly appreciated abroad, were not less usefully influential at home. Many private testimonies to the quiet good thus diffused, reached the editor from time to time, and encouraged him to similar labours. I shall confine myself to mentioning one such testimony, communicated to myself: a gentleman who had recently become known to the Bishop, asked me one day to let him look into a copy of the Protestant Kempis. He opened the

volume at p. 269., and pointing to a note at the foot of the page, he observed, ‘that he knew a family, which had been led to study the works of Bishop Taylor (whom previously they had known only by name), by that single note of Bishop Jebb.’ His quotation made so deep an impression, that the family in question procured Taylor’s works, on the strength of it ; and had since become intimately conversant with his writings. The anecdote is a proof of the service which may be rendered, in a line or two, where taste and judgment are directed to the promotion of good. This one quotation was, probably, more effective, than the most laboured panegyric.

In August he undertook a journey to Lancashire, to visit his friend the Rev. J. J. Hornby, at Winwick. The effort proved more than his strength was now equal to, and he was much indisposed during his stay. On his return, he spent a few days, at Milton Bryan, with the Dowager Lady Inglis, widow of the late Sir Hugh Inglis, Bart. ; whose simplicity of character, and warmth of heart, justly endeared her to her family and friends, and to him were peculiarly congenial, springing as they did from the highest influences of christianity.

Upon the publication of Burnet’s Lives, he received a seal to his editorial labours, beyond all other earthly testimony grateful to his feelings, as a bishop of the church, in two affectionate Addresses, from the dean and clergy of Limerick, and from the clergy of Ardfert, the former in March, the latter in April, 1833. These Addresses, with the Bishop’s answers, throw a grateful light upon the closing scene of life.

‘To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Limerick.

‘Limerick, March 25. 1833.

‘IN acknowledging the receipt of a publication of ‘Burnet’s Lives,’ enriched with so much new and valuable matter, edited by your Lordship, chiefly for the use of the clergy of your diocese, and munificently distributed among them, we would express our sincere and heartfelt thanks, for this *second* proof of your affectionate remembrance; and would also beg to assure your Lordship, that we duly appreciate the singleness of purpose, which induces you to occupy the season, during which you have been withdrawn, by the visitation of divine Providence, from the immediate performance of your episcopal duties, . . in preparing instruction and advice for the clergy, and, through them, in providing a constant supply of spiritual food for the people entrusted to their care.

‘Earnestly praying, that it may please the Great Shepherd to renew your strength, and to continue, for a long period, to this portion of his flock, the blessing of your superintendence,

‘We beg to remain,

‘Your Lordship’s most faithful servants

‘in Christ Jesus,

ARTHUR PRESTON (Dean
of Limerick).

WM. W. MAUNSELL.

JOHN CROKER.

JOHN FITZGERALD.

J. DUDDELL.

JAMES ELLARD.

EDWARD HERBERT.

EDWARD CROKER.

SAMUEL JONES.

THOMAS CROKER.

WILLIAM LEWIS.

ROBERT CROKER.

THOS. WESTROPP, jun.

JOHN COUSINS.

HENRY H. ROSE.

GODFREY MASSEY.

THOS. G. WILLIS.

JOSEPH GABBETT.

CHAS. WARBURTON.

P. SMITH.

JOS. GABBETT.

JOSEPH JONES.
 SAMUEL B. LEONARD.
 JAMES BENNETT.
 E. HERBERT.
 DAWSON MASSY.
 RICHARD MOORE.
 RICHARD MAUNSELL.

THOMAS WILLIS.
 THOMAS GIBBINGS.
 WILLIAM MAUNSELL.
 JAMES ELLARD, jun.
 HENRY GUBBINS.
 THOMAS MAUNSELL.'

The Bishop's Answer.

‘ East Hill, Wandsworth, June 6. 1833.

‘ MY DEAR DEAN,

‘ AT first, a trifling, but rather incapacitating illness, and afterwards, a press of business, that could not well wait, caused an apparently scandalous neglect of mine, in not replying sooner to your kind letter, enclosing an affecting Address from the clergy of the diocese of Limerick. This, I am sure, your kindness will excuse, and I would ask of you the additional favour, to express my deep sense of obligation to them, not only for their language, and truly christian wishes, on this occasion, but for the feelings which they have repeatedly evinced towards me, during the space of more than ten years. That I am providentially withheld from the performance of active duty among them, would be a source of permanent regret, were I not satisfied that the visitation proceeds from ONE who careth for us; and, while I have ability, I shall never cease to employ my pen (the only means now left me), in promoting, to the best of my power, their everlasting interests. Meantime, it is a great consolation to my inmost spirit, that, in times of almost unprecedented difficulty, their conduct, wherever it is known, proves that they are faithful servants of a Divine Master.

‘ Believe me, my dear Dean, with sincerest respect and esteem,

‘ Your friend, and brother in Christ,

‘ JOHN LIMERICK.

‘ The Very Rev. the Dean of Limerick.’

‘ *To the Lord Bishop of Limerick.*

‘ Tralee, April 10. 1833.

‘ MY LORD,

‘ WE, the undersigned clergy of your diocese of Ardfert and Aghadoe, request your Lordship to accept our assurances of regret, at the precarious state of health, which deprives us of the benefit and pleasure of your residence amongst us.

‘ While expressing our sincere wishes for your Lordship’s complete restoration to health, and personal superintendence of your diocese, we beg to acknowledge, with much gratitude, the theological works, which your Lordship has honoured your clergy by offering for their acceptance. We prize them, not only for their intrinsic value, but also as proofs, that, though absent in person, you are in spirit and affection still present with us; and that distance does not diminish your anxiety that our souls may prosper, in all things pertaining to the christian character and ministry.

‘ With every sentiment of respect,

‘ We beg to subscribe ourselves,

‘ Your Lordship’s obliged and obedient servants,

R. CONWAY HURLY.

HENRY DENNY.

ANTHONY DENNY.

GEORGE HICKSON.

A. B. ROWAN.

JAMES ALTON.

A. MACKINTOSH.

R. L. TYNER.

JOHN G. DAY.

GEORGE G. GUBBINS.

JOHN KERIN.

THOMAS GOODMAN.

JOHN GOODMAN.
 WILLIAM CURTIS.
 RICHARD F. SWINDLE.
 EDWARD DAY.
 EDWARD M. DENNY.
 WILLIAM GODFREY.
 CHARLES P. THOMAS.
 BASTABLE HERBERT.
 SAMUEL MATTHEWS.

JAMES P. CHUTE.
 BARRY DENNY.
 FRANCIS A. CHUTE.
 JOHN R. FITZGERALD.
 JOHN MURPHY.
 EDWIN THOMAS.
 ARTHUR HERBERT.
 RICHARD PLUMMER.
 EDWARD NASHE.'

The Bishop's Answer.

' East Hill, Wandsworth, June 5. 1833.

' MY DEAR SIR,

' AT the time of receiving your kind letter, enclosing an affectionate Address from the clergy of the diocese of Ardfert, I was prevented, by temporary indisposition, from answering, as I much wished ; and, since, some indispensable avocations have deprived me of the necessary leisure.

' I do not pay my friends so ill a compliment as formally to answer, what never was formally meant, . . . their Address manifestly came from the heart ; and I pray that its good and christian wishes, may return an hundred fold into their own bosoms. As opportunity offers, I know you will have pleasure in conveying to them individually, my sense of what they have in common so feelingly expressed.

' Believe me, my dear Mr. Hurly,

' Your obliged and affectionate brother in Christ,

' JOHN LIMERICK.

' Rev. R. Conway Hurly, Tralee.'

The shock which the Bishop experienced, on the announcement, in the House of Commons, by Viscount Althorp, of the ministerial measure for the

improvement of the Protestant church in Ireland, by the extinction of nearly one half of her ancient Bishoprics, was most severe. The first movement of his mind, however, on recovering himself under this blow, instead of indulging in fruitless repinings, or impatient complaints, was to pronounce a solemn benediction upon the church of England. ‘Well,’ he exclaimed, ‘whether we stand, or fall, and whether she be, or be not, ready to befriend us, I now say, and would repeat it with my latest breath, (lifting upwards, as he spoke, his only available hand,) may God bless the church of England! She has been the brightest and most glorious light, that has arisen in the christian world, since the apostolic times. By the principles which she has maintained, and by the many burning and shining lights to whom she has given birth, she has done more for the advancement of christianity, than any church or communion under heaven, since the days of the apostles: and what I said before, I now say again, and would desire to repeat it with my dying breath, . . . whether the church in Ireland is to stand or fall, may God bless and prosper the church of England!’

In October, 1832, he enjoyed a visit from his brother, accompanied by his eldest son. At this time, though weak and low in health, he voluntarily undertook to sit for a full length portrait, as a memorial of his friendship for me. The likeness, that prefixed to the life, was taken by George Richmond, Esq.; but, during the sittings, the Bishop’s indisposition increased so much, that he was obliged to suspend them, and leave the picture unfinished. He never after, in the short remainder of life, was equal or fit to resume them. Happily, however, the likeness was already secured.

An attack of jaundice, the precursor, it afterwards proved, of his release, was now coming on ; as the winter advanced, the disorder increased to an alarming degree ; and at Christmas it had reached its height : the remaining strength of his constitution, however, directed by medical skill *, proved once more equal to the conflict.

His ever-active spirit anticipating his returning strength, early in 1833, he projected a more extended and original publication : a biographical work, to be entitled ‘Select Worthies of the Anglican Church.’ The design, if completed, he thought would extend to six 12mo. volumes ; and was meant to include the lives of forty-two eminent men, as well lay as ecclesiastic, belonging to these countries. He began with the Life of Sir Henry Savile ; and having completed it so far as his scanty materials allowed, he printed a few specimens ; one of which he submitted to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a second he presented to his friend the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie, with a view to obtaining a judgment upon his project, on which he could rely ; and, in the event of a favourable judgment, to procuring access to any original materials possibly existing, in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, and in that of Merton College, Oxford. The encouragement which his plan received from the highest quarter, animated him to increased exertion ; and he even contemplated, broken in health as he now was, a visit to the library of Eton College. But he soon felt that his spirit had outlived his strength ; and that the failing

* During the period of his residence at East Hill, he was fortunate in the medical care, and watchful attention, of Thomas Chapman, Esq. of Wandsworth ; whose skilful treatment at this crisis, under Providence, contributed to prolong my friend’s life.

body was unequal to the task, in which the salient mind would have delighted.

One day, accordingly, in the autumn of 1833, looking placidly over his *last* original fragment, he told me that he felt the undertaking to be beyond his strength ; and that it was the part of wisdom to lay it down. I never shall forget his look, as he relinquished his last effort for the church of Christ, at the will of his heavenly Father : it was a look so calm, so pure, so full of thankful resignation, as to bespeak a heart which had forgotten the pains of earth, in the anticipated joys of heaven. Of those unfading joys, he is now for ever a partaker : but my thoughts never return to that look and moment, without their recalling the requiem of Bishop Doane, upon the departure of a kindred spirit to his : . .

‘ The wise old man is gone !
 His honoured head lies low,
 And his thoughts of power are done,
 And his voice’s manly flow ;
 And the pen that for truth, like a sword was drawn,
 Is still and soulless now.

‘ The brave old man is gone !
With his armour on he fell ;
 Nor a groan, nor a sigh was drawn,
 When his spirit fled, to tell :
 For mortal sufferings, keen and long,
 Had no power his heart to quell.

‘ The good old man is gone !
 He has gone to his saintly rest,
 Where no sorrow can be known,
 And no trouble can molest :
 For his crown of life is won,
 And the dead in the Lord are blest ! ’

Next only to his own progress in the christian life, the subject which, during the last year of his pilgrimage, manifestly most occupied Bishop Jebb's thoughts and heart, was, the progress of reformed Episcopal Christianity in the New World. Upon this point, he has himself expressed his sentiments, in his edition of Burnet's Lives : and I know I am doing what he would have had me do, in letting those sentiments stand on record in this place, as those nearest to him at the last. . . Mr. Knox, in his second preface to Burnet, had stated, that the happy combination, in the public worship of God, of the reasonable with the attractive, so far as it yet exists, exists in the English church alone. Upon this statement, the Bishop, in a note, observes as follows : . . . 'The late excellent editor, had he, at the time, been equally aware of their soundness and importance, as in his latter days, he certainly was, would, undoubtedly, have made honourable mention, of the Scotch and American episcopal churches. Let it, however, be recollectcd, that nearly thirty years have now elapsed, since the original publication of this preface ; and that, within the last ten years especially, primitive christianity has been advancing with unwonted vigour, at the other side of the Atlantic.'

'Certainly, a church which daily recalls the still verdant memory of such names as Dehon and Hobart, and which yet rejoices in the patriarchal energy of White, and the manly vigour of the Onderdonks, has no reason to be despondent of a future. The latest publication which has reached us from 'the American strand,' affords, perhaps, a brighter prospect of sound, uncompromising church principles, than any with which we have been lately gratified. I am sure, that I shall not only be excused, but thanked,

for producing from it, the following extract: . . . ‘ Of Philippi,’ (a church and city, of which the text naturally induced the mention,) ‘ I know not whether a vestige now remains. Macedonia, the province, then, of Rome, has passed from hand to hand, and been, by turns, the battle-ground of tyrants, and the skulking-place of slaves, till the bare name alone is left. And even the Roman empire, then shadowing over, in her high and palmy state, the subject world, has shed long her branching honours, and bowed down her towering trunk, and perished from the root. While here, to-day, in a new world, of which no poet then had dreamed, after the lapse of seventeen ages, and at the distance of five thousand miles, . . . the gospel, which Paul preached, is proclaimed; the sacraments, which Paul transmitted, are administered; and a council of the church, with their Epaphroditus at their head, is assembled, in the name of God, and in his service, in precisely the same orders, laymen, deacons, presbyters, which Paul addressed at Philippi.

‘ Let there a man rise up now, that can give, on human principles, a satisfactory solution of this strange exemption from human change and dissolution! Let there a christian man come forward, and, in the sight of God, declare his clear conviction, that this thing could be so, but by the special and immediate interposition of the Providence of God, . . . the same divine assurance that has kept the Gospel from extinction, or corruption, also preserving the ministry, and the sacraments of the church of Christ, in their original character and form! The Gospel is but a book: . . . and yet, while the writings of the most distinguished authors, contemporary with its composition, have perished wholly, or remain in few

and scattered fragments, . . its sacred contents are still held by us, entire and unimpaired. The sacraments of baptism, and the Lord's supper, are, outwardly, but ceremonies : . . and yet, while all the gorgeous rites, and glittering apparatus, of the false religions, with the pomp, and pageantry, and splendour, of kingdoms and empires that controlled the world, have vanished like the clouds at sunset, these simple offices, . . the sprinkling of the infant's brow, with the pure water of the baptismal font ; the meek, unostentatious banquet of the bread and wine, which the Lord once broke, and blessed, and commanded to be received, . . still hold their place, in every land where Jesus is proclaimed ; are still received by countless millions as pledges of their salvation, and emblems of the love that bought it. The distinction of the ministry into three orders, with the exclusive power of self-perpetuation in the highest, if it be not ordained of God, is but the arrangement of human skill, or the device of human ambition ; . . and yet, while all the governments on earth have changed in form, once and again, within the Christian era ; while revolution has succeeded revolution, and emperors, consuls, kings, dictators, . . come like shadows, have so departed, . . the arrangement which we claim as apostolical, the arrangements which we find in the Philip-pian church, is still, under all forms of civil government, preserved ; has never, in the tract of ages, suffered interruption ; against all adverse circumstances, . . pride, prejudice, poverty, indifference, treachery, . . is still maintained, by more than nineteen twentieths of all that bear the Christian name ; and by none who do maintain it, into whatever other corruption they may have fallen, (I mention it as an incontestible fact, and full of matter for deep contemplation,) have the great

doctrines of the gospel, the proper divinity of Jesus Christ, and the atonement for all sin by his blood, ever been denied.''* *

In the autumn of 1833, the Bishop had the happiness of receiving a letter from Bishop Doane, announcing the American re-publication of his Burnet's Lives; expressing his strong sense of the profit, which, for many years, he had derived from his writings; and warmly responding to his spirit of catholic fellowship, towards the American episcopal church. This communication was accompanied and followed by gifts of Bishop Doane's occasional publications, and of reprints from the Protestant Episcopal Press of New York; tokens of brotherly affection which he so prized, that he placed, and kept them by his side, on one of the small tables, which held the few chosen books, for his daily use or reference; and the last of which (as though intended for his burial, entitled, 'THE DEAD WHO DIE NO MORE,') reached East Hill only the day after, . . . to apply his own words, at the close of his Memoir of William Phelan, . . . 'he was gone, we may unpresumptuously hope, through the merits and mediation of a Divine Redeemer, to that state, where the aspirings of a purified spirit shall be no longer weighed down, by the pressure of a mortal body.'

Before we reach the close, however, some things still remain.

During his residence in the neighbourhood of London, he had gradually formed a large addition to his library; and finding that his editorial under-

* 'THE GOSPEL, IN THE CHURCH: . . . a Sermon, delivered at the Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Massachusetts; Wednesday, June 20. 1832, by George Washington Doane, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston' (now Bishop of New Jersey). . . *Burnet's Lives, Bishop Jebb's edition, 8vo. pp. lix. . . lxi.*; 12mo. pp. liv. . . lvi.

takings required a much wider range of reading, than this supplementary stock of books afforded, he, in the summer of this year, had brought over the bulk of his collection from Ireland ; the united collections forming a library of about nine thousand volumes, chiefly theological, and all chosen for use and service, in which the folios bore a very unusual proportion to the other sizes. To put this apparatus into perfect order, a skilful binder and repairer of books was brought to the house ; and the opportunities thus presented, at once of reviewing his old and chosen companions, and of superintending this process, afforded him cheering recreation. So that, feeble as he had become in body, he yet (such was the goodness of Providence to him to the end) more truly enjoyed the last six months of life, than any period since his great affliction. The brightness of his countenance, and the serenity of his happy spirit, might almost have led those who most loved him, into forgetfulness of the decay of the outward tabernacle. Yet, at the time of which we speak, his strength was nearly at the lowest ebb : he could not attempt to move, nor could he even stand, unsupported.

At this period, it pleased God to grant him two special intimations, which, after the example of the great apostle of the Gentiles, he did not fail to apply, and to improve, ‘That the time of his departure was at hand.’ These gentle warnings were, the deaths of two of his most revered friends, Mr. Wilberforce, and Mrs. Hannah More : the former, on monday, July 27., the latter, on saturday, September 7. 1833.

His estimate of Hannah More, and the strength of their friendship, need not be dwelt on here : they are preserved, both in his correspondence with Mr. Knox,

and in his letters to other friends ; while the regard which that ornament of her sex and of christianity entertained for him, is recorded in her Life.

Mr. Wilberforce he regarded, if possible, with still deeper veneration. Nor have I ever known him to experience higher enjoyment, than when, in the winter of 1829, he passed some days at High-wood Hill, Middlesex, under the roof, and in the free converse, of that illustrious friend and benefactor of his kind.* But, while always aware of his feelings towards him, it was not until death had separated between them, that I fully understood the nature and amount of the Bishop's obligation : then it was, that, for the first and only time, he mentioned to me, that to Mr. Wilberforce, and the perusal of his *View of Christianity*, he owed his *first* personal impressions of ex-

* Their names have been very happily united, in the dedication prefixed to
 ‘ Two Discourses, occasioned by the Death of W. Wilberforce, Esq., and
 preached in Camden chapel, St. Pancras, in August, 1833. By the Rev. A. C. L.
 D'Arblay, M. A., Fellow of Christ College, Cambridge.’

‘ To the

‘ Right Reverend John Jebb, D. D.
 ‘ Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe.

‘ My Lord,

‘ To one of the purest and best of departed spirits, I have here paid the last tribute of respect. To one of the purest and best of those that yet remain, I beg to dedicate these pages. May I hope that you will graciously accept this very imperfect token of reverence for your public character, and gratitude for your private friendship ?

‘ That your Lordship may long continue to adorn the CHURCH OF CHRIST by your example, and ‘ SACRED LITERATURE’ by your talents, is the fervent prayer of,

‘ My Lord,

‘ Your Lordship’s most devoted servant,
 ‘ A. D’ARBLAY.’

It was in Camden Chapel, in 1828, that the Bishop first formed the acquaintance of Mr. D'Arblay. Soon after, he enjoyed the privilege of becoming known to his mother, Madame D'Arblay, the last surviving friend of Johnson. This friendship may justly be numbered among the blessings, with which the goodness of Providence cheered the last few years of his earthly pilgrimage.

perimental religion. The copy of that work which, amidst its countless triumphs, produced this happy result, is in my possession.

It was my privilege to follow the mortal remains of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE to Westminster Abbey : that day the Bishop was on his bed, much, though not alarmingly, indisposed : on my return from the Abbey, I went to his room, in the dress which I had worn at the funeral. He looked thoughtfully, and then calmly said, . . ‘ Lay that scarf and hatband carefully by ; they will serve you *for another occasion* : ’ I but too well understood him, and he was religiously obeyed.

Notwithstanding, however, this, and other occasional appearances of *presentiment*, his cheerfulness of spirit, and activity of mind, continued unabated ; and, in conformity with his rule of life, ‘ always to look on the bright side of things,’ he more usually spoke, as if he thought better of himself. *

In August, his brother, always ready to forego, what few equally enjoyed, . . his family and home, at the call of friendship and fraternal affection, . . once more came over from Ireland, accompanied by his eldest son : my brother, also, . . one of his oldest and fastest friends, who had not seen him from the day of his departure from Limerick ; where, during more than six years, he had conducted, as Vicar General and Commissary, the affairs of the united dioceses, and maintained, in conjunction with the Bishop’s

* ‘ I cannot omit to mention, that I never knew any man, who was less disposed to querulousness than Johnson. Whether the subject was his own situation, or the state of human nature in general, though he saw the evils, his mind was turned to resolution, and never to whining or complaint.’ . . *Boswell’s Life*, ii. p. 342.

Having had occasion so often to point out characteristic resemblances between Dr. Johnson and Bp. Jebb, I may be allowed to notice here, as not a little remarkable, that they were born in the same month, September ; died in the same month, December ; and at the same hour of the evening, seven o’clock.

nephew, the Rev. John Jebb, the strictness of the examinations for holy orders, . . now had the great happiness of visiting him at Wandsworth. During my unavoidable absence in September, when he experienced a severe relapse of jaundice, I had the comfort to know, that he was in the care of those friends, who had often affectionately ministered to him in sickness ; and that my brother, who had attended him through his most trying sufferings, both at Abington and in Limerick, was of the number.

Returned to East Hill, September 21., I found him, through the skilful treatment of Mr. Chapman, so far recovered, as to have left his room ; though showing too evidently, by his appearance, the trial through which his constitution had just passed. But, while thus low in health and strength, his countenance and conversation equally expressed his inward thankfulness and satisfaction, amidst the friends by whom he was now surrounded, under circumstances, the prospect of which had made this year, which was to prove his last, prove to him also, as he himself described it, ‘the crowning blessing of a happy life.’

Archdeacon Forster’s society, at this time, had been doubly satisfactory to him ; as it enabled him to confer with his official, more fully than by letter, upon the affairs of his diocese. The result of his inquiries was in itself a restorative ; the report of the state of both dioceses, and of the spirit which animated his clergy, being such, as to prove, that, though absent in body, his governing and directing mind still effectually presided over them.*

* The sentiments of the clergy of the united dioceses, upon the conduct of his delegated trust, were, in January, 1834, affectionately conveyed to Dr. Forster, in addresses equally honourable to the givers and the receiver. Did delicacy permit, my nearness to the individual thus honoured, must prevent me from further reference to these documents. The same reason, however, does not apply

It struck me at the time, that, at parting from his brother now, the Bishop showed an emotion, different

to Dr. Forster's answers; and as these bear a testimony to his episcopal rule, which belongs to the Life of Bishop Jebb, they are accordingly inserted here.

‘ To the Very Reverend the Dean, and the Reverend the Clergy, of the Diocese of Limerick.

‘ My dear Reverend Brethren,

‘ The unexpected testimony you have so kindly given, of your approval of the manner in which I fulfilled the trust confided to me, by the Right Reverend Prelate, who lately presided over this diocese (a testimony of which I feel myself but too undeserving), leaves me wholly at a loss for language to express, as I deeply feel, my grateful sense of the honour conferred.

‘ I cannot, in words, thank you as I could wish; but this much I can say, that I thank you in my heart; and that my fervent prayers shall never cease to be offered, at the throne of grace, for the clergy of the diocese of Limerick.

‘ One blessed consolation you have given me; . . . you have led me to indulge the delightful thought, that, during my delegated superintendence, I have not not brought discredit upon the choice of my late honoured and beloved diocesan. . . May the blessing of his and our great Lord and Master, be your consolation here, and your portion for ever!

‘ I have the honour to be,

‘ My dear Reverend Brethren,

‘ Your most grateful and truly devoted servant,

‘ JAMES W. FORSTER.’

‘ To the Very Reverend the Dean, and the Reverend the Clergy, of the Dioceses of Ardfert and Aghadoe.

‘ My dear Reverend Brethren,

‘ I feel, in the sincerity of my heart, that I deserve but too poorly the testimony of approval, which you have borne to my superintendence of the united dioceses, during the illness of our late lamented Bishop; at the same time, I treasure up this proof of your regard, in a depth of feeling to which no language can give due utterance.

‘ The Address with which you have honoured me, has afforded, in every way, a source, to me, of inexpressible delight. In my person, you have honoured the memory of our departed Father in the Lord. *By his constant direction I ever acted; his was, on every occasion, the superintending mind; and in his spirit I endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to discharge the functions which he confided to my care.*

‘ My heart's desire for the clergy of Ardfert and Aghadoe is, and shall ever be, that they may so promote the interests of our blessed Master's kingdom upon earth, as to be ‘ priests of God and of Christ,’ in his kingdom in heaven. In which fervent wish, I have the honour to be,

‘ My dear Reverend Brethren,

‘ Your truly grateful and attached

‘ Servant in Christ,

‘ JAMES W. FORSTER.’

from what I had perceived at any former separation : he was evidently very low ; and, what was rather unusual with him, expressed to me, just after the Judge's departure, a feeling of regret, that they had not been alone for the last few minutes. They never met again in this world.*

Shortly after, he had the unexpected happiness of receiving a friend from Ireland, whom he had not seen for many years : Mrs. Beatty, a near connection of Bishop Young, by whom he had been ordained deacon. From her family he had experienced, throughout his college life, the greatest and most constant kindness ; and, though the opportunities of intercourse afterwards were necessarily less frequent, their friendship continued unabated to the last. To this friendship, the reader stands indebted for one of the earliest, and most interesting portions of the second volume ; Mrs. Beatty having been one of his first and most regular correspondents.

Greatly as she enjoyed the sight of her old friend, she was deeply affected by the state in which she found him : from me, indeed, she kindly concealed her impression ; but, to another friend, she expressed the conviction, that she should never see him more. During her visit of two days, the Bishop kept up with difficulty, and was unequal to continuous con-

* I have already noticed the fulness of Judge Jebb's faith in a special Providence. Let me not, in a day when this truth is assailed by those who ought to be its defenders, lose my last opportunity of impressing it upon others, by the authority of an example like his. The following is an extract from his private journal : . .

' Oct. 3. 1833. . . My horse fell with me to-day, but providentially I escaped quite unhurt ; I say providentially, for I firmly believe in a particular Providence, and I am most thankful for the many, many gracious interpositions of Almighty Goodness. May they produce good effects upon my conduct ; above all, a cheerful acquiescence in all the dispensations of Divine Wisdom.'

versation. Still their meeting was cheering and gratifying to him in a high degree.

While thus low in body, his mind was still itself; and ever seeking food, for the good of others and for its own. We were in the habit, after family prayers, of reading the psalms for the day: he immediately expressed his wish that we should read them *to him*; and providing himself with the lxx version, and several commentators, he made these morning readings an exercise, at once, of criticism, and of devotion. I never knew him happier in himself, or in his observations on Scripture, than in these half hours between family prayers and breakfast.

The Feast of St. Michael and All Angels (a church festival which Bishop Jebb enjoyed in the spirit of a true catholic) falling this year, upon Sunday, he was desirous to employ the day in reading suited to it: accordingly, before we left him to go to church, he requested to have brought him two books, viz. '*Jacobi Ode, Commentarius de Angelis,*' and '*A Discourse of Angels, their Nature and Office, or Ministry.*' And thus, in the spirit of Hooker, employed the day, in 'meditating the number and nature of angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which, peace could not be in heaven.' . . His sentiments upon the ministration of angelic intelligences on earth, are preserved in a critique on the lxx reading of Deuteronomy, xxxii. 43., addressed to his friend Dr. Stopford, in October, 1818. . . 'I am well aware that the doctrine of guardian angels, is now commonly scoffed at, as a rabbinical figment; and that Bishop Horsley has united the weight of his uncommon genius and learning, with the levity of his unbridled fancy, to sweep this doctrine from the face of the church, and dissolve it into thin air. But, neither

the extravagancies of the rabbins, the sneers of the German school, nor the paradoxes of our ablest modern prelate, can induce me to give up, what I deem scriptural truth.' Instead of giving up, he fed continually more and more upon this most comfortable scriptural truth, and upon its kindred verity the communion of saints ; and, during the last six or seven years of his life, the collects for St. Michael and All Angels, and for All Saints' day, were constantly used by me, at his bedside, with other selections from the Liturgy, as his favourite nightly prayers.

About this time, he had some correspondence with two eminent men, Mr. Basil Montagu, and Mr. Sharon Turner, which deeply interested him, and contributed, not a little, to brighten his setting sun.

But his daily occupation was, a new edition of his Burnet's Lives, enriched with further annotations, and with five hitherto unpublished letters, containing the Dowager Countess of Rochester's account of the last days of her son ; an account fully confirming the whole of Bishop Burnet's statements, respecting his conversion.

One of his additional notes, the *last* he ever penned, will speak his spirit of preparation, better than any words of mine. It is on the following passage in Burnet's character of Archbishop Leighton : . . 'When I took notice to him, upon my first seeing him, how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end, for all that ; and his work and journey both were now almost done ;' a passage which the Bishop thus illustrates : . . 'A similar conviction Bishop Hall seems to have perpetually lived under ; and it is edifying to mark his anxiety, to the very last, to impress it vividly on others : . .

'It hath pleased the providence of my God,' says

he, in one of his latest sermons, ‘ so to contrive it, that this day, this very morning, four-score years ago, I was born into this world. ‘ A great time since,’ . . ye are ready to say : and so, indeed, it seems to you, that look at it forward ; but to me, that look at it past, it seems so short, that it is gone like a tale that is told, or a dream by night, and looks like yesterday.

‘ ‘ It can be no offence for me to say, that many of you, who hear me this day, are not like to see so many suns walk over your heads, as I have done. Yea, what speak I of this ? There is not one of us that can assure himself of his continuance here one day. We are all tenants at will ; and for aught we know, may be turned out of these clay cottages at an hour’s warning. Oh, then, what should we do, but, as wise farmers, who know the time of their lease is expiring and cannot be renewed, carefully and seasonably provide ourselves of a surer and more during tenure.’ . . Bishop Hall. *Works*, v. 582.’

Could there be, what there cannot, any doubt of the *personal* bearing and application with which these words were quoted by him, from one of his most favourite examples of life, there can be none respecting his intention, in making the following quotation ; which plainly anticipates, and was, as will too soon be seen, literally fulfilled, in his own latter end : . .

‘ Bishop Burnet, speaking of Tillotson’s last illness, says, ‘ His distemper [a dead palsy] did so oppress him, that, though it appeared, by signs, and other indications, that his understanding remained long clear, yet he was not able to express himself, so as to edify others. He seemed still serene and calm : and, in broken words, he said, *He thanked God, he*

was quiet within ; and had nothing then to do, but to wait for the will of heaven.' . . Own Times, ii. 235.

'Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.*'

DODDRIDGE.

In October, for about three weeks, he improved apparently in health, and really in spirits. And, while his amended looks re-assured his friends, his placid cheerfulness, flowing out once more 'in that sweet, quiet, peculiar style' of conversation, which Mr. Hook so well describes, alike instructed and delighted them; and we remarked, that instead, as formerly, of becoming languid from the exertion of speaking, he grew more animated. It was a light before death.

His spirits having rallied, though not his strength, the desire to do good, 'by the only means now left him,' his pen, strongly returned : he had found himself, indeed, unequal to undertake a continuous biographical work ; but his power of illustrating and annotating usefully, was undiminished. He now resolved to comply with the suggestion of his learned reviewer in the British Critic, (who proved to be a valued friend, the Rev. Edward Smedley,) seconded by the urgent request of Bishop Doane, . . by editing Bishop Berkeley's 'Minute Philosopher.' His last use, but one, of his pen, was in a note to his publisher, Mr. Duncan, written on the morning of November 2., requesting to be provided with an interleaved copy of the first edition of that philosophical treatise. And he took pleasure, in having his morning reading, and this piece of business dispatched, before the family were assembled to eight o'clock prayers.

* *Bishop Jebb's edit. of Bishop Burnet's Lives, 8vo. p. 315. ; 12mo. p. 307. 1833.*

One of the last evenings he was able to sit up, he said, ‘ It is nearly eight o’clock, and I will now go to bed.’ Seeing me look disappointed, as it was desired by his medical attendants that he should keep up as much as possible, he added, ‘ I have had a pain about my heart the whole day, and I feel quite worn out with it.’ This was the first intimation we had received of his suffering.

From that day may be dated the commencement of his last decline. For a few days more there was a struggle: but, on thursday, the fourteenth of November, the jaundice, which had re-appeared some weeks previous, rose to the height; being his third attack within the year. On the morning of that day, he had been sitting, as usual, in his study chair, one of his faithful attendants, William Hughes, being in the room, to hand him books. He desired particularly to have one brought him, which, at first, could not be found: the Bishop sent him back to the place where it ought to be, desiring him to look more closely among the folio biographical dictionaries: he did so, and discovered it; on handing it to his master, the Bishop expressed himself much pleased: the book was, ‘ Memorials, and Characters, together with the Lives of divers eminent and worthy Persons.’ The incident is here mentioned, because (as his attendant had the good taste, as well as good feeling, to apprise me after his departure*,) it was the last book into

* Let me gratefully acknowledge this, among the many proofs of fidelity and attachment given, both to his honoured master and to me, by William Hughes, that to him I am indebted for possessing this volume, and recording the latest employment of my friend, to whom, beyond most of his contemporaries, will apply words cited by himself, . . what Archbishop Tillotson has said of Dr. Benjamin Whichcote, . . that ‘ he was so wise, as to be *willing to learn to the last:*’ . . Εγραψκων αει τι διδασκομενος. See Bishop Jebb’s Burnet, 8vo. p. 315.; 12mo. p. 301.

which he looked, and which he tried to read : the effort was too much for him ; he felt it to be so ; gave back the volume, and asked to be conveyed to bed on his little chair on wheels, observing, ‘ I cannot sit up any longer.’ As they proceeded to his room, he said, ‘ William, this fit will last for a fortnight, at least.’

Upon Sir Henry Halford’s receiving intelligence of this relapse, he resumed his attendance with the anxiety of friendship ; almost his first object now was, that the Bishop, notwithstanding his weakness and the weight of the attack, should endeavour to sit up every day, though but for an hour. Always implicit, where his physician directed, he twice made the prescribed exertion, but manifestly with painful effort. The third time, I think it was, the attempt proved too much for him. The last time but one that he thus sat up, for an hour, in his chair in the library, on his faithful attendant, Mr. Sell, coming for him, to take him back to his bed-chamber, he said, ‘ It will be a month before I am better.’ The *last* time that he entered the library, and occupied that chair, he sat with us for about an hour. He was very languid, and fell frequently asleep. Finding his strength unequal to meet Sir H. Halford’s wish, he desired to have his little wheel-chair brought for him : on its being brought in while waiting for Mr. Sell’s return to convey him to his room, . . . he leaned gently forward in his study-chair, as in the attempt to rise from it, or preparing to do so, . . . when, sinking a little back, he looked towards me, and said, . . . ‘ I do not think I shall get over this.’ With these words, rising, or rather permitting himself to be raised by us, he left his favourite room, never to re-enter that chair, whence, for more than five years, he had edified the

church of Christ. On my coming to his bedside, the Bishop observed, in his own calm, thoughtful manner, ‘I do not think I shall rise again from this bed.’

These were the only allusions to his approaching departure, which he made to me ; and they were evidently made the better to prepare us, in the gentlest way, for what he felt to be drawing near. Two more intimations he gave afterwards, not to me, but to the attached attendant before mentioned*, whom a good Providence had brought to Limerick, to minister to him in his greatest need ; and whose indefatigable watchfulness, skill, and care, seconding those of his physicians, had, under Providence, preserved him, through nearly seven years of bodily weakness and decay.

Meanwhile, his bed of sickness was surrounded by every comfort and relief that human means could supply. And Mrs. Sell, who had been for some time her husband’s assistant in the charge of the Bishop’s establishment, now proved equally valuable, having been long accustomed to the care of the sick, and approving herself peculiarly qualified to aid in nursing.

The oppressive weight of the jaundice having rendered him unequal to give the desirable attention, I was now, for the first time, obliged to discontinue reading prayers at his bedside ; a duty which it had been my privilege to perform nightly, from the time

* There was yet another, his last, an expressive intimation that his *hours* were now numbered, too like himself to be omitted here. It was given on the night before his departure. As his attendant prepared to settle him in the bed, the Bishop asked, ‘ Need I move to the other side ? or how can you manage that I may reach the bell ? ’ Mr. Sell replied, ‘ My Lord, there will be no occasion for the bell, as I shall sleep in your room to-night ? ’ When the Bishop calmly observed, ‘ It may, perhaps, be as well : you may sleep in my room for *one* night more.’

of his great illness at Limerick, in April, 1827. He sent me word of his inability to attend as he could wish ; but I begged, notwithstanding, to be told when he was settled for the night, that I might, at least, wish him good night as usual. On the night of November 15., accordingly, he kindly sent me notice, when he was ready to compose himself to sleep. I went to see him ; and, after we had conversed for a few moments, the Bishop took my hand in his, clasped it closely, and with calm emphasis repeated, . . ‘ I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety ! ’ Adding, with an expression of countenance full of the thanksgivings of the heart, and laying a stress upon the word marked in italics, . . ‘ Goodness and mercy *have* followed me all the days of my life.’ . . ‘ These,’ he proceeded, ‘ are the only prayers I am now equal to ; but much may be contained in a few words : this has been my way.’

Four days later, November 19., when taking some refreshment which was new to him, having found it impossible, for some days previously, to take any thing, his spirit of thankfulness, the habit of his whole life, again manifested itself in words ; . . ‘ I have every comfort and luxury to support me, in sickness, and *old age*. When I set out in life, I could not have expected this. 2000*l.* would have gone but little way in providing them. But Providence has been very good to me, in thus providing me with all things required for my time of sickness and old age.’

From the commencement of his last illness to its termination, a period of seven weeks, it was observable at the time, and evident after the event, that two

things lay particularly near his heart : the first, that his friends might be gently and gradually prepared for his removal hence ; the second, that he might himself prepare to meet his God.

I have mentioned the intimations to myself, early in his illness, that his departure was at hand ; towards its close, as I afterwards found, he gave two warnings more to his attendant. His words, on the first occasion, were, ‘ I think nature is near its termination : ’ on the second, ‘ I feel nature is giving way.’

His other object was indicated by the desire, throughout this illness, (a wish shown for the first time in our fellowship of nearly one and twenty years,) to be left much, or rather mostly, alone, . . . the needless attendance of his domestics excepted. His subordinate objects in this seclusion, I well know, were, to comply with the wish of his physician * ; to keep his spirit calm ; and to spare, to the utmost of his power, the feelings of his friends. His chief object, I equally well know, was, that, undisturbed even by the best affections of this world, he might hold secret communion with his God. From the first, he had seemed not to invite our visits. But, within his last few days, whenever I ventured to his room, he gently motioned me away with his hand. The impression made upon me was, that, unless in case of necessity, he felt it his wisdom to cease from converse, even with the friends next his heart. Reflection, and intimate knowledge of his mind, gave me this impression. What I afterwards learned confirmed it.

At the very time that, with characteristic firmness, he exercised this self-denial, he was speaking often to

* Sir Henry Halford had laid great stress, from the beginning of this attack, on the necessity of perfect quiet, and the avoidance of any needless expenditure of his strength.

his confidential attendant, with the most affectionate interest, unmixed (such was his trust in Providence) with any painful solicitude, about the friends whom he loved.

While thus desiring, with the psalmist, to ‘commune with his own heart, and in his chamber, and be still,’ he lost not, for a moment, his interest in the completion of his dying labours for the church. Unable himself to write, or to raise his head even from his pillow, he dictated to me the few lines which were left unfinished in his latest publication ; adopting or rejecting, with his wonted judgment, the suggestions which I submitted to him.

A little circumstance which now occurred, claims to be preserved as one of the latest traits of his kindness of heart. A gentleman from Limerick, a candidate for ordination for the colonies, called about this time, to procure the Bishop’s signature, as diocesan, to his papers, . . . a form indispensable to procuring ordination. The Bishop was now so ill, that I could not think of bringing business of any kind before him, and I told the applicant so. Presently after, being in his room, I was led to mention what had passed, when he said, ‘I am sorry he went away ; I would have signed the papers.’ I immediately followed and recalled the party ; and bringing the Bishop pen and ink, he caused himself to be raised from the bed, and subscribed his signature : this act, was the last use which he made of his pen.

On Saturday, November 30., he was visited by his friend Sir Robert Inglis, the only friend besides those in the house, whom he saw in his last illness. The 12mo. edition of Burnet being now completed, he presented Sir Robert with a copy, with his own hand, and gave another to Sir Henry Halford. He

then instructed me to send copies, from him, to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishop of London. And, at his special desire, on the following wednesday, December 4., I carried a copy to a friend, like himself ‘ sore wounded of the archers,’ the Rev. Edward Smedley, of Dulwich. These were his latest tokens of respect and interest. And I could read in his eye, that to have had it in his power to pay them, caused him inward satisfaction.

Though I could no longer officiate at his bedside, owing to the extreme drowsiness which oppressed him, I never lost the opportunities, which, at my request, he kindly gave me, to learn the state of his pulse, and to have a last look at him every night. On the night of saturday, Nov. 30., the day of Sir Robert Inglis’s call, on my going to his bedside, he pressed my hand with more than ordinary warmth ; and, with a look of animation which we had seldom seen during this oppressive illness, he said, as on a former night, . . . ‘ I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety.’ . . . ‘ That,’ he continued, ‘ is *my* prayer now. I never used long prayers ; but now, that is all I can say, and it says every thing. And now, good night ! God bless you, and God bless * * * * *, and God bless Sir Robert, and all our friends ! ’ This was the last blessing which he gave us, and it was given in a tone of deep affection, with the solemnity of one who had now taken leave of earth.

On sunday, being unwilling to leave him while his state was thus anxious, I did not go to church ; and employed myself in reading in his first volume of Sermons. Finding myself the benefit of this employment, it occurred to me to try whether he could still, as in former days, be revived, by allusion to

religious subjects, which had particularly engaged his own thoughts. Going, accordingly, to his room, with the volume in my hand, I, as it were incidentally, introduced the mention of how I had been engaged, and the comfort and edification which I had found in reading one of my old friends. He was, at the time, at the lowest ebb of strength and spirits, but, as I spoke, his eye lighted up, his countenance became animated, and he said, . . . ‘Perhaps I may yet be able to write more sermons* like those ; and I *can* write notes ; they have been well received ; and it may please God to employ me still a little longer.’ The momentary change (it was but for a moment) reminded me of the conversation in 1819, at Abington, which issued in the production of ‘Sacred Literature’:

His state was now, indeed, most precarious. For nearly six weeks, he had been suffering from jaundice of the severest type : his appointed time, which, through seven years of bodily affliction, he had waited for in hope and patience, was come. It found him ‘watching.’

On the morning of Saturday, December 7., at four o’clock, I went gently into the room, having been disturbed by the great storm on that night, which had alarmed me in sleep with the idea that he had been seized with a fit of shivering, a symptom for which Sir Henry had prepared me, and against which he had warned the attendants to be especially upon their guard. . . He lay asleep, with a book open in his hand, and raised to the eye, as if he had

* In August, at the request of his friend Dr. Dealtry of Clapham, he had re-composed a discourse, entitled ‘Prayer without Ceasing,’ which was published in the ‘Original Family Sermons,’ edited by the Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

been awake, and reading : but it wavered in his hand from sleep. As I stood at the bed-foot, he awoke, and seeing me, asked calmly, what made me come to him. I told him my apprehension, from which he immediately relieved me : observing, ‘I am going on well.’

In the morning, however, there was a change for the worse. In the early part of the night, before my visit, he had been very restless, and great sickness, attended by a slight degree of wandering, came on. The sickness now returned ; and we sent off immediately for Sir Henry Halford, who arrived about 12 o’clock. He was very anxious about our friend’s state ; and expressed, again, those apprehensions as to his weakened constitution, and the formidable character of the disease, which the event of the following monday realized. Still, however, he did not give up hope.*

On monday, when Sir Henry was leaving the Bishop’s room he said to him, ‘It is desirable that your Lordship should be kept perfectly quiet. You will take nothing from your strength but what I take from you. And try to compose yourself to sleep.’ As he went out, the Bishop’s last words (characteristic of his whole mind and life) were, . . . ‘But you will let me have my book ?’ His friend warmly assented ; and his book remained with him to the last. His restlessness returned, and continued to increase

* Still less did the Bishop : only *his* hope had already changed its object. In the words of his favourite verse from Hesiod, it might now be said of him, . .

*Μουν δ' αυτοθι Ελπίς εν αρίστασι δόμοισι
Εύδον εμφύμε !*

or, in those of a higher authority, ineffably nearer to his thoughts and heart, . . .
Ἐξέδεχετο γαρ την τους θεμελίους εχουσαν πόλιν, ἡς τεχνίτης καὶ δημιουργός ὁ Θεος . . .
 (Heb. xi. 10.)

through the day, until towards six o'clock, when nature began rapidly to sink.

In submission to Sir Henry's latest instructions, that he should be kept perfectly quiet, I had not entered his room that day. A little before six o'clock, his nephew, Mr. Richard Jebb of Lincoln's Inn (whose constant attention had been deeply grateful to him), I, and a third friend, had returned to the library, full of anxiety indeed, but still not without hope. Thinking that we could not be more suitably employed, than in seeking support and comfort from the instructions of our suffering friend, I read aloud his second sermon on the Sabbath, and had just reached the words, . . . 'We shall see him face to face,' when Mr. Sell summoned me out of the room, and, on my reaching the lobby, told me that he was sinking fast. I flew to his bedside, and became instantly conscious that the end of 'him whom we loved' was near. . . . Returning instantly to the drawing-room, Mr. Jebb hurried to town for Sir Henry Halford. This took place at just ten minutes after six.

When I first reached his bedside, and saw how it was, I instinctively repeated, as I knelt beside my dying friend, his own favourite verse from the twenty-third Psalm, 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,' adding, what his humility would never allow himself to add, 'and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!' The Bishop, as I spoke these words, his eyes bent upwards, raised his remaining hand *three* times to heaven, in the attitude of fervent prayer, but did not speak: . . . the power of speech was gone. We placed ourselves beside him, and on taking his hand, he returned the pressure, and then put his hand more than once to his breast.

During this time, I used, at intervals, the prayers of his venerable mother the Church of England for the dying, . . . prayers of which he often said, in the words and spirit of good George Herbert, . . . that ‘he knew none like them.’ And as, though unable to speak, or even to make signs, he showed consciousness almost to his last breath, so I believe he heard and joined in our prayers very nearly to the happy moment, when ‘his spirit returned to God who gave it.’ The calm and deep devotion which belonged to his character in health, and which cheered and blessed his long illness, was now most expressively written in his countenance. The eyes, like the hand, being raised to heaven, until they became dimmed by the approach of his release from all pain and sorrow. To himself, indeed, peculiarly applies, what is recorded of Bishop Morton, in the volume which was his last study on the eve of his illness. ‘Even after his speech failed him, he signified, by his hand, his assent to what was spoken to him, or prayed for him; and I doubt not but his devotion, as well as his understanding, continued as long as his breath, though neither his tongue, nor his hand, could at last express it.’

It was as I stood at his feet, having just finished the prayers from the ‘Visitation of the Sick,’ that he gave a slight cough. I exclaimed, ‘Lift up his head, he has something in the throat which he may yet throw off, and we shall have him still.’ The friend who supported his head instantly raised it. But that gentle cough terminated his sufferings, and his happy spirit entered into the joy of his Lord!

The moment his head was laid back on the pillow, those who supported him saw, that the pains of death were for ever passed away. I asked, ‘Has he got

rid of it?' and was answered, 'He is *so* happy now. Mr. Knox and he are with each other.' . . . 'Thank God!' was the only reply. And, for many moments, those present were lost in silent thankfulness, for the peaceful passage which had been granted to our Father in Christ. He expired at twenty minutes after seven, on the evening of Monday, the ninth of December, 1833, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

From the moment I first went to him till all was over, his breathing was more gentle, than it had often been when he has fallen asleep in his chair, and there was no movement which indicated suffering of any kind. It was, indeed, like falling asleep.

We were led afterwards to remark, that, for the last seven years, he had been withdrawn from active life; for the last seven weeks, he had seen no one but ourselves; and, for the last seven days, he had been with himself alone, yet not alone, for another now walked with him, even '**THE SON OF GOD!**'

Throughout his long and heavy affliction in the body, his spirit never fell, his faith never faltered, his cheerful resignation to the Divine will never forsook him, his confiding trust in God his Saviour never, for one moment, failed. In meekness, gentleness, and childlike purity of heart and life, he walked, with daily increasing strength and steadfastness, in his divine Master's steps; and may, with greatest truth, be numbered amongst those servants of their Lord, which '*follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.*' In his highest prosperity, he never was exalted; and in his heaviest affliction, he never was cast down. And he was blessed accordingly, in life and in death: in a life, pure, virtuous, and holy, and a death, calm, peaceful, and happy: '*He was crowned with the*

silver crown of age in his grey hairs, and now is crowned with the golden crown of immortality.*

I would conclude in the words of Archbishop Tillotson, in his character of another bright light of the church of England, Dr. Benjamin Whichcote : . . . ‘ Since God hath thought good to deprive us of him, let his virtues live in our memory, and his example in our lives ; let us endeavour to be what he was, and we shall one day be what he now is, of blessed memory on earth, and happy for ever in heaven ! ’

On monday, December 16., at seven o’clock in the morning, his mortal remains were laid in St. Paul’s Churchyard, Clapham, beside those of friends whom he had honoured and loved, and concerning whom he had often said, ‘ Sit mea anima cum istis ! ’ Conformably with his own feelings, the funeral was strictly private ; being attended only by members of his family, and a few chosen friends, who particularly desired to be present. Had the day been made known, many attached friends, whose names will be read among the subscribers to his monument, would have equally desired to pay this last tribute. His brother (who arrived from Ireland the thursday after his death), with three of his sons, the Rev. T. H. Horne, Mr. Haviland Burke, Mr. Cochrane, Mr. Chapman, myself, and the members of his household, were mourners. The pall was borne by Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie, Mr. Dudley M. Perceval, and Messrs. Henry, Watson, and

* *Whitefoot’s Character of Bishop Hall, ap. Memorials of Eminent Persons,* p. 65.

Charles Thornton. The funeral service was read by the Rev. William Dealtry, D.D., with a depth of feeling becoming the solemn occasion ; feeling, afterwards more fully expressed by this valued friend, in a sermon preached in Clapham church on the following new-year's eve ; in which the preacher closed his review of the list of mortality in the expiring year, with tributes becoming him to pay and them to receive, to the memories of Mr. Wilberforce, Mrs. Hannah More, and Bishop Jebb.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT
OF
BISHOP JEBB.

‘ If you shall curiously inquire what this good man left in his legacy at his death, I must needs answer, that giving all in his lifetime, as he owed nothing but love, so he left nothing when he died. The poor was his heir, and he was the administrator of his own goods, or to use his own expression in one of his last dedications, that he had little else to leave his executors but his papers only.’ *Character of Dr. Thomas Jackson, by Edward Vaughan.*

‘ Il mourut dans les plus grands sentimens de piété, et, comme il avait vécu, sans argent, et sans dettes.’ *Vie de Massillon.*

I, JOHN JEBB, D.D., by Divine permission, Lord Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe, though infirm in body, being, thank God, perfectly sound and collected in mind, and feeling that I may be called hence at any moment, do think it my duty to make my last Will and Testament; and without any reservation, I accordingly declare this to be my said last Will and Testament.

In the first place, and according to the good old, but, I fear, at present, much neglected custom of my fathers, I commend the whole of myself, Body, Soul, and Spirit, to the merciful keeping of my good Creator; with an humble reliance, notwithstanding my manifold sins and infirmities, upon the only mediation of our Divine Redeemer, and the everlasting fellowship of the Holy Spirit.

I give and bequeath all my printed books and manuscripts, with the reservation hereinafter stated, to my dear nephew and chaplain, the Rev. John Jebb. A.B., trusting that he will preserve this deposit as the commencement of a family library; that, by Divine assistance, he will maintain the literary character of the Jebbs; and, what is of far greater importance, that he will prove himself a good man, and a faithful minister of God's word.

I give and bequeath also to the said John Jebb, my two silver medals of the Historical Society ; also my gold watch and chain, with the seal on which my episcopal and family arms are engraven ; as also the seal and ring, on each of which there is a mitre engraven, with the Jebb crest on the seal, and my cipher on the ring.

I give and bequeath to my dear friend and chaplain, the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., his own kind gift, the gold knee buckles once worn by his late R.H. the Duke of York ; also the large seal of Kerry Diamond, without any engraving, which is usually appended to my watch ; also the silver gilt communion cup, patten, and knife, which I received from his late excellent mother ; also my pebble sleeve buttons, brooch, and pebble ring ; all which I received from him and his family : also the small ivory paper folder, with a mitre and my cipher engraven thereon, which I am commonly in the habit of using ; together with my tortoise-shell and silver pen-holder ; and also any two hundred volumes which he may chuse from among my books, and which I request he will so chuse ; also 100*l.* sterling, to be paid him as soon as possible after my decease.

All the residue of my property whatsoever, I give, devise, and bequeath, to the Honourable Richard Jebb, second Justice of his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, in Ireland, or, in case of his death, to his son the Rev. John Jebb ; particularly requesting, that the said Richard Jebb, or his surviving son, as it may be, shall, after paying my just debts, and giving memorials to be specified in this will to certain persons hereinafter mentioned, apply the entire property

remaining, in such manner as to him or them shall appear most desirable, for the benefit of my dear nieces, the children of the late Rev. Joseph M^cCormick and Elizabeth his wife, my lamented sister.

It is my request, that my residuary legatee may and shall, at discretion, give memorials of my regard and affection to my dear sister Deborah Jebb, to each and every of the children of the said Honourable Richard Jebb, to my dear sister Maria Heyland, her husband Rowley Heyland, Esq., to each and every of their children, and to the surviving male children of the late Joseph M^cCormick, and Elizabeth his wife.

It is further my request, that, over and above their just wages, my residuary legatee may give to each servant who shall be in my employment at the time of my death, a suitable memorial; but particularly, if he shall then be living and in my employment, to my faithful and valued domestic, Mr. James Sell, all my clothes, body-linen, gowns, cassocks, and robes, together with a gratuity in money of fifty pounds sterling.

I also earnestly desire, that my dear brother, Judge Jebb, to whom, under Providence, I am indebted for every thing I possess, will be pleased to appropriate to himself, and to preserve in memory of me, whatever slight memorial he may think most suitable. He well knows I am poor in this world's goods; but had I the wealth of worlds, it would be utterly insufficient, by any distribution of it, to indicate my love towards him.

I appoint the Honourable Richard Jebb, the Rev. John Jebb, A.B., and the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., executors of this my will.

Dated this sixth day of February, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine.

(Signed)

JOHN LIMERICK,
ARDFERT AND AGHADOE.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Right Reverend John Jebb, D.D. Lord Bishop of Limerick, Ardfert, and Aghadoe, as and for his last will and testament, in our presence, who by his desire, and in his presence have attested the same,

(Signed)

H. S. THORNTON, of Birchin Lane,
London, banker.

JOHN LABOUCHERE, of Birchin Lane,
London, banker.

RICHARD CRANNIS, servant to the
Lord Bishop of Limerick.

By the kindness of Sir H. Halford, I have been favoured with the following statement of Bishop Jebb's case, explaining the originating cause of his long sufferings, and eventually of his death.

Curzon Street, March 11. 1836.

‘ MY DEAR SIR,

‘ I BECAME acquainted with the Bishop of Limerick, whose memory I cherish with sincere respect and affection, in the year 1824. He was then suffering a severe attack of bile; but there was no evidence, at that time, of its having concreted into a gall stone. Some years afterwards, however, he complained of pain in the seat of the gall duct, and had every symptom of the jaundice; and of this complaint, after having sustained repeated attacks, in the course of the last five years of his life, at length he died. On examination, after death, two round gall stones were found in the gall bladder, and a third, of a sharp angular shape, in the passage, which had in its course, ruptured the duct.

‘ In the year 1827 the Bishop suffered a paralytic stroke, and lost the use of his right side, which he never recovered. The effusion of fluid into the brain, the common cause of a paralytic stroke, did not, however, affect his faculties. They continued in their full vigour, until the last few hours of his life; and he had so learnt to govern himself at an early age, that this disease, peculiarly prone to affect the temper and spirits of those who have not learned to

controul themselves, was never accompanied, in the good Bishop's instance, with an irritability of mind, with dejection, or with the slightest impatience under suffering.

‘ In your memoirs of this excellent Bishop, I am sure you will have attempted to do justice to his piety, to his generous principles, and to his extensive and profound knowledge. His example is a rich inheritance to all who knew him. Happy are they who tread correctly in the steps of this righteous man.

‘ I am always, my dear Sir, yours,
‘ with great regard,

‘ HENRY HALFORD.’

SHORTLY after the funeral, a mural monument and medallion, executed by E. H. Baily, Esq., was erected in the church of Clapham, with the following inscription from the pen of his brother : . .

The Remains of
JOHN JEBB,
The learned, the wise, the good
BISHOP OF LIMERICK,
Are deposited in the tomb of the
THORNTONS,
By permission of a family
To which he was united
By a bond of no common friendship.
He died the 9th Dec. MDCCCXXXIII.
In the 59th year of his age.

The last memorial of his brother's love.

Not, however, the last : happily that brother survived long enough to trace his character with a fidelity and beauty, which shows what might have been expected, had the duty devolved on him to be the writer of his Life. The following sketch, in a letter to his second son, Mr. Richard Jebb, written in February, 1834, while it gratifies me by an independent agreement in plan, leaves me only too conscious of the inferiority of the hands into which the duty and responsibility have fallen : . .

' The Bishop's Life admits of three great divisions, his childhood and youth ; the period from entering the church till he becomes a bishop ; and the period from thence till his death. The first I think should occupy but a few pages ; . . the second and third

abound in circumstances most honourable to his character, intellectual and moral ; his studies, his intercourse with his Bishop, his parish, peaceful and happy in a surrounding region of vice and turbulence ; his beautiful works, conceived and matured in the deep seclusion of a mountainous region, not unlike the habitation of that sweet poet Spenser, to whom in his mild spirit, unvexed by the storms amidst which he lived, he bore no small resemblance ; his unswerving integrity in the administration of his diocese ; his firmness, never for a moment degenerating into austerity ; his unostentatious charities ; his political purity and firmness, equally removed from factious interference, and from selfish acquiescence ; his cheerful endurance of bodily suffering ; his unremitting employment of his mind, in works such as befitted his vocation, and were commensurate with his remaining strength ; . . . these are the topics, which, if the task belonged to me,' [and who that reads such a passage as this, can fail to wish for more from such a pen ?] ' I should endeavour to handle.'

A few weeks before his own death, Judge Jebb thus further expresses himself, in a letter addressed to myself, after perusing the Bishop's published Correspondence with Mr. Knox.

' Rosstrevor, July 3. 1834.

' THE uniting my name with my brother's in these volumes, which will long survive any other remembrance of me, is an obligation which I deeply feel. The very depth of this feeling may account to you for my delay as to the dedication ; and, when the books arrived, I was desirous of first reading a little, in order to give you an early impression in all its

freshness. I was insensibly led on from letter to letter, and from day to day, and was then obliged to pause a little, before I could write rationally or coherently. My judgment must be too strongly biassed to be considered any criterion of the merits of the Correspondence, but it infinitely exceeds my expectation, and even my hope, in importance as well as interest. The character stands out in the earliest letters, and continues unchanged in the most important features. You may remember my saying, that docility was one of his earliest characteristics. Is it not so in the early letters? and does it not continue, so far as is consistent with the advance of such a mind? Humility, candour, with an independence of judgment, built on the inflexible love of truth, . . these seem to me to be the predominant features. With all his veneration for Mr. Knox, and just deference for his experience and learning, even in their earliest intercourse, an agreement in opinion is always preceded by thoughtful consideration. While dissent is never hazarded but on strong grounds, it is always intimated with diffidence, but never relinquished but on conviction.

‘ But to look at this intercourse in another point of view . . what was personal to each . . the improvement of their own hearts; can we read a letter, without a conviction of the benefit derived, by each, from this intercourse of thought? Can we estimate the effects of two such minds, so vigorous, so full, so deeply imbued with a piety, warm, vivid, rational? Must we not consider that it mainly contributed to the perfecting their characters, not only to their enjoyment, as we know it did, here below, but to their preparation, for what we may humbly trust, they are now enjoying above?’

THE loss of such a man, could not fail to be widely and deeply felt. The tributes to his memory, from ‘the wise, the learned, and the good,’ in the possession of the present writer, would, if made known, themselves be a monument. Two of these tributes, it is my privilege to insert with their names, by permission of the distinguished writers.

The first, from the pen of the Rev. Hugh James Rose, appeared originally in the British Magazine for January, 1834.

‘The death of the Bishop of Limerick cannot be passed over in silence ; yet nothing can be said which will do justice to him, or to the feelings of those who knew and loved him. The lofty, uncompromising, unswerving integrity, which never trifled with principle in the veriest trifle ; the noble disregard of every rule but the rule of right ; the generous disdain of every thing like meanness, in the guise of prudence ; the free expenditure of money (looked on only as a means of doing good) on every thing which became a man, a gentleman, and a christian bishop ; the holiness of the life, the affectionate kindness of the heart, its warm, earnest, true piety, its thorough devotion to the cause of Christ’s church, . . . who can tell these things, as they ought to be told ? These, however, were things which belonged to his whole life. . . . Graces of another character adorned that part of it, which might seem, to a common observer, to be clouded and melancholy. Happy, indeed, may they account themselves, who had the privilege of

seeing how such a Christian can suffer. For six or seven years, under a paralytic affection so severe, as to deprive him nearly of the use of one side, no one approached him, who did not find him, not uncomplaining and patient merely, but cheerful, industrious, active for himself and others, never without a pen or a book in his hand, and so speaking, that you might fancy that the confinement and the employments to which his affliction condemned him, were the natural and happy choice of his own free will. Who besides him, under such affliction, would have taught himself, not only to write in the most exquisite and beautiful manner with the left hand, but to publish several volumes of his own, expressly for the service of the Gospel, and, never slow at the call of friendship or distress, to correct the manuscripts of friends, and to write the memoir, and publish the works, of a deceased friend, for the benefit of his family? It was a picture so peculiar, so beautiful, so impressive, that none who had the happiness of conversing with him for the last three or four years, will ever lose their remembrance of it, or their admiration and wonder at the man. For him, none can mourn. The righteous is taken from present evil, and from evil to come. His whole life had been a preparation for eternity. Happy is he that the struggle is over, and the warfare accomplished; the body released from suffering, and the patient, holy, heavenly spirit, in that haven where it would be.'

The second testimony comes from one, who, had his lot (to our irreparable loss) been cast in those earlier times, would have adorned the best ages of those illustrious fathers of the church, whose relics he has embalmed, . . the venerable Dr. Martin Joseph Routh.

‘ Magdalen College, Oxford, Dec. 1833.

‘ DEAR AND REVEREND SIR,

‘ I PERUSED with mingled feelings of regret and veneration, the account you give of the last moments of the excellent Bishop of Limerick. God granted him many consolations in those moments ; and he is gone to a place, where, in the language of Bishop Bull, there is nothing but joy, and still more joy expected. That I had a place in his esteem, gives me, although conscious of my unworthiness, the sincerest pleasure, and will be a source of gratification to me during the short remainder of my life. You have sustained the heavy and heart-breaking loss of your best friend, but God will make it up to you . . . But the church’s loss in this pious, learned, amiable, and conscientious prelate, will be long and severely felt, especially in these times of difficulty and danger.

‘ That God may preserve you and yours is and will be the prayer of,

‘ Dear Sir,

‘ Your obliged and faithful servant,

‘ M. J. ROUTH.’

THE memorial erected in Clapham church by fraternal affection, was soon followed by the general call for a monument, in his own Cathedral at Limerick, expressive of the public feeling. This appeal originated with a private clergyman of Ardfert, the Rev. Robert Conway Hurly, and found an answer in the hearts of the Bishop and clergy of the united dioceses. The idea was no sooner suggested, than it was carried into effect. And the resolutions entered into at Limerick, for the erection of a monumental statue in

memory of BISHOP JEBB, were responded to in England, and by members of the episcopal church in America, with a promptitude and cordiality, which showed, that what was necessary for the object, would be most freely and willingly supplied. To procure subscriptions, it only required that the intention should be made known ; upwards of twelve hundred pounds were rapidly contributed ; and had much more been required, much more might, with equal facility, have been had. Several of the larger contributors, indeed, offered to double or treble their subscriptions ; and the amount was limited only by the modest estimate of the artist, unanimously chosen to execute the statue, E. H. Baily, Esq. R. A., who had previously executed, most successfully, the tablet and medallion for Clapham church.*

* The Remains of
JOHN JEBB,
The learned, the wise, the good
BISHOP OF LIMERICK,
Are deposited in the tomb of the
THORNTONS,
By permission of a family
To which he was united
By a bond of no common friendship.
He died the 9th Dec. MDCCXXXIII.
In the 59th year of his age.

The last memorial of his brother's love.

At a Meeting held at the Palace, Limerick, on the 5th day of July, 1834, for the purpose of considering the best means of perpetuating the memory of the late Bishop Jebb,

The Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Limerick having been called to the chair, the following resolutions were agreed to :—

RESOLVED, That it is the wish of many persons, resident within the United Diocese of Limerick, Ardfert and Aghadoe, to mark, by some public and lasting memorial, their respect for the late lamented Bishop Jebb, who, by his learning, piety, and virtues, conferred lasting benefits not merely on this portion of the realm, but on the Universal Church of Christ.

RESOLVED, That a committee be now appointed, with liberty to add to their number, whose duty it shall be to promote the erection of a monumental statue of the late Bishop, in the Cathedral of Limerick, by inviting the co-operation of all the friends of religion and literature throughout the United Kingdom.

RESOLVED, That the following committee be appointed, five to be a quorum :—

The Hon. and Right Rev. the **LORD BISHOP OF LIMERICK**.
The very Rev. the **DEAN OF LIMERICK**.

Sir **AUBREY DE VERE**, Bart.

Colonel **HENRY O'DONNELL**, C.B.

The Venerable the **ARCHDEACON OF AGHADOE**.

Alderman **DENIS F. G. MAHONY**.

JAMES F. CARROLL, M.D.

JOHN S. THWAITES, Esq.

The Rev. R. CONWAY HURLY, Surrogate of Ardfert.

The Rev. THOMAS G. WILLIS, LL.D.

The Rev. ARTHUR B. ROWAN.
 Captain GARRETT H. FITZ-GERALD.
 Rev. GODFREY MASSY.
 JAMES M'MAHON, Esq.
 Rev. HENRY H. ROSE.
 RICHARD FRANKLIN, Esq.

RESOLVED, That the Rev. Charles Forster, B.D., late Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Jebb, be requested to take such steps in England as may to him seem proper, to promote the object of this meeting.

RESOLVED, That James M'Mahon, Esq., be requested to act as Secretary and Treasurer, to solicit subscriptions, and to circulate these resolutions.

EDMOND LIMERICK, Chairman.

The Lord Bishop of Limerick having left the chair, and Colonel Henry O'Donnell being called thereto —

RESOLVED, That the thanks of this meeting be, and are hereby given, to the Lord Bishop of Limerick, for his dignified conduct in the chair, and for having declared his intention to afford the aid of his example and influence.

H. O'DONNELL, Chairman.

IRISH SUBSCRIBERS.

THE HON. AND RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIMERICK.

The very Rev. Arthur Preston, Dean.	The Ven. Archdeacon Foston, LL.D.
The very Rev. G. Holmes, Dean of Ardfert.	Rev. Michael De Courcy, D.D. Rev. T. G. Willis, LL.D.

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| Rev. T. Quinn. | Rev. J. Kerin. |
| Rev. John Jebb. | Rev. S. Matthews. |
| Rev. R. Conway Hurly. | Rev. G. G. Gubbins. |
| Rev. H. H. Rose. | Rev. W. Godfrey. |
| Rev. A. J. Preston, jun. | Rev. F. Morrison. |
| Rev. A. M ^c Intosh. | Rev. J. C. Creed. |
| Rev. Barry Denny. | Rev. C. P. Thomas. |
| Rev. E. M. Denny. | Rev. J. Gabbett. |
| Rev. A. Denny. | Rev. Thos. Goodman. |
| Rev. H. Denny. | Rev. John Goodman. |
| Rev. J. G. Day. | Rev. R. Swindall. |
| Rev. R. Plummer. | Rev. J. Griffiths. |
| Rev. J. P. Chute. | Rev. J. O'Donohue. |
| Rev. F. A. Chute. | |
| Rev. G. Massy. | The Ven. J. Torrens, Archdeacon of Dublin. |
| Rev. E. Geratty. | Rev. C. R. Elrington, D.D., Reg. Prof. T.C.D. |
| Rev. R. L. Tyner. | Rev. R. H. Nash, D.D., formerly S.F. T.C.D. |
| Rev. G. Hickson. | Rev. Dr. Wall, S.F. T.C.D. |
| Rev. E. Nashe. | Rev. G. Madder, LL.D. |
| Rev. J. Murphy. | Rev. Joseph M ^c Cormick. |
| Rev. J. Morgan. | Rev. H. L. Baker. |
| Rev. H. Bevan. | Rev. J. Davis. |
| Rev. R. Dickson. | Rev. Thos. Jebb. |
| Rev. T. E. Hefferman. | |
| Rev. R. Hickson. | The Right Hon. Lord Chief Justice Bushe. |
| Rev. A. B. Rowan. | The Right Hon. F. Blackburn. |
| Rev. R. Knox. | The Hon. Mr. Justice Torrens. |
| Rev. E. F. Conyers. | The (late) Hon. Mr. Justice Jebb. |
| Rev. R. Fitzgerald. | Sir Aubrey De Vere, Bart. |
| Rev. B. Herbert. | Sir John Godfrey, Bart. |
| Rev. E. Herbert. | A. Hamilton, Esq. LL.D., Vicar Gen. of Ardfert. |
| Rev. F. Langford. | Col. H. O'Donnell, C.B. |
| Rev. A. Herbert. | Alderman D. F. G. Mahony. |
| Rev. E. Thomas. | John Brown, Esq. |
| Rev. T. Willis. | J. F. Carrol, M.D. |
| Rev. R. Moore. | J. S. Thwaites, Esq. |
| Rev. T. F. G. Plummer. | James M ^c Mahon, Esq. |
| Rev. A. Gore. | |
| Rev. D. Massy. | |
| Rev. G. Studdert. | |
| Rev. R. Hewson. | |
| Rev. T. Westropp. | |
| Rev. F. C. Sandes. | |

Capt. G. H. Fitzgerald.	D. Barrington, Esq.
R. Franklin, Esq.	The Proprietors of the Limerick Chronicle.
W. Smyth, Esq.	The (late) Dr. Joseph Clarke, M.D.
J. Pain, Esq.	M. B. Rutherford, Esq.
R. Blennerhasset, Esq.	W. P. Ruxton, Esq.
J. Hurly, Esq.	R. Carmichael, Esq.
G. Purden, Esq.	R. Heyland, Esq.
H. Maunsell, Esq.	Miss Jebb.
J. J. Hickson, Esq.	Rt. Jebb, Esq.
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G. B. Hickson, Esq.	
M. Barrington, Esq.	

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The Rt. Hon. and Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of London.	The Very Rev. J. Wood, D.D., Mast. St. John's, Cambridge.
The (late) Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Durham.	Rev. M. J. Routh, D.D., Pres. Magdalen College, Oxford.
The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Winchester.	Rev. Chr. Wordsworth, D.D., Mast. Trinity College, Cambridge.
The Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln.	Rev. W. Webb, D.D., Mast. Clare Hall, Cambridge.
The Marchioness of Westminster.	The Ven. Archdeacon Thorpe.
The Countess of Morton.	The Ven. Archdeacon Bayley.
Earl of Jermyn.	Rev. C. A. Ogilvie.
Viscount Sidmouth.	Rev. H. J. Rose.
Viscount Sandon.	Rev. W. Vaux.
Lord Lilford.	Rev. H. H. Norris.
Lord Arden.	Rev. A. J. Carrigan.
Lord Bexley.	Rev. J. J. Hornby.
Lord Stanley.	Rev. W. F. Hook.
The Rt. Hon. T. Spring Rice, Chancellor of the Exchequer.	Rev. T. H. Horne.
Hon. Mr. Justice Sir J. A. Park.	Rev. Vaughan Thomas.
Sir H. Halford, Bart. G.C.H.	Rev. W. Coghlan.
The Very Rev. T. Rennell, D.D., Dean of Winchester.	Rev. J. Gayfere.
	Rev. W. Gray.

Rev. W. Evans, Tut. Trinity College, Cambridge.	Josh. Jebb, Esq.
Rev. W. Palmer.	T. Stock, Esq.
Rev. R. J. Wilberforce.	Mrs. Butterworth.
Rev. J. Miller.	J. H. Butterworth, Esq.
Rev. Dr. Donne.	R. A. Dundas, Esq.
Rev. — Donne.	Joshua Watson, Esq.
Rev. C. Forster.	J. Duncan, Esq.
Mrs. Beatty.	J. S. Harford, Esq.
Mrs. P. Latouche.	A. G. H. Battersby, Esq.
Miss Hornby.	H. Hawkins, Esq.
Mrs. Hook.	A. Spottiswoode, Esq.
Miss Farquhar.	J. Cochran, Esq.
T. H. Burke, Esq.	H. S. Thornton, Esq.
Mrs. T. H. Burke.	Mortlock and Sons.
Miss Wilson.	J. Pritchard, Esq.
Thos. Wilson, Esq.	R. G. Jebb, Esq.
Mrs. W. Miles.	Richard Jebb, Esq.

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The Rt. Rev. G. W. Doane, D.D., Bishop of New Jersey, Burlington.	Rev. S. R. Johnson, Lafayette, Indiana.
Rev. Thos. W. Coit, D.D., Pres. Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky.	Mrs. Bradford, Burlington, New Jersey.
Rev. C. Burroughs, D.D., Rector of St. John's Church, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.	Mrs. Stott, Philadelphia.
Rev. W. Owswell, Rector of Christ Church, Boston, Massachusetts.	Stephen Warren, Esq., Troy, New York.
	Mrs. Mary Warren, Troy, New York.

L E T T E R S.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Swanlingbar, April 16. 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE I shall prove myself not unjustifiable, in suffering your ‘Lecture’ of the 27th of March to remain so long unanswered. In the first place, I have, since my return, composed four sermons, and discharged many parochial duties, visiting my flock previous to Easter, &c. And, in the next place, these occupations unfitted me for a correspondent. I had not time to collect any thing amusing; and though, like the spider, I might have spun something out of myself, I am inclined to think the texture would have proved too flimsy to bear exportation to the Dublin market. Even now, I have not had time to breathe from the not unpleasant duties of a country curate; but I think it better to incur the imputation of writing stupidly, than to deserve the charge of behaving with neglect. I resolve, therefore, to write you a long epistle, without knowing whether I have materials for a single page.

You justly observe, that I am naturally grave; and I think it highly probable that my seriousness of manner is too great; but I really very seldom feel my spirits low, and generally speaking am cheerful. As to my being infected with that ‘rigid, profound gravity of manners, which is not pleasing,’ I hope I never shall. I well know that I am, constitutionally and habitually, disposed to be serious in mixed company; that I have a general tendency to be grave.

Now this general tendency I feel I can never fight off; you might as well desire the unwieldy elephant to assume the airy swiftness of the antelope, or the moping owl to mimic the sprightly carols of the lark, as to tell me to be lively in general company. But, amongst friends, I feel a flow of spirits.

Think me not precise when I say, that I think it not improper in a clergyman, however young, to be rather serious than otherwise, in the general; it is, at present, highly disgraceful to my profession, that some of its members assume a levity of manner, by no means consistent with their sacred office. This levity I abominate; and rather than give into it, I would be ‘sombre,’ or eccentric. For being either, I see no reason. With gravity, I think cheerfulness is perfectly consistent; and propriety is very different from preciseness; but, on the whole, I would rather be remarkable, in company, for seriousness, than for those talents which could ‘set the table in a roar.’ It may be less agreeable, but, in a clergyman, I deem it more proper. Let me repeat, however, that, with friends, I would enjoy myself, and sometimes throw off the restraint of being completely rational. ‘Dulce est desipere in loco,’ is my favourite motto; which I would translate, ‘It is pleasant to play the fool, on a fit occasion, and in a proper place.’ And now, my kind friend, let me thank you sincerely for your kind advice; which proves you can discharge the truest office of friendship,—point out what you think wrong, with candour. And let me assure you, that, however grave I may generally be, I hope never to be without a smile for pleasantry, and a relish for wit; and that I long to have an opportunity, again and often, of proving to you in person, that I can be as cheerful as the gayest votary of pleasure.

When I can next visit Dublin, I cannot even guess. In my absence, there is no one to catechize the children ; and, as schemes of education which I have in view, get up, I shall be more and more tied to this place. For a curate to ramble is very difficult. A beneficed clergyman, indeed, I think may steal three months a year, provided he can procure a good curate for the time, who will engage to attend to the business properly. Otherwise, it is my opinion, he should reside the whole year.

Give my kindest regard to Lady B., your sister, and Mrs. King, when you write,

And believe me your sincere friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER II.

To Mrs. Beatty.

15th Dec. 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM about to commence this letter, on a very melancholy and distressing subject, such as I hope may not again cloud our correspondence. Our excellent and valuable friend* is no more ! He has hardly left behind him his equal, in talents, goodness, and simplicity. He was a real ornament to his dignified station: and, what is more to his praise, a worthy disciple of Christ ; by the purity of his life, and the benignity of his manners, imitating the character of

* Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert.

a primitive believer. His attachment to science was great, so was his attachment to religion ; his pursuits were not confined to those branches of learning, which, perhaps, have gained him most celebrity. He spent much time in the sublimities and truths of Scripture ; and has, I hope, left behind him a treatise on the psalms, which will be of much use to the rising generation of divines.

What were his conduct, and his feelings, and his manners, in private and domestic life, you well know. I have seen something, and heard much more of them. I could willingly indulge myself in saying more of what is deeply impressed on my mind, respecting this truly good man ; but to you, who, from your near connection with him, so intimately knew, and so feelingly regret him, I need say no more.

It was the pleasure of Almighty God to afflict him grievously indeed. To this pleasure, I believe, he submitted with Christian fortitude and patience ; but there are some sufferings almost too extreme for human nature. Such were his ; the complaint so dreadful, the remedies so violent, his constitution completely broken.

I really think, under such accumulated evils, a removal was to be wished for. He has left a life of pain, and entered into a life of glory. Those that remain are most to be pitied. The Church has lost a distinguished prelate ; religion, a firm supporter ; society, an invaluable ornament ; many worthy people, a sincere friend ; his family, an exemplary husband, father, and protector. I truly feel for the latter ; but his departure is not without circumstances of consolation. Had it pleased God to continue him some time longer, his existence would have been dreadful to himself, and most afflicting to them. As it is, he

is in a place, where pain and anguish are turned into joy and rapture. Those that are left behind, then, after the first emotions of sorrow have so far subsided as to admit of serious reflection, will find their irreparable loss considerably alleviated, by considering the state of happiness which he enjoys, amongst ‘the spirits of just men made perfect.’

Remember me, in the kindest manner, to Lady Bell, and your sisters,

And believe me your sincere,
and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER III.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Swanlingbar, April 15. 1801.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MUCH as I was obliged and gratified by your last very kind letter, I could not avoid finding fault with it in one respect. You do not know, for I am sure you did not intend it, that you have commenced a flatterer. We are prone enough to think better of ourselves than we deserve ; but when, to self-deception, the unintentional deceptions of our friends are added, it requires a good degree of firmness, to bring us to a right sense of our real character ; to unmask our real errors, and divest us of our imaginary good qualities. Take down the Spectator, and read the 399th Number :— you will there find, that a tendency to flattery is the

natural failing of friendship. And now that I have said enough to put you on your guard, let me request of you to adopt as much of *the enemy* as you can, in your letters. Addison says, that ‘a wise man should give a just attention, both to the friend who exaggerates his virtues, and to the enemy who inflames his crimes.’ It must be a very wise man who can always do this: for my own part, I feel I am too apt to entertain the partial representations of friendship with complacency, and to turn away from the unpalatable lessons afforded by the censure of enemies; but were a friend to rebuke or correct me, I know I should be truly thankful for his kindness, and would endeavour to improve by it.

I cannot say that any one circumstance has occurred, since I last wrote to you, which could interest, or amuse you. I hold the noiseless tenor of my way here, with much sameness, but not without much pleasure. The want of my friends about me, is, indeed, a great drawback; but we cannot order these things according to our wishes; and I am sure it is no less the dictate of right reason, and sound philosophy, than it is of religion, ‘In whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content.’

Yesterday was a very bad day. I devoted the whole of it, from morning till bed-time, to reading; and I have not lately enjoyed a pleasanter morning, noon, and night. I was employed with the most elegant piece of criticism I ever read, Lowth’s Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. It is in Latin; but there is a very good translation of it, which I am sure would interest you highly. It puts the Old Testament in a novel, and very charming, point of view. No one, who has not read Lowth, can have an idea, how infinitely the poetry of the sacred

writers exceeds the poetry of all the heathens, and all the moderns, combined.

Be good enough to remember me most kindly to your family,

And believe me, your sincere friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER IV.

To Mrs. McCormick.

April 25. 1801.

YOUR letter gave me great, and sincere pleasure. What a blessing it is, that my dear aunt is still spared to her friends : her worth we are, I trust and believe, all deeply impressed with.

Your observation, on the salutary, and self-improving influence of sickness, or adversity, on the human heart, is strictly just. The chastenings of Heaven, if properly employed, will prove inestimable blessings ; and though, in health and prosperity, we may not, and perhaps *should* not, have the same kind of seriousness, which is brought on by God's visitations, it would be well if we were, at all times, to act under the influence of the feelings, which calamity inspired, and put in practice the resolutions, formed in the season of adversity. For the warnings of Heaven, whatever be their nature, we are answerable : they, too, are talents ; and, unless we improve them, we shall be counted unprofitable servants. Do not imagine I am an advocate for a perpetual gloominess, . . no, I only wish that we should attain the cheerfulness of religion, and that we should endeavour to preserve such

minds, in every scene, whether of business or enjoyment, as we might reflect upon with satisfaction, if misfortune should change the scene.

You speak of my religion, and my state of mind. I should be happy indeed, if it were any thing like what it ought to be. I have made so great an advance, as to know many of my failings : among the rest, I must place a want of constancy, and steady feeling. However, I pray God may mend me ; and I often seriously reflect on the awful circumstance, that it is very possible for a minister to perform his duties, and exert himself so as to save others, and yet himself become a cast-away. Saint Paul made use of constant exertion and prayer, that this might not be his case. How strongly then should this danger operate upon clergymen in general, of which Saint Paul himself was apprehensive.

You, my dear Sister, I trust will be religious, and therefore happy. Consider this one thing, . . continual efforts at improvement are necessary. There is no such thing as being stationary in religion : whoever does not grow better, will infallibly grow worse.

I have entered on a plan of giving evening service on sundays, for the summer months, and reading a lecture on the Scriptures ; expounding a chapter of the New Testament, each sunday evening, and adding such practical remarks, as may bring home the passages explained to the ‘business and bosoms’ of my hearers. This lecture I could put upon no substitute ; indeed my plan is peculiar : and it would look exceedingly fickle in me to slacken in my exertion, as I have been at some pains to procure a full attendance. However I hope, when autumn and the long evenings have set in, so as to put an end to this year’s course, that I shall have it in my power to go

over, for a little time to the Glebe. I trust I need not tell you, that to do so, will give me most sincere pleasure.

I find my spirits revive, with the revival of the weather. I don't find it necessary, just now, to go from home for amusement: the occupations of the day are pleasant to me: parochial duties give me exercise, and I spend my evenings at Mr. Gresson's.

You may be assured your letters always give me the greatest pleasure; the last was peculiarly acceptable. Write soon, and as long a letter as you can. My most affectionate remembrances to my aunt,

And believe me ever, your sincerely
affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER V.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Swanlingbar, Nov. 11. 1801.

You should be, as I have no doubt you are, highly thankful to Almighty God for having placed you in a most happy situation. An especial mode of showing your thankfulness will be, the adoption of a strict cautiousness, in the midst of your prosperity, never to lose sight of the giver of all good. How far you are in the habit of this cautiousness, you may judge, by observing the constancy, or inconstancy, the coldness, or fervour, with which you pray to God, read the Scriptures, and endeavour to improve yourself by other pious books. If, from the business or pleasures of life, you are induced to let a single day pass, with-

out some attention to those duties, it is a bad symptom ; this I can state from my own experience. Let me recommend to your attentive and repeated perusal, Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. It is, as an excellent author styles it, ‘ A body of practical divinity and christian experience ;’ and, in my opinion, gives a clearer view of what a christian should endeavour to be, than any book I know. The general tenor of Scripture, is, that we should be continually aiming at higher improvements in virtue and religion. This principle is at the bottom of Doddridge’s book. It should, however, be considered, in reading it, that asufficient variety is not given, of the methods which divine wisdom takes, to bring sinful men to the love and practice of religion ; and that, perhaps, the rules and directions for promoting the christian life, require more time to be spent in the exercises of devotion, than can be spared by the generality of people : the former of these remarks, you will find better put in Doddridge’s preface, which I have not by me. The latter, if I recollect right, is in some measure given, in that chapter, which points out a pious distribution of the day. If, at first view, the book does not please you, suspend your opinion till you have carefully read it through. I have been induced to write thus freely to you on a serious subject, from a sense of your excellent natural disposition, and a feeling of the benefit I myself have received, from similar hints in the letters of friends. However humble my suggestions may be, I trust, with the assistance of God’s grace, they may be of some advantage to you. If you get and approve of Doddridge, on your having finished it, I shall recommend some other books to your perusal.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, March 3. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEEL a strong impulse to return an immediate reply, to your kind and pleasant letter: and I hope I shall not alarm you by ‘keeping up so quick a fire,’ of such *small* shot. I know, by experience, that *your* ammunition cannot readily be expended. Candidly confess that you talked thus, for the sake of keeping up the military metaphor . . for, to descend to unfigurative language, what is letter-writing, but conversing on paper? and when the topics of conversation are nearly infinite, can any *just* apprehension be entertained that they will be exhausted? Your other reason, for what you partially call ‘*abstinence*,’ I can admit, has some weight: ‘To ensure the continuance of any pleasure, it must be enjoyed with moderation.’ Applying it to the case in question, I can well conceive, that too quick a return of epistolary correspondence might interfere with *duties*; or that the habit of writing, continually, in whatever mood, and under whatever external circumstances, might engender a kind of vapidness, not unusual in letters, which could not well co-exist with rational pleasure. But, as a *general position*, perhaps, on consideration, you would be disposed to qualify your assertion. We read indeed (Prov. xxv. 16.) ‘Hast thou found honey? eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith.’ But this clearly applies

only to the *delights of sense*, and recommends a sober, moderate use of them. Again, in the same Chapter (v. 27.) ‘It is not good to eat too much honey :’ but this applied to the immoderate appetite for human applause, as we learn from the succeeding words of Solomon, ‘So, for men to search their own glory, is not glory.’ But, there are some pleasures, in the pursuit and enjoyment of which, *moderation* would be lukewarmness, would be indifference, would be criminal : I mean, the pleasures of religion. For these, we should strive to have a constant relish ; and these should be the heighteners of all our other joys. And, in my mind, Solomon confirms this idea (Prov. xxiv. 13, 14.)—‘My son, eat thou honey, because it is good ; and the honeycomb, which is sweet to thy taste. So shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul : when thou hast found it, then there shall be a reward, and thy expectation shall not be cut off.’ Here, no restraint, no limitation, no exhortation to moderation occurs. And why ? because we cannot drink too constantly or too deeply, of the water of life, the pleasures of religion are represented as perennial. In truth, the difference between worldly, secondary pleasures, and what are primary and real, is clearly pointed out by our Saviour (St. John, iv. 13, 14.) ‘Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again ; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst ; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.’ When I review what I have just written, I find that I have imperceptibly glided into a kind of sermon ; . . . but this I know you will excuse : some people would call it enthusiasm, . . . others rank fanaticism, . . . but I believe it to be ‘truth and soberness.’ I

certainly, however, *do* wish for such a sense of God predominant in the soul, as may both ‘soothe and sweeten human life.’ This I am sure (from having been a little conversant in the lives of great and pious men) may be produced ; and this, far from interfering with the common businesses, or civilities of life, will render men, at once, more diligent in their callings, and more courteous in their social intercourse. I feel, I trust, a due sorrow and humility, that I have little, if any portion of this divine principle ; but I thank God, that to attain it is my wish and prayer.

I do not, indeed, my good friend, suspect you of flattery, . . . and I should be guilty of extreme affectation, were I to assert an indifference to the approbation of those whom I esteem ; but we are too apt to flatter ourselves, . . . and, therefore, commendation is a commodity of which we do not require a large supply. I *know* I am not fastidious ; the sense of my own weakness, however, though sometimes painful, will, I trust, on the whole prove salutary. Thus much for *self*, . . . a dangerous subject, with which it is but prudence to have done, and probably it would have been *propriety* long ago.

* * * * *

You have, I think, well appreciated the styles of Addison and Johnson. It must, however, be observed, to the credit of our great British moralist, that his weight of words is always accompanied by a proportionate density of sterling sense. There is more compact meaning in one of his periods, than in twenty of any of his flimsy imitators. Johnson’s sentences are wedges of gold ; . . . theirs are large and cumbrous wooden blocks, fantastically carved and gilt. The exterior of Johnson is easily imitated ;

that of Addison is inimitable. A familiar comparison may perhaps illustrate this. . . An ordinary painter will give you a just representation of the stiff court dress, but it requires the hand of a master to trace the careless, yet graceful simplicity of the Grecian robe. I shall transcribe, not from books, but from my brain, two little passages, one in prose, the other in verse, from Johnson, which I think free from affectation, and full of dignified piety. The verse is a translation from Hector Boethius, and is prefixed as a motto to one of his Ramblers.

'O ! Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine :
'T is thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
From Thee, Great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end !'

The prose is in his tour to the Hebrides. 'We were now treading,' says he, 'that illustrious Island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions ; whence savage clans, and roving barbarians, derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from local emotion, would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy, as may lead us indifferent or unmoved over any ground, that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue ! That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain

of Marathon, and whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' Here is every thing that elevation of soul, and powers of composition, could do. When Sir Joseph Banks read this passage for the first time, he clapped his hands in ecstasy.

I think I have given you a tolerable, perhaps indeed a very trying and *intolerable* proof, that *men* can sometimes write long letters. I will candidly own, that I am not always in so scribbling a vein. I have written along as fast as my pen could carry me ; and doubtless there are many crudenesses, in what I have thus hurried off, without turning it in my mind. We speak, however, with even less of premeditation, inasmuch as the tongue is swifter than the pen. And yet I feel, that, both in speaking, and in writing, we should have a constant guard over ourselves ; yes, even when we speak to our dearest friends : not from any suspicion of them, but from a jealousy of ourselves ; for is it not our duty to guard our thoughts ? How much more, then, is caution necessary, when we embody those thoughts, when we give them, as it were, 'a local habitation and a name ?' Would that we could always say, they were better than an 'airy nothing !'

Yours always most truly and affectionately,

J. J.

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, July 16. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been, for the last month, more than usually a truant ; having, within that space, visited Lismore,

Cork, Mitchelstown, and Maryborough, besides some minor excursions. The consequence of my rambling you will naturally guess : I am much in arrear, both in my studies and my other duties ; among the most agreeable, and most pressing of which latter, is the acknowledgement of your last truly gratifying letter.

You put our correspondence in a light, which certainly never before occurred to me ; as I could not have imagined my hasty letters, calculated to produce any lasting moral effect. But the truth is, that, in the hands of God, our most trifling actions may be causes of good, in ways altogether beyond human probability, or calculation. And, in the present, or similar instances, I now see, that the partiality of friendship, and the interest we naturally feel in what is addressed to ourselves, may give a force and efficacy to comparative weakness, which we have never experienced in productions of a far superior nature.

Your account of * * * * *'s mental struggle is highly interesting and instructive. It is a faithful picture of some of those internal workings, which, I believe, almost universally, and by a sort of moral necessity, precede the growth, and even accompany the progress, of religion in the heart. These, we may believe, will be more or less painful and afflictive, according to the degree of moral criminality, and also sensibility, in the person by whom they are experienced. The pangs which the prodigal felt, 'before he came to himself,' were probably most poignant and severe : and when those who have never, like him, incurred any considerable degree of positive criminality, feel affected with similar intenseness, their mental sufferings flow, chiefly, from a keener susceptibility ; and are usually repaid with a very high degree of peace, and enjoyment in be-

lieving, when the pangs are over, and the Christian character is completely formed.

Have you not found it one fruit of religious thoughtfulness, that you more and more disrelish the insipid, cloying, unsatisfactory hurry, and confusion, and vacancy, which the world calls pleasure ? I soberly think, that, when Christianity of the best kind is properly imbibed, it will, more or less, produce this effect ; and that, precisely in the degree to which it prevails in the heart. When it is but beginning to operate, there will still be a hankering after the world. As it advances, the world will become distasteful ; still, however, without any thing arising to fill the void it leaves behind ; and, therefore, in this stage, there will be much uneasy feeling. In the next stage the delights of religion, and the renewed relish for simple enjoyments, shed a heavenly calm around, which will be ever increasing, in endless progression. This whole process, if my theory be not fanciful, is a preparation for eternity and heaven. Relishes are, by this means, created, for heavenly enjoyments, which are thus habitually anticipated ; and those tempers are thus formed, which will continue with us for ever ; . . . purified indeed, in heaven, from all alloy, and infinitely heightened in degree, though not essentially different in kind.

I am disposed to think, that the religion of most books which we read, and most people with whom we converse, is radically defective. It looks to heaven and hell, as places, rather than as conditions, or states, of moral happiness and misery. It entertains a bewildered, irrational conception, that the kinds of pleasure and pain, to be there experienced, are utterly beyond our conception. Whereas I conceive, that goodness, or holiness, must form a principal part of

heavenly enjoyment ; and that wickedness, or sin, must form a principal part of infernal torment ; that the heaven of the good man is, in some measure, commenced in his life ; and, in like manner, the hell of the wicked, is also here commenced. This I throw out very briefly, for your consideration. I might employ pages in expanding the hint, but your own reflections will do so, much better than my pen. And to say the truth, though I sat down with the full intention of writing over my sheet, I just now feel unequal to continuing the subject, without the danger of weakening what I have already said, such as it is, by something more vapid.

I forbear commenting on your plans, till you develope them more fully. You will believe that I feel deeply interested in them. May God direct you for the best ! Perhaps I may be the first to take up the pen ; as I cannot, in common justice, consider these hurried lines, a return for your last kind letter. At the same time, if nothing occurs to prevent your writing speedily, the sooner you do so, the more you will gratify

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER VIII.

To Miss Jebb.

Cashel, July 27. 1804.

YESTERDAY's post brought me the melancholy account of poor Miss Jebb's death, and also of that of my friend Mr. Gresson of Swanlingbar. The latter of these events, I was in a good measure prepared to expect ; but the removal of so fine a young woman, so sudden, so contrary to all probable expectation, is

truly awful. It is one of the very many serious intimations we are continually receiving, that, in the midst of life, we are in death. How soon the most healthful and disengaged of us all, may be summoned to the unseen country, we cannot form the remotest guess. Living, then, in such a world, and on such a tenure, what preparation should we make for our removal, and for our subsequent appearance at the great tribunal! When I think of this momentous change, when I consider the continual, and perhaps very near approach of that period, when our mortal frames shall put on immortality, . . . an immortality of happiness or misery! . . . how trifling, how absolutely insignificant, appear all the eager competitions, fatiguing pursuits, and splendid attainments, which occupy the children of the world! They are less than nothing, and lighter than vanity, when weighed in the balance of Eternity; and yet, when we look around us, we find that they give rise to most of the pleasures and pains of life, . . . unsatisfactory pleasures, and imaginary pains. In truth, we must feel, that we are formed for something infinitely more noble and exalted; our very uneasinesses must prove it, if we are not resolved to shun all reasoning on the subject. Else, how does it happen, that, in the midst of our highest common enjoyments, we feel a restless solicitude for something, that remains behind, for something, that we cannot attain? Whence is this solicitude, what is this something? The only rational answer that can be returned, is, that this solicitude, is an intimation of fitness and capacity, for things above this earth; and this something, is, in fact, a vivid impression of true religion, a temper, able to fill the void of life, and fearless when it looks towards futurity. I have been, I trust not unnaturally, led into this train of thought, and my pen has

followed my conceptions. It is not the melancholy effusion of a mind under the influence of gloom, for I have been passing the whole, or nearly the whole of this day, in a very pleasing and cheerful literary tête-à-tête, with an intelligent Physician, who dropt in upon my solitude.

I have, within this week, been truly astonished, in reading the epistles of Seneca, to find what views of religion were entertained by this heathen. They are such as might put many of our christian divines to the blush. I feel a disposition to translate a passage, now before me, for your perusal.

' The priest need not be employed to procure us admission to the ears of an image, as if we should be thus the more readily heard. God is near you, he is with you, he is within you. Yes, my friend, a holy spirit is seated within us, the careful observer of our good and our evil actions; a spirit which influences us more or less, precisely according to the encouragement it receives from us. Nobody is a good man without God. Is it possible for any one to rise superior to fortune, without his assistance? He gives magnificent and upright counsels. He dwells in every truly good man... If you behold a man, unawed by dangers, unmolested by passions, happy in adversity, placed in the midst of storms, viewing mankind from a superior elevation, will you not regard him with veneration? Will you not say, this is something greater, and more excellent, than one would believe could be contained in this small body? A Divine power, has descended there. A Heavenly influence, informs and animates this excellent, moderated temper, which passes by all earthly things, as beneath its notice, which smiles at the common objects of human hope and fear. A disposition so truly

great, could not subsist, without the support of the Deity. Therefore, it is chiefly resident in those regions, from whence it has descended. As the rays of the sun touch, indeed, the earth, but abide in that luminary from whence they emanate, . . thus, the great and holy soul, which was given for this very purpose, that we might have a more intimate knowledge of divine things, is conversant, indeed, amongst us, but adheres to its original. Its dependence, its views, its objects are there. It is interested in *our* concerns, like some superior being.'

This little quotation, is but one instance, out of numbers which might be adduced to shew, that Seneca had truly divine views of religion. It proves, within a short space, that he believed in the reality, and efficacy of spiritual influences ; the power and consolations of piety ; and the important truth, which the Apostle Paul so often enforces, that our conversation should be in heaven.

And now, my dear sister, let me tell you, that I have been long suffering under self-reproach, for neglect of my nearest and best friends ; and, on the eve of a journey, have determined to pay off some little of my shameful arrears, beginning with you. Letter-writing may be made both gratifying and useful. I know, I have wilfully forfeited much of this pleasure and advantage ; and I regret that I have done so : regret for the past, however, must be unavailing in itself, and, in fact, cannot be genuine, unless it be followed by future amendment. I will not make any rash promises, but I wish to be tried by this test ; therefore, I hope that you will stretch forth the hand of reconciliation and encouragement, and that very soon. I purpose, please God, setting

out on monday, to visit my friend Woodward, in the county of Cavan, for a few days ; not making Dublin my way, as it would be a very great round, and I should not like to pay it a flying visit. I hope, so far as it may be lawful to form such distant schemes, to spend a fortnight in town next winter. My situation in this country is such as I should be grateful for. I have sufficient society, books, comfortable lodgings, a good servant, a kind patron, and a reasonable prospect of arriving, one day, at a more permanent situation in my profession. A circumstance, which, if it ever takes place, will increase my duties and my responsibility, with my means. God grant I may be equal to the trial. I hope to hear from you very soon.

Yours most affectionately,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, August 24. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have written to you sooner, had I not been confined by an illness, more dispiriting than dangerous, which drove away all relish for the pen, and indeed, almost the capacity of thinking. Thank God, I find myself better this day, than I have been a considerable time.

I hardly know a nicer, or more difficult subject of practical morality, than the proper estimation of

what the world calls pleasure.* It is a point, on which much of our views and habits must inevitably depend. Yet it is too generally predetermined, and the result is what might be naturally expected, . . disappointment, disgust, and ennui, amidst a rapid succession of false enjoyments, pursued even to cloying repetition. It is thus with the gay world. But even the rational and prudent decide the matter (in my poor judgment) improperly. They do not inquire, how far *must* we, but how far *may* we go? They allege the necessity of conforming to innocent usages: but they commonly carry this conformity so far, as to justify the suspicion, that they are actuated more by their own inclination, than by any other motive; besides, they seldom set about inquiring, what is innocent? And they seem to forget, that things in themselves indifferent, may become otherwise, by excess, or abuse. There is yet another class of persons, whose sober conviction is against idle, frivolous amusements, but who occasionally engage in them, either to avoid the imputation of singularity, or from a sense of duty. When the first of these motives is the occasion of such compliance, I do not hesitate to say that it should be watched with the utmost jealousy, and if possible, overcome. We should never be afraid of a righteous singularity; we should seek our praise, not of men, but of God. We should seriously consider, how far this compromising principle may carry us; and reflect, ere it be too late, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. But, where a sense of duty keeps us more in the world than we could wish, I must own

* For Mr. Jebb's views on this subject, at a later period, see 'A Letter to a Young Clergyman on Fashionable Amusements,' Pract. Theol. vol. ii. p. 267, &c.

the mode of proceeding does not appear to me so clearly pointed out. It is not for me to decide, how far such compliance is justifiable, or to mark out the precise time when criminality begins. Sure I am, that when the disrelish for such modes of social enjoyment exists, it should not be discouraged. But as this is a matter of individual feeling, I should be sorry to assert any thing positively, on the point of total abstinence from those amusements, which are commonly, though perhaps not justly, termed innocent. Pray read over with care, the Bishop of London's (Porteus) 14th Sermon, on 'Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God ;' and Hannah More's 17th and 18th chapters of 'Strictures on female Education.' In which I think you will find more just reasoning, and good sense, on this subject, than is contained in many volumes of modern morality. You will not imagine, my good friend, that I am an advocate, either for monastic seclusion, or mystical contemplation. We were made social beings, with a natural relish for pleasure. Religion would not lead us, either to the desert, or the cloister. It would teach us to perform our parts in the active walks of life, and would infinitely enhance every feeling of real pleasure ; but then it would also teach us to walk in this world with God, and lead us to such sources of enjoyment, as are pure and unadulterate ; such as are suitable to thinking, and immortal beings ; such, in a word, as may be pursued in another world, only in a more perfect manner, and without the clogs and hindrances of those bodies, in which our souls are now imprisoned. Of this nature, are the pleasures of intellect, of benevolence, of friendship, of social intercourse, and, above all, of religion. These afford a rich and inexhaustible variety ; and, unless we be

providentially visited by some disqualifying fit of sickness, or some extraordinary mental dejection, these are ever ready to present some innocent and useful mode of passing that time, which is not necessarily devoted to our more immediate occupations, in that state of worldly employment, to which it hath pleased God to call us.

It is the character of proper recreations, that they recruit the mind and body, for a renewed application to the more serious business of life. Now, I am sure you will agree with me, that what the world calls recreation, is not of this nature. It is a drudgery of the most wearying and jading kind; it deadens the faculties, it discomposes the mind, and it injures the body. I can hardly recollect having been ever in a crowded assembly, without experiencing its prejudicial effects; without finding myself, more or less, unfitted, for pursuing my duties, that night, in prayer, and the next day, either in business, or devotion. This may not ordinarily happen to other persons; but, where it is the case, I am sure that pleasures of this kind, cannot be innocently, I will not say enjoyed, but participated.

I find a long arrear of letters to answer: this has been the first employment of to-day. I must now attend a little to my other friends, and therefore prematurely sign myself, my dear friend's

Sincerely obliged and affectionate,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. As to the locality of heaven and hell, there can be no objection to retaining the idea of it. I only adverted to the mistake of those, who looked merely, or principally, to some indescribable change of place, without reflecting, that the dispo-

sitions preparatory to, and in some measure constitutive of, future happiness or misery, must be formed here.

LETTER X.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Cashel, February 28. 1805.

ABOUT an hour ago I sat down, made a pen, prepared my paper, swept my hearth, trimmed my fire, and settled myself, with all due comfort, to write you a letter, when I was interrupted by the entrance of a good-natured visitor, who sat with me, or rather walked with me, about my room, ever since ; told me various anecdotes, which I shall probably never recollect ; and which, in truth, are little worth recollecting ; asked me to dine with him to-day, when I shall probably hear, at least, as many more anecdotes .. and, at last, kindly left me to my own inventions, when I had been almost afraid that I should be too late for this day's post ; a delay which I could the less brook, because to-morrow happens not to be a post day, and because I am conscious of being already much too great a defaulter.

Have you laboured through the above extraordinary sentence ? Never, I believe, did I write so long a one, and never, certainly, do I wish to compose such another. Such as it is, it must now go forward, for time is precious ; and, instead of weighing sentences, and rounding periods, I think it best to let you know, in the first words that have occurred, how well I am. Thank God, an oppressive rheumatic headache, brought on by the damp

weather, has almost deserted me ; and though this day be nearly as unpromising as any we have yet had, I feel comparatively to tread on air. I feel, indeed, ill qualified to pursue a train of mathematical reasoning, or to encounter the perplexing intricacies of poor W.'s wild theology, but I think I could read, with pleasure and interest, a book of Milton, or 50 pages of divinity suited to my taste, and rise from my employment, with a mind not jaded but refreshed, . . . this is a tolerable proof that I feel at my ease.

I have been led, of late, to feel the goodness of Providence, in placing me in comfortable lodgings, where I have every necessary of life provided without anxiety or trouble. My friend Forster*, has been employed in furnishing his rector's Glebe House, which he is about to inhabit ; and his labours in providing beds, chairs, kettles, looking-glasses, tables, &c. &c., together with cows, ploughs, carts, &c. &c., have fully awakened me to the truest relish, for a furnished lodging, and a solitary mutton chop. I feel a hopeful belief, that my little income will support me with ease, and that, after devoting a proper sum to charity, I shall even have something to spare for books ; and right gladly would I devote that superfluity to books, which my situation may allow me. I shall not envy the rich Rector, who ploughs his rich acres, if I am permitted to cultivate my mind ; for, however poor the soil, and however scanty the produce, if I can bring forth any fruit to perfection, it is a happy reflection, that the harvest for which I wish to prepare, is an eternal one, and its fruits such as never will decay. Your kindness has put me in possession of two authors, whose best wisdom, and whose only real happiness, were derived

* The late Rev. George Forster.

from religion, . . Milton, and Bacon. They both, it is true, had their failings, and their calamities ; but they erred, and they suffered, only inasmuch as they departed from the strict line of christian duty ; and their sufferings providentially became the means of bringing them to a happier state than they previously enjoyed, . . because, to a condition of calmness and retirement, to softened tempers, and to religious meditation.

My books are not yet arrived from town, and I am looking out for them in daily expectation. The package contains not only your present, but several other valuable works ; few of them, indeed, are what can be styled light summer reading ; but they are, in general, such as will, at once, interest and instruct : whether I myself shall ever reap as much improvement from them, and the rest of my little collection, as a disposition naturally sanguine leads me to hope for, I cannot presume to form an opinion ; the issues of this, as of all other sublunary schemes, are in the disposal of infinite goodness and wisdom ; and, whatever may be the good pleasure of the great Disposer, I trust he will graciously prepare and dispose me to meet with thankfulness. If I profit myself by reading, or by thinking, I own I have an earnest wish, that others may profit with me, and through me. I hope the wish is not selfish, and still more that it is not dictated by foolish vanity. If I thought it were, much rather would I continue all my life in obscurity, content to study and meditate for myself, and for a few children, and grown people with the capacities of children. This would, in truth, be, at present, if not my sole, my chief occupation, did not something within, backed by the, perhaps, too partial suggestion of my friends, lead me to prepare for a wider sphere ;

perhaps I may never be summoned to move in such a sphere ; if so, I trust, I shall be enabled to rest satisfied.

Yours ever, my dear Maria,

most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XI.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, April 11. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVE you used me as I am conscious I do not deserve at your hands . . . , that is, have you written me a letter, since I left Dublin ? If so, it has perished in one of the very frequent mail robberies that have occurred. At all events, it was my part to begin writing, and I have often determined to do so ; but some excuse for procrastination continually presented itself. It is thus that too many are apt to trifle away their time at large, and to put off the evil day of attention to the most important concerns, which can occupy immortal beings ; infinitely important, indeed, when we consider how short a time is allotted us for the formation of those dispositions, relishes, and habits, which must attend us through all eternity. I trust that we, my friend, may be enabled, in this momentous business, to work while it is called to-day. The day is far spent, the night is at hand, . . . that night in which no man can work. We should therefore be solicitous not to lose that portion of sunshine, which still remains.

I have been led imperceptibly into this serious

train of thought. The season at which I write, doubtless, has its influence ; I have just finished a Good-Friday exhortation, for my rustic congregation, and perhaps could not immediately descend to common topics. Yet how common-place is what I have said ! It is what we all know. And yet it is what we too seldom exhibit our conviction of, by the manner in which we employ our hours. The world seems to have adopted for its favourite maxim, in religion and in morals, the comfortable aphorism, that ‘to enjoy is to obey.’ And it must be owned, that the conduct of the world proves its readiness to obey, so far as such a disposition may be inferred from the eager pursuit of enjoyment. But the world may be easily confuted, on its own principle. For when is it that we feel real enjoyment ? Not, certainly, in that infectious atmosphere, which gayety, falsely so called, has created around itself. Not in the possession of wealth, not in the attainment of knowledge, not even in the more quiet intercourses of life. Still something is wanting, on which the heart may securely repose. Some better portion, which cannot be taken away ; which may be commensurate to the vast capacities of an immortal soul. This something, is, true religion, the love of God and the love of man ; this, and nothing short of this, is permanent enjoyment. And when the maxim is thus explained, nothing can be truer, than that, ‘to enjoy is to obey.’ God is love. He wills the happiness of his creatures ; and not merely to seek, but to derive that happiness, from the fountain of eternal good, is consummate obedience. Are we then, to delay, in reaching forth after our supreme good ? Are we to consume on trifles, that time, which was given to make us wise, and holy, and happy ? Shall we be out-

stripped in activity and exertion by every worldling ? Who is there, of the vast crowd that place their happiness in earthly things, that will admit the possibility of making too much haste to be rich, to be powerful, to be popular, to be famous ? And shall not we imitate their ardour, when the cause is infinitely superior, the object of our pursuit, eternal, and the means to be pursued, in themselves, truly delightful ? Our remissness can be accounted for on no other principle, than the Scriptural one, ‘ That the children of this world, are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light.’

I hope, my dear Friend, that, since I saw you, you have been both well and happy ; and that you have, by this time, fully decided upon some place of residence. Few things are more disagreeable than a state of suspense ; and, perhaps, few things more productive of moral difficulties, to those, who have, by God’s grace, escaped grosser temptations to evil. I long to hear from you, though sensible I do not merit a letter at your hands.

Do not forget my best regards to all with you, and in Bagot Street,

And believe me, my dear Friend,
very affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XII.

To the Rev. J. M^c Cormick.

Cashel, April 27. 1805.

I NEED not say how sincerely I wish, that, by my presence, or in any other mode, I could contribute, even in a slight degree, to increase your cheerfulness

at the Glebe. It is, indeed, most probable, that my conceptions cannot well reach the painful and melancholy emotions, which must continually arise from the condition of my poor aunt. I hope I feel as I ought to do for her, and especially for you and our dear sister. But, on such real calamity as this, I know that to offer any palliation of it would be cruel, and I trust that to suggest any topics of consolation would be needless. The only source of true comfort, is bountifully placed within our reach ; and, undoubtedly, the very afflictions, which a good Providence sees fit to send, will, if it be not our own faults, ultimately produce the happiest effects. They are salutary warnings, that we are to derive our best enjoyments from within, from the culture of our own hearts, and from an habitual intercourse with Him, who is subject to no decay, who never will leave us, and never will desert us, unless we first desert him. It has been well observed by the profound Pascal, ‘ that the same thing which proves man’s misery and corruption, also proves his greatness, and his dignity : for the reason why he grows sick and weary of every object, and engages in such a multitude of pursuits, is, because he still retains the idea of his lost happiness ; which, not finding it within himself, he seeks through the whole circle of external things, but always seeks without success, because, indeed, we cannot find it in ourselves, nor in the creatures, but in God alone.’

It is, in truth, the peculiar and distinguishing excellency of christianity, in its higher influences, that it, at once, restores the image of our Maker, and causes him to dwell in our hearts. While the cold formalist, places his religion, in a superstitious attention to outward ceremonies, and the angry dogmatist,

his, in fierce contention for abstract metaphysical doctrines, the pious and humble follower of Jesus, knows and feels, that *his* religion is love, and peace, and joy: for he, at least, *begins* happily to experience the divine reality of our Saviour's promise, ' If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' It was surely a sense of this divine presence, and a portion of God's own Spirit, which dictated this wonderful apostrophe of the Poet.

Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest; Eternal word!
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But oh, thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts, thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee, we are poor,
And with thee, rich, take what thou wilt away.

This moment I hear, from Richard, that my poor aunt has rallied, and got the better of her attack; whether this implies recovery, I do not know. God direct all for the best.

My best love to my aunt, and your little ones.

Believe me your truly affectionate

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XIII.

To Miss Jebb.

Sunday, 30th June, 1805.

My very culpable neglect, has been just brought home to my mind, in such a point of view, that I

am sure you cannot feel it near so strongly as I do myself; and I know not how I can more fitly employ this evening, than in endeavouring to make some atonement. What I write, however, must be suited to the day, as nothing but absolute necessity warrants common letter-writing on sunday.

Yours (I am ashamed to say of April 30.) is now in my hand. It gave me great pleasure, when first received; and I can truly add, that, on a careful reperusal, it still gratifies me highly. It shows both right feeling and candour; and it describes, with accuracy and justice, a case by no means uncommon, that in which religious principle does not fully predominate over the world. What pleases me most, is your evident wish, that it should so predominate. If the wish be truly earnest,.. if you do not suffer it to be stifled by other things,.. exertion will follow almost as a matter of course. And, when there is decided exertion in a right cause, what may not be hoped in the way of happy result? It must be admitted, indeed, that many do exert themselves unsuccessfully,.. that many seek to enter into the kingdom of Heaven, without obtaining admission. But the truth is, they exert themselves, depending on their own strength; they seek to enter in, by their own merit, not considering that we can do nothing of ourselves, to help ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God; and, that, if any man will enter into life, Christ is the way; that is, his life must be our perpetual example, and his spirit must be our principal dependence. You complain that you 'have not resolution to practise what you know to be right,' that 'insignificant occupations engross you but too much, and you find it difficult to disengage your mind sufficiently from surrounding objects, to fix it

on higher, and more important pursuits.' The fact is, this has been, at one time or other, the case of most of the sons of Adam: for, we cannot, of ourselves, practise what is right; we cannot, by our natural powers, make what is invisible, paramount over what is visible. But, if we fervently, affectionately, unreservedly, and uncompromizingly, ask strength of God, he will enable us, by his own omnipotent interference, not only to do his will, but to do it with delight; . . . not only to live above this world, but to turn every scene of it to durable advantage.

There is a fatal error, which, I am well convinced, prevents multitudes from enjoying the full and felicitating influences of christianity; namely, that they deem it a dry catalogue of duties; or, at best, a collection of truths, awful indeed, and sublime, but, by no means attractive or engaging. Now the fact is, our holy religion prescribes no duties, but what are indissolubly interwoven with happiness; and insists on no truths, which, if rightly understood, are not the sublimest exemplifications of God's goodness, mercy, and love. It is the main object of the Gospel, to free us from every thing unholy, impure, mean, sordid, selfish, envious, discontented; and to give us enlightened understandings, purified affections, powers almost indefatigable, and peace almost uninterrupted. This happy state, it is true, comparatively few fully attain; still, however, multitudes, I am well convinced, have attained, and do attain it: some, doubtless, in higher degrees than others: some, with what may be termed moral eclipses, this world, occasionally, obscuring the next, by its vain shadow; some, with slighter obscurations, a momentary cloud of wrong feelings, or wrong passions, sometimes, though but rarely, intervening; and a distinguished

few, enjoying a cloudless meridian state, realizing that beautiful picture of the poet, which he thought, perhaps, was merely the happy creation of his own fancy : . .

Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned ;
Desires composed, affections ever even,
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.

But how are we to seek for those influences, which will bring us to this happy state ? I answer, not by austerity, not by sourness, not by fanaticism, not by gloom ; but by the devout, affectionate, cheerful study of God's word. Devout, because we must pray that our hearts may be opened, to understand it ; affectionate, because we must accustom our souls to love it ; and cheerful, because we must invigorate our active powers, to fulfil it. When we thus come to the Scriptures, we may hope to find them, in truth, the words of eternal life ; we shall find them, from beginning to end, an exhibition of God, at once in the most awful, and engaging light. Not only, as infinitely holy, just, wise, and powerful, but as the Creator, preserver, benefactor, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, of his rational creatures ; we shall find the most gracious adaptations to the wants and weaknesses of our fallen state : a Mediator, to relieve our consciousness of sin ; spiritual influences, to assist our infirmities ; threatenings, to alarm our carelessness ; promises, to attract our self-love. We shall find the amplest provision for every feeling of that primitive innocence, which it is the object of religion to restore. The perfections of the eternal Godhead, are, as it were, familiarized to our view, in the historical, prophetical, and devotional Scriptures ; but,

more especially, in the character of the blessed Jesus. The substantial happiness of the righteous, is, not only declared in words, but illustrated by facts, in the lives of the holy Apostles, but particularly in that of Saint Paul ; the things that are above, are not only revealed in the sublime visions of ‘ that disciple whom Jesus loved,’ but are actually, in a good measure, anticipated, in that righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, which may be experienced even in this life ; and which, we are assured by an inspired writer, constitute the Kingdom of God. Subjects of this ennobling, and felicitating nature, abound in Scripture, not only in the richest variety, but at once, with the sublimest pathos, the most touching simplicity, and the most exquisite adaptation to the best feelings of human nature, in its best state. When these, and similar truths, then, become truly delightful to the soul, when they are habitually recurred to, as the happiest subjects of our contemplation, as the calmest breathing-places of our wearied spirits, in a word, as ‘ tired nature’s sweet restorers,’ in a sense, infinitely beyond what the poet thought of ; when this is, at least in a good degree, realized, then, and not till then, shall we find ourselves superior to the world ; then, and not till then, will the trifling vexations, and still more trifling pleasures, of this visionary life, dwindle to their proper insignificance, and that, for this simple reason ; then, and not till then, eternal and spiritual things, will enlarge, occupy, and gladden the whole soul, in all its faculties, and all its boundless capacities, either of feeling or reflection.

Believe me, this is no enthusiastic rant ; it is no less the calm sentiment of my understanding, than the warm feeling of my heart. And I should be

sorry, indeed, to put forward these views, if I had the slightest suspicion that they could interfere, with the rational duties, and kindly feelings of common life. But the truth is, that, while, religion thus occupies the mind, it leaves it free as air, for every useful occupation, and for all the tenderest charities of life: the truly religious person, of all others, best calculates the object of his mortal existence. He knows that this world, is a scene of active preparation for a better; he feels that he is blest, with an understanding, which wisdom requires him to exercise; with affections, which God and nature impel him to cultivate; and with active powers, which, both instinct, and conscience, urge him to employ. He is, therefore, diligent in the discharge of each appropriate duty, both as matter of pleasure to himself, and of religious obedience to his God: and, in this course of happy activity, his religion is of daily and hourly assistance; because it not only gives a general spring and elasticity to his mind, but, also, affords much time, by expelling evil thoughts, and removes many anxieties and perturbations, by creating a decided, affectionate reliance on God's providence. The religion, then, you see, which I speak of, is neither the austerity of the cloister, nor the enthusiasm of the desert; it is conversant in the walks of common life; cheering and invigorating us in common duties, no less than it elevates us in the appropriate exercises of devotion. Thus, it enables us thoroughly to fulfil that seemingly impracticable injunction of the Apostle, 'Pray without ceasing:' for what else does this mean, than simply, 'Possess yourself of a mind habitually devout; which is always ready to acknowledge the presence of God, and which is always in a tone fit for actual prayer, or thanksgiving?' It

is not necessary to the perfection of a musical instrument, that we should be for ever playing upon it, . . . but, merely, that it should be always in tune, always ready to yield the harmonious ‘concord of sweet sounds.’ Thus, also, it is the perfection of religion, that our souls should be in unison with the harmonies of nature, so as, at all seasons, to join the universal chorus of thanksgiving, adoration, and praise, which is continually proceeding from the whole visible creation.

This state is, unquestionably, of rare and difficult attainment: but, that it is attainable, the lives of very many excellent persons abundantly testify. And this happy possibility, should surely induce us to press forward towards it. The very first step, after prayer, and scriptural study, is an effort to draw our enjoyments from the simple stock of nature; or, at least, from such works of art, as most purely copy nature, such as drawing, gardening, poetry, (with nice selection as to the kind,) but, most especially, from religion itself, which is, in truth, ‘the soul of all the rest.’ When piety even begins to predominate, it is wonderful how foolish, how irksome, how insupportable, those high-wrought excitements, and agitated scenes appear, in which the world is seeking, but unsuccessfully seeking, for enjoyment; literally walking in a vain shadow, and disquieting itself in vain. In truth, this is precisely what we might expect, for it exactly coincides with those feelings of nature and experience, to which Saint Paul so exquisitely adapts, or, rather, from which he so happily derives, his best reasonings. ‘When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.’

Monday morn. Are you with Maria? If so, show
c c 2

her this letter; and let me beg her to consider it as, in some measure, addressed to her. I know her good nature will admit the excuse of very much real, and pressing business, which has, for some time, much employed my mind, as, at least, some palliation for my long silence.

Get by all means, and carefully read, ‘ Hints for a young Princess.’ It is by far the best book, which has, for a considerable time, issued from the press. The Bishop of Exeter (Preceptor to the Princess Charlotte, for whose use it has been written) declares, ‘ that he has derived more information from it, on the important subject next his thoughts, than from all his other reading.’ And he is both a learned, and a good man. The Queen, too, is delighted with the work. To the honour of your sex, it is written by Hannah More.

Give my best love to all with you, whether at the Farm or at the Glebe. I direct to Dublin, as the surest way. Though I do not deserve a letter, pray do write very soon.

Your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XIV.

To Mrs. McCormick.

Cashel, July 23. 1805.

THE late awful, but gracious dispensation of Providence*, must naturally fill us with tender regret. It

* The death of his aunt, Mrs. M Cormick.

calls up numberless affecting recollections of past kindness, towards us all ; of that conscientious and affectionate anxiety for our truest welfare ; that discriminating good sense, which so wisely pointed out our duty ; that generous spirit, which sacrificed every thing selfish, for us, and our poor father ; that fervent piety, which doubtless poured forth frequent prayers for our happiness ; . . these are but a few of the traits, which, as it were, rush into our minds, accompanied with the melancholy conviction, that they are now no more ! But you, my dear sister, need not be told, for I trust you happily experience, that there are, not only consolatory, but delightful circumstances, in our excellent parent's removal (for *parent* I may surely call her). Her integrity, her benevolence, her habitual devotion, were such, as to evince that they flowed from a heart on which christianity had its proper influence. Even in those dispensations, which, perhaps, at the time, appeared mysterious, and hard to be reconciled with our ideas of Almighty wisdom and goodness, we may trace the mercies of a loving Father. I have little doubt that the severe sufferings of our dear aunt were providentially instrumental, in fitting her for a higher state of happiness in heaven ; and that, as gold tried in the fire comes out purified, she has escaped from pain and affliction, divested of various natural, or acquired infirmities, which might have disqualified her for so high a place, in our Father's many mansions, as I trust she now is advanced to. Our blessed Lord himself, was made perfect through sufferings. Is it not, then, perfectly natural, that his faithful followers should be improved by a similar process ? Viewing the matter, therefore, in this light, I consider her late melancholy condition, as a kind of discipline, corrective of those little infirmities and

weaknesses, from which few, even of the truly good, are wholly exempt ; and her tranquil exit, as an earnest of that happiness, which I trust she is now enjoying.

To you, and to your worthy partner, it must be a matter of thankful recollection, that you have been enabled, through the space of eleven years, to comfort the declining years, and alleviate the various sufferings of so dear a relation. This must ever be a source of pure enjoyment ; and you will most feel its kindly balm, when you shall most need it, . . . when you yourselves, (in, I trust, a good old age,) shall be summoned from this probationary scene. Do you not, also, even now experience the moral efficacy of those severe trials, and voluntary deprivations, to which you so cheerfully submitted ? Have they not been, subserviently to God's providence and grace, the means of correcting many little defects in your own temper ; of improving many right dispositions ; of increasing your reliance on the only powerful protector ; of giving you a relish for those enjoyments, which are of the most satisfactory, because of the calmest kind ? Sure I am, that you *do* thus feel ; therefore, what might appear, to the superficial observer, useless suffering to our deceased relation, and a cruel burthen to you, has been, in fact, the gracious means of increasing her present high enjoyments, and of preparing you, both to enjoy life with truer relish, and to meet death, without distraction, and without fear.

Richard has informed you of the Archbishop's kind disposition in my favour. Providence has indeed been very good to me ; the preferment is a comfortable sinecure ; I suppose to the amount of 250*l.* per annum. My residence still to be in Cashel ; where I

am to act as preacher in the Cathedral, without salary. The congregation is large, and respectable ; and, I have cause to know, prepared to listen favourably to me ; so that I have really hopes of being enabled to do them good. A sermon I preached lately, has had, under God's favour, some practical effect ; having called persons to seriousness, who never were serious before. Things being so, I certainly prefer my present situation, very much, to a country living of double the value ; and could remain as I am, very thankfully, for many years, or even for my whole life ; though my excellent patron tells me to consider this, but as an earnest of what he means to do for me. I have many more letters to write, and must conclude. With my best love to all at the Glebe,

Your truly affectionate brother,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XV.

To the Rev. J. McCormick.

Cashel, January 2. 1806.

I KNOW that we have been very bad correspondents ; and I feel conscious that the fault has been chiefly mine. Some allowance, however, will I trust be made, for my having been thrown into a situation altogether new to me, and implying more mental exertion than I was ever before called upon to make. Especially as, within the last half year, I have suffered more than usual under an incapacitating nerv-

ousness, which has often obliged me, for days together, to give up all thought of thinking.

I learned from Richard, that you passed a very happy month together. It was to me a source of real regret, that I could not accept of Rowley Heyland's invitation, and add myself to the family party: but the duties which I have undertaken, were imperative on me to stay at my post; as, in addition to the ordinary Cathedral preaching, and the General Thanksgiving, I had to prepare young persons for a confirmation, and to examine a candidate for orders. Some good, I trust, has been done. My power of sermon-writing is, on the whole, improving, and my discourses are as acceptable, as, all matters considered, I could reasonably expect. Some of the young catechumens are getting a serious turn, and were evidently affected at the confirmation; and the examination for orders went off so, as to give an impression, that hands will not probably be laid, in this diocese, 'on skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.' I was enabled, besides, to turn my examination into a sort of theological prelection; throwing out hints, which I hope will excite the candidate to study; and endeavouring to afford some clue to guide him through, what doctors of every sect have exerted considerable ingenuity to make, an inextricable labyrinth.

The clerical circle in Cashel has been growing in size; and, I trust, increasing in professional feeling. We often meet each other in a cheerful, and I hope improving way. But, for my own individual part, nothing gives me soberer satisfaction, than to find a growing inclination to draw, for my chief comforts (under God), upon myself. The faculty of thinking, reasoning, feeling, and being happy, when alone, I

deem of inestimable value ; and I own with gratitude, and I hope with humility, my thankfulness, that this faculty is beginning to dawn in myself. And to its further progress I hopefully look forward, as that, which, by giving me self-command, self-possession, and self-enjoyment, may make me more useful, and more acceptable, in society. You can hardly conceive the real pleasure I derive, from having, decidedly and uncompromisingly, given up all common amusements; not, I trust, with the gloom of an ascetic, or the morbid melancholy of an anchorite; but with somewhat of the feelings of ‘a man,’ when he puts away ‘childish things.’ Within the last year, there have been growing upon me tastes for happiness of a more quiet and satisfactory kind, which would make balls, and cards, and all the *et cetera*, by which the world is trying to escape from itself, an insupportable penance; even though I were not convinced, as I really am, that they are inconsistent with the quiet, sober, peaceful temperament, to which the religion of the Scriptures is intended to bring us. I have been led, unawares, into a history of my feelings, for which I ought perhaps to apologize; but I know you will excuse that, which may possibly let you more fully into my present condition, than whole volumes of matter-of-fact detail. I will own to you, that, when I first began to give up the amusements of the world, rather from an apprehension that they were wrong, than from a conviction that they were inconsistent with true happiness, I felt ‘a craving void,’ an uneasiness arising from relinquishing much that had formerly gratified me, without getting any thing better in its room. It is but within the last six-months, that I have found the place tolerably filled, which gay follies had before unsatisfactorily occupied;

and, even now, at times, I have to complain of unpleasant feelings : but I am well convinced, that these are the results, either of bodily weakness, or of something morally wrong within myself ; and, as I grow better, I hope to grow happier. This, however, I can safely say, that I am now a far happier being, than I can recollect I ever was before ; and that, under God's good guidance, I attribute any increase of enjoyment, to my growing relish for what may be had, without leaving my own solitary fireside, *Est hic, est Ulubris* : still, as I hinted, I am no anchorite : when occasion requires it, I can take my part, more cheerfully than ever, in society, provided it be quiet and rational. And, thank God, the number of excellent, and rational people, whose minds are well cultivated, and, what is better, whose hearts have within them the living fountain of the only true happiness, is, I am convinced, hourly increasing. These times, I soberly believe, are better than the former, inasmuch as true religion is, unassumingly, unausterely, and unaffectedly, the decided choice, of, I trust, very many people in high, as in low life. It is incorporated, more than it ever yet was, into habits of thought and feeling, into the little details of domestic life, and even into the very pleasures which are pursued. It is not now marred by stiffness, formality, sourness, or cant. If people, a century ago, were very demurely good ; and went very orderly, and very gloomily to church, every sunday, and every friday ; it was, because they were, in a good measure, obliged to be, or to do so, by established usage, and immemorial prescription. But now, whoever is good, deserves the credit of being good by choice ; and the goodness of to-day, appears to me to have much genuineness and heart in it ; to

consist more in the spirit, than the letter ; to look more for the calm delight of self-approbation, than for the applause of multitudes ; to go infinitely deeper than the mere routine of outward duties, and not to rest satisfied with less than the happy consciousness, that a moral transformation has taken place within. This is not a mere picture of the fancy, or vision of the imagination. I have seen it more than realized, in various instances, within the course of the last year ; especially in the case of my friend Knox.

My plans are somewhat formed, for visiting town early in February. Might I hope to meet you there, if only for a short time ? One week of my time must, I think, be allowed to Bellevue. And this naturally leads me to mention, that I have formed an engagement to preach for the Female Orphan School, in May. Mrs. La Touche wished it, and my friend Knox was imperative. So I had nothing for it but to consent. It is an arduous undertaking to plead for that charity, which has commonly had Kirwan for its advocate. However, I am determined not to be anxious ; but, relying on that aid, without which the wisest must be foolish, to leave events to Him, who can produce good, through the instrumentality of agents positively weak. My subject will be, I believe, the religious education of youth.

This whole epistle is, I fear, a farrago of egotism : friendly letters, however, must all, possibly, be more or less egotistic. I know I wish your answer to be very much so ; and it is partly with this very view, that I have expatiated so much on the selfish little monosyllable. Pray, then, if you can do so consistently with truth, show me that you have not been fatigued and disgusted by writing me a full account of yourself, and my dear sister, and of your

young family. It is now so long since I have heard from you or her, that a fierce appetite has been created, which I call upon you to allay. And believe me, however circumstances may have conspired to keep me silent, there is, perhaps, no human being more deeply desirous of hearing of your welfare, or more truly interested in whatever may contribute to your happiness, here and hereafter. And it would be very ill were it otherwise ; for, independent of the close ties both of relationship and friendship, from my school-boy days, I am indebted to you, for kindnesses which I hope I never shall forget : nor let it be forgotten, that to the providential results of your friendship with poor Tom Marshall, I am indebted for all my wordly prospects ; and, what is of infinitely more importance, for all my hopes of professional usefulness, and every pleasant view of religion, to which I have been led.

Believe me, with most affectionate regards to my sister and your little ones,

Always yours most truly,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XVI.

To the Rev. J. McCormick.

Cashel, January 5. 1806.

THOUGH I dispatched a packet to you yesterday, which you probably think unconscionably large, yet I cannot omit an immediate reply to your very acceptable letter, received this morning. Had it entered into my mind to impute, either unkindness,

or indifference, to you, the uneasy feeling would be completely effaced, by what you have so affectionately written. But I can assure you there was no such feeling in existence. One the contrary, I was accusing myself, though I trust I stand acquitted in your mind. I know too well, from long experience, what it is to suffer under mental depression : and therefore can feel for my fellow-sufferers ; and can also make allowance for their silence, as nervous illness almost uniformly unfits me for writing to my friends. Still, however, I can bear some testimony, and hope to bear more, that resistance and activity, next to the knowledge and feeling of true religion, are the best means of overcoming low spirits.

To hear that you are so well, and so happy, from yourself, as well as from others, is to me a source of real pleasure. I am particularly obliged by your minute account of the dear little ones, in whose progress I hope I feel a becoming interest. On the principles, and present state of methodism, I have had many serious thoughts ; and have received some information, not easily to be come at. It is my conviction that methodism, in its purity, though doubtless containing some erroneous views, and marred by the infelicities of an uncouth phraseology, has a body of sound truth, much akin to the views of our established church. What I particularly object to, is, the mode of talk, respecting sudden conversion, and justification ; and also some of the unqualified assertions, respecting a doctrine radically sound and excellent, . . christian perfection. Still, however, with all its alloy, I conceive there is much pure gold in methodism. I soberly believe that it has been the providential means of reviving and diffusing, far beyond its own sphere, that inward, spiritual religion, which

is diffused through our liturgy, but which had been, before John Wesley's rise, almost entirely banished from our pulpits, by the cold, rationalizing, spiritless system of morals, which came in fashion about the restoration, and reached its acme about the middle of the last century. The higher tone of morals, and the more exalted feeling of christianity, as a spiritual system, which is now, I think, rapidly gaining ground, amongst the philosophically pious divines of our establishment, I cannot but attribute to the indirect operation of methodism, which certainly kindled its torch at the altar of the church of England.

The writings of Jeremy Taylor, once Bishop of Down, first gave John Wesley any serious impressions ; and when he defended his system against, what appears to me, injudicious attacks, it was by weapons borrowed from the armoury of our liturgy, articles, and homilies. I do not deny, that there are errors in his system : I could not be a methodist, because, amidst much deep piety, and much sound wisdom, methodism contains some things, which appear to me, neither consistent with reason, nor with Scripture : but this I will confess, that, in the writings of John Wesley, I find more that completely harmonizes with my own views, than I do in the writings of his most violent opponents ; and this leads me to say, that, while some of the persons, on whom my worthy friend Dr. Hales animadverts, certainly do, occasionally, strain the Scriptures by unlearned and unskilful disruptions from the context, the Doctor, on the other hand, frequently employs his critical acumen, in the service of distorting passages from their plain obvious meaning, both as evidenced by the context, and supported by parallel places. This especially happens, when he sets himself to controvert

the doctrine of christian perfection ; which, though, as I hinted already, the methodists often talk of in a phraseology circumstantially wrong, yet still I do think they are substantially right ; and I think I could evince, that, in the main, they have our admirable liturgy, and the writings of some of our most philosophical divines, with them on this point. Dr. Hales, however, is both a conscientious, and a pious man ; and I am well convinced is sincerely desirous to do good ; but I think it is a very delicate matter to oppose methodism in this country. It has, to my certain knowledge (observe I speak not of Calvinism, but of the Wesleyan methodism,) been productive of much advantage, among the lower classes ; not only increasing their piety, but, in very many instances, opening their understandings, and civilizing their manners ; and may it not be a question, whether some alloy, or enthusiasm, has not been providentially suffered to intermingle with it, for the special purpose of impressing the imagination, and warming the affections of those, whose reasoning powers have not yet had an opportunity of full and fair exercise ; and whose grossness of conception required something, as it were, palpable, and tangible, to work upon ? Certain it is, that this system has been permitted to spread widely, and to operate powerfully, and, in most instances, advantageously ; and when I consider, that ‘ he that is not against us, is for us,’ I own I feel not disposed to intermeddle with methodists, in the way of opposition. There is a peculiar delicacy in the case, from the state of the party in England : there, they have altogether separated from the establishment, and are avowed and zealous dissenters. In this country, they are warmly attached to our church ; receive the sacrament very regularly at our hands ;

and, whatever may be the sentiments of some teachers among them, I know that the great body of their people love a good clergyman in their heart, and hear him with satisfaction and delight. Now, while their dispositions are such, should it not be our policy, rather to be friendly, than hostile, to them? not, certainly, to temporize, but, first, to feel that they are friends, and, then, to treat them as such? May there not be much danger, that an opposite line of conduct will drive them to follow the example of their English brethren? Your plan of sending the Scriptures among them, is altogether unexceptionable; and, under God's blessing, would do essential service; and, so far as I can judge, they will gladly purchase Bibles. Some methodists, in the Monaghan militia, purchased from me I dare say 180, in this town, in the space of three months; and such was their relish for our establishment, that the poor fellows, hearing of my appointment as cathedral preacher, on the eve of their departure, told me they left this place, happy in the reflection, that it would have the benefit of a serious clergyman to fill its pulpit. I much like your hint, as to reading the word of God in the quiet circle of their own family. It has a great deal, both of depth, and force in it. In England, I know, from good authority, that the methodists multiply social acts of religion, and an unquiet spirit of bustling activity, so much, as greatly to injure the calm, and less equivocal exercises of private devotion. Their sectarianism is increasing; and, pretty nearly in the same proportion, their personal piety is declining. I saw, some months back, a letter from a very intelligent, and thoroughly unbigoted, English methodist, a man of letters and information, stating, that, in Manchester, and other great towns, it ap-

peared, that the persons who were most zealous in prayer-meetings, and most active in sunday schools, when cut off, by sickness, from participating in those external stimulants, lamentably declined in their devotional spirit, and were almost incapable of addressing God, in private prayer. I state this from recollection, but I believe with tolerable accuracy ; and this is, in itself, a volume of evidence, for the expediency of leading, so far as we can lead, our methodist brethren, to look more to those secret acts of religion, which keep up an intercourse between the soul and its Maker, than to those public movements, where the simplicity of worship may be marred, by the intermixture of wrong motives, . . pride at excelling in, what is called the gift of prayer, desire of human estimation or applause, and, above all, the spirit of a sect and party, which has proved so fatal in England. Now, I speak it with the certainty arising from somewhat of actual experience, that by preaching spiritually, and living exemplarily, a clergyman of our establishment may acquire an astonishing influence over the Wesleyan methodists ; and, in my own case, I am able to state, that I have been enabled so to preach, on different occasions, as, in the same sermon, at once to give satisfaction to zealous anti-methodists, and to decided followers of John Wesley. You will naturally ask, ‘ How is this to be done ? ’ I reply, by a faithful, rational, affectionate exhibition of the religion of the scriptures, unclogged by the *technical phraseology* of any sect or party ; or, what comes to the same thing, by imitating the sound rationality, and the sublime spirituality, of our unrivalled liturgy, . . a service which I soberly think, not only unequalled, but unapproached, in the whole christian world ; and which,

considering, both the theology, and the language, of the day when it was compiled, could not have been framed *sine numine*, without some divine superintendence. I have referred to the instance of my own preaching, merely because I had no other matter-of-fact testimony to produce; but it is with a deep consciousness of my own weakness. However, if *I* have found it so, what would it be with those, who imbibe similar sentiments more deeply, feel them more practically, and can express them more attractively? There rests not a doubt on my mind, that, if preaching had been done full justice to, enthusiasm would be rationalized, on the one hand, and cold formality would be vitalized on the other: so that the genuine, unaffected, unsophisticated religion of the heart, would be happily diffused throughout the land.

To my friend * * * * *, I look forward most hopefully, as one who will do prodigious service to the cause which is nearest his heart. He has got views, which appear to me wonderfully what they should be; and with his flowing eloquence, his happy power of illustration, his mild, engaging, insinuating manner, I do trust, that he will one day be an instrument of very extended good.

I hope you will not conceive from this, and from my last letter, that I am at all fanatical. If I entertain a single theological sentiment, unsanctioned by some of our soundest, and most philosophical divines, I do so unconsciously. By education, by conviction, and by choice, I am, what I conceive to be, a thorough-paced Church-of-England man. The cant of sect, I cordially dislike; the uncouth phraseology, I had almost said, the pious jargon, which some good people delight in, is very revolting to my taste; and

were I called upon to select my favorite authors, I should, almost without exception, cull them from the shining lights of our own Establishment. Still, however, I am so much attached to the eclectic philosophy, that I will not be deterred by a name, or prevented by mere injudiciousness of manner, from gleaning truth, wherever I can find it. *Πανταχη την αληθειαν*, I would wish to make my motto; and I shall never be ashamed to let Doddridge and Wesley appear, in my little library, on the same shelf with Tillotson and Burnet. And, in truth, I hail it as a happy omen, for the permanence of our Irish Establishment, that a mild, tolerant, catholic spirit is very prevalent amongst our hierarchy. Several of our bishops, I know, are disposed to treat the methodists kindly; and wish that the clergy should rather endeavour to retain them with us, by courtesy, than force them to separate, by polemical acrimony. And I have some reason for concluding, that, wherever this christian kindness is discreetly maintained, the Irish methodists are not more decidedly attached to their own meetings and leaders, than to the worship and ministry of the Church. The amiable spirit, which seems to influence our Irish churchmen, is to me a very consolatory subject of reflection; because I hail it as a kind of providential pledge, that our hierarchy will not be speedily overturned. And this is a real comfort, at the present crisis; for, in addition to the aspiring views of the Roman catholics, which perhaps are not so formidable since the decision of last session, there will be a most violent attack made in parliament, in the course of next spring. The Grenvilles, the Fitz-Williams, and a phalanx of Irish supporters, aided by many in England who would oppose popery, are about to bring forward an inquiry

into abuses existing in our own Church. Some even, who call themselves zealous supporters of our Establishment, have been speaking ill of it, at the other side of the water ; and, in cases where they have been, both superficially, and erroneously informed. Still, I do not fear for the final result ; and I do think, that, if inquiry be fairly set on foot, when tried in the balance of our sister Establishment, we shall not be found wanting. That there are errors and abuses, I am well aware ; but I feel convinced that they are neither so general, nor of such magnitude, as our enemies represent ; and I live in hope that many of these, will yet be quietly corrected.

Continental matters, by the last packet, appear to be at a very low ebb. Bonaparte's commission to chastise Europe, is not so near being withdrawn, as we lately imagined ; but, I own, I am not dispirited. All events are in the hands of One, who will doubtless dispose them for the ultimate advantage of the world ; and I trust, especially, of these countries, which have been so signally protected ; and which, with all their faults, I humbly hope contain, still, much real virtue : surely there are many more than ten righteous to be found amongst us.

I hope earnestly that we may meet sometime in the course of next month, or even at the beginning of March. It would perhaps be too much to expect that you could take a run up to town ; but if there be no other way, I must only strive to see you at the Glebe, if it be but for three days. I know that there will be in town such professional employment for me, as it would be wrong not to attend to ; but, however pleasant all these plans may be, in prospect, I am to remember, that they are, at best, uncertain. A brother-clergyman, a curate of this diocese, was in

company on Saturday 21st, and died on Christmas Day of an inflammation on the lungs. He had enjoyed uninterrupted health, and been a man of strict, habitual temperance: his death has made an awful impression.

I beg my most affectionate regard to my sisters and to Richard, and if there be any other of your little ones, fit objects of the kindly compliments of the season, I hope you will present them for me.

Yours ever most truly,

JOHN JEBB.

January 6.

LETTER XVII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Cashel, Jan. 11. 1806.

ON reviewing what I have written, it appears to me that little has been said about my actual pursuits, occupations, engagements, &c. ; but the old proverb comes in to my aid, '*No news is good news.*' A saying, with all its homely quaintness, which has more force and depth in it, than we are commonly aware of. For that calm, unagitated, unruffled flow of time, which leaves little to be told, is the happiest, as well as the safest, period of our lives. It is like the gentle lapse of rivers, which, without being noticed, or talked of, is permitted quietly to fertilize the soil, and beautify the prospect, - while the fame of the rapid and destructive torrent is noised abroad. In such a state, we are led from what is without, to that which is within; from the bustle of the world, to a quiet communion with our own hearts; from what

depends, on the will, perhaps on the capricious and unaccountable whimsies, of others, to that, for which, under God's good guidance, we may draw upon ourselves. I cannot flatter myself that I am yet brought to this happy temperament. But I trust I am in progress ; and my earnest desire is to look unpresumptuously forward, to a self-possession, and self-enjoyment, which may enable me to move with less danger, and more usefulness, through this world. A heathen moralist says, ‘ It is an inestimable privilege to be one’s own.’ And I soberly think, that in proportion to the degree in which we have gained this mastery . . . to the faculty we have of deriving comfort from ourselves . . . to our independence on high-wrought excitements, and manufactured substitutes to the simple stock of nature . . . precisely in proportion to our advancements in these qualifications, will be our peace with ourselves, and those around us ; our patient acquiescence in the will of the all-wise and gracious Disposer ; and our fitness to do good in that world, into which we have been brought, that we may be active and useful beings. This may look like a piece of to-morrow’s sermon, but I do assure you that it is spick-and-span new ; that it never was in a sermon ; and that, for aught I can tell, it never will be in a sermon : that is to say, however trite and common-place it may be, and however it may come under the heavy description of what is called prosing . . . it has been fairly transmitted from my pen to this paper, without contracting any new dulness from the atmosphere of a pulpit. Good night.

J. J.

Sunday night.

LETTER XVIII.

*To **** * *****.*

Cashel, Jan. 20. 1806.

THIS day, too, is ‘dark, gloomy, and dispiriting,’ but I am determined not to let it put me out of spirits. I cannot, however, prevent it from having more of an incapacitating influence on my faculties, than could be wished: all that can be done, in these cases, is, to fight against the enemy; and to ‘set doggedly to work,’ determined that, if we cannot do things as we wish, we will do them as well as we can.

After the long epistle I wrote, which I suppose you have seen, there is little left to say of myself; and, in looking to your letter, I can see little, which may not be answered when we meet. There is, however, one point, on which I cannot postpone talking to you a little; I mean the scepticism of that young lady. I shall certainly not shrink from the effort of doing any good in my power: but I tell you beforehand, that my expectations of doing any good, are the most remote imaginable from sanguine. If her doubts merely went to the divine origin of christianity, I should not be so hopeless; but, from a recollection of some things that lightly fell from her, about two years ago, or perhaps more, I am apprehensive that she is shaken, as to some of the fundamental principles of natural religion; that she doubts truths, which were not questioned by Socrates, Plato, and Cicero; in a word, that she is deeply imbued with the new-fangled whimsies of atheistical philoso-

phism. She has, as you say, many good qualities ; but I do much fear, that her singularities will stand in the way of her recovery. There is about her a study of inflexibility, which is a principal ingredient in the generic character of the new school ; a love of paradox ; a disposition rather to dwell on minute difficulties, than to acquiesce in the necessary ignorance, which must cling to all human creatures, in this dim twilight of our earthly being : a disposition directly the opposite of that lovely humility, that lowly submission, which is the chief ornament of the truly feminine character ; and which is, in truth, the very ground-work of all genuine christianity. ‘Learn of me,’ said our blessed Lord, ‘for I am meek and lowly of heart.’ And, again, ‘Blessed are the poor in spirit,’ &c.

My own faith, rests on this foundation, that I have, from a variety of sources, the most incontrovertible evidence, that the Scriptures of the New Testament, were written, at the time they were said to be written, by the persons to whom they are commonly ascribed ; that the facts in them must be true, from that very testimony of their bitterest enemies ; that their facts are, many of them, miraculous, many of them compleutive of very ancient prophecies, and, consequently, that the system is divine. To this, might be added a variety of other most weighty proofs ; but this simple outline contains that, on which I should not hesitate to build my belief. But, then, objections may be made to many difficulties in the Scripture scheme. True. But to what system of philosophy, to what matter of fact, may not objections be made ? Let my mind be once thoroughly convinced of the fact, that Christ is a divine person, and, what is better, let me once feel the felicitating,

as well as strengthening, and purifying influences, of Christ's religion in my heart, and I will defy all the cavillers in the world, to shake my faith. We are very ignorant beings; we cannot account for the production of a blade of grass, and shall we presume to fathom the secrets of Omniscience? We are very weak beings; we cannot make a single hair white or black, and shall we presume to controul the decrees of Omnipotence? Yet the absurd philosophy of the new school, would teach us to believe nothing, which we do not thoroughly comprehend, and to quarrel with every thing, which we do not approve. A degree of presumption, which it makes me melancholy to think of. * * * * *, I do fear, is deeply infected with this presumption; and, if she be, I own I almost despair of being able to convince her; for, unhappily, the prejudices of the atheistical school, leave no common ground for the christian and the philosopher to stand upon; so that they may reason and dispute for ever: still, however, God is both good and powerful; it is often his pleasure to bring about greater changes, in the human understanding and heart; and when he chooses to bring them about, he may do so, by the weakest instruments: therefore, I do not wholly despair, but will endeavour to do my best, and leave events to the all-wise Disposer.

From all that has been passing in that family, I would draw one awful, and useful lesson; . . . that, when we cease to be religious, or when we decline in religion, we may expect to meet with misfortunes. Happy if these misfortunes, lead us back to the only living fountain of consolation! When * * * * * lived unostentatiously in * * * * *, I recollect well the manner in which he passed sunday

evening. He read a sermon, and prayers, to his family ; and though, perhaps, never what one would call deeply serious, he was conscientiously devout on such occasions. When he removed to * * * *, the good old custom of prayers and sermon was given up, perhaps as citizenlike and ungenteel ; and music, trifling talk, &c. &c., substituted in its room. I recollect well the impression made on me, at the time, by this change. Now mark, in that family, what has happened. I do not say that these things are judgments ; this would be arrogating to myself, what is the prerogative of Omnipotence, alone ; and, I will add, it would be departing from that christian charity, which I would willingly feel towards all, and especially towards those whose kindness I gratefully remember, and whose many amiable qualities I cordially regard. But, further still, it would be transgressing against the spirit of St. Luke, xiii. 1—5. I say then only, that these circumstances are remarkable, and awfully instructive ; and that they should lead us all to an increased diligence in cultivating the favour, and, if I may so speak, the friendship, of that all-gracious Father, who will never fail to draw nigh unto us, if we first draw nigh unto him. He has beautifully characterized himself, as ‘a fountain of living waters ;’ and what, indeed, can water, that vitalizing principle of nature, do for the body, which he does not, in an infinitely gracious way, for the soul ? Refreshment, purification, strength ; these he is abundantly able, and most affectionately willing, to bestow upon us ; whatever be our calamities, whatever our disappointments, if we turn to him, he will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land, springs of water. Isai. xli. 17, 18.

This letter, I know not how, has turned into a sort

of sermon ; but I do believe, however crudely expressed, it has some true and weighty matter. I think it my duty to put you on your guard in one point. I know nothing from which I would shrink with more fearful apprehension, than close intimacy with an infidel ; for if it did not, as I hope it would not, shake my belief, I feel that it would deaden my comfortable, affectionate, heart-warming views of religion. Farewell, and believe me,

Most affectionately yours,
J. JEBB.

P. S. I make it an earnest request, that you will keep from any thing like controversy with * * * * *. Deep and abstruse speculations may do us hurt, and cannot do us good. It is, indeed, right, that we should be able to give an answer for the faith that is in us ; but such an answer lies within a very narrow compass. If she is gone very deep, and nothing can be done to draw her back, I would submit the propriety of avoiding too close intimacy and connection.

LETTER XIX.

To the Rev. J. M^cCormick.

Cashel, April 12. 1806.

I THANK you most cordially for the happy intelligence you communicate in your letter. Your wish that I should act as sponsor to my little namesake, entirely coincides with my own, and affords me much gratification. Surely, to answer for a child of yours, can be neither burthensome, nor hazardous ; and it must

be pleasant, that any link should be added to the strong ties, which I trust will ever subsist between us. On the subject of indiscriminately standing sponsor, I might perhaps have my scruples ; but, in the present instance, be assured there is not ‘the shadow of a shade’ of hesitation ; for, where we are convinced that parents will do their duty, there is no hazard in becoming an additional security.

Matters were so ordered, that I met a degree of acceptance in Dublin, which I had by no means expected. But I know full well, that popularity is held by a very uncertain tenure ; and that if it were ever so secure of continuance, it is valuable only so far as it can be rendered subservient to the good of our fellow-creatures. Therefore, I feel that I have no right to reckon upon a life-interest, in the small stock I have been given to trade upon ; and that, so long as it may please God to continue any portion of it, I must hold myself strictly accountable for its expenditure : so that, if I rejoice, I must rejoice, not only with moderation, but with trembling.

The ordination sermon, I hope, has been sent to you. The orphan sermon presses on my mind ; the day is fixed, but nothing is yet written ; and all that I can say, in the present stage of the business, is, *mens agitat molem*.

I think now more highly of Dean Kirwan than I ever did. During the last two years of his life, his views of religion became more clear, deep, and strong ; and the effect was, that his preaching assumed a tone, far surpassing any thing I ever heard him deliver. His last five sermons, I understand, are master-pieces. I can answer for two of them, which I read with astonishment and delight ; his own MSS. having been shown to me. One of them was the last he ever

preached, and that for the orphans. You may guess, then, how I feel. Competition with this great man, is altogether out of the question. I feel as a pigmy compared to a giant ; but then, may not the charity grievously suffer ? and may not that cause which is till more important, and which I wish to give all my strength to, be materially injured, through my want of powers ? These things, however, are in the hands of a wise and good God ; and to him I submit myself. My best love, and good wishes, to my sister. Believe me always,

Most cordially and affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XX.

To Mrs. Beatty.

56. Dawson Street, Dublin, Sept. 18. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
I DID not learn the melancholy event, till this day, at your mother's door ; and you can more readily conceive, than I can express my feelings. I cannot go to bed without writing a few lines. I am anxious to hear how you are, and especially how poor Lady B. bears up. May it please God to cheer her under this heavy affliction, for he only can effectually do it !

I have been recalling the kindness, the good-nature, the affectionate dispositions, and steady good conduct, of her who is no more ; to you, these must already have afforded the best consolation ; for may we not trust they are pledges of her having been re-

ceived into some one of those ‘many mansions,’ the least elevated of which, is far superior to any thing in this dim speck? You, my good friend, have been already tried in the school of affliction; so has your poor mother; and I wish, from my heart, that your afflictions may be not only alleviated, but turned into matter of future joy, by the hand that has been pleased to deal them. He does not willingly afflict us; and we may rest assured, that, if we are brought to love him as we ought, we shall be divinely enabled to extract sweetness even from sorrow. ‘Thou hast made us for thyself,’ said a great and good man, ‘and our heart never resteth, till it findeth rest in thee.’ What, then, is every providential deprivation, but a special call to draw nearer ‘to him, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think?’ And does not a rich, an inestimable, an inexhaustible reward, follow this cleaving to our God? Is it not, indeed, rather its own exceeding great reward? What is there that we can want, for time or for eternity, which we may not find in Him, who is goodness, wisdom, power, love, . . . all, in an infinite degree, .. and all ready, not only to be exerted in our favour, but to be imparted to us, and cherished in us, by that all-gracious Being, of whose fulness we are all invited to receive?

I feel, my dear friend, that it may be better to spare you for the present; but I am most desirous to hear from you, if it be but three lines. My ignorance of late events in your family is owing to my having led, for a considerable time, a rambling life; being recommended to leave Cashel and study, for the sake of health. I thank God, the purpose has been completely answered; and I propose returning home in about a week. I am at present with my friend Mr.

Knox. I beg my kindest regards to all your family, and am, with truth,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXI.

To Miss Jebb.

Cashel, Oct. 4. 1806.

I KNOW it will give you pleasure to hear that my journey turned out more pleasant and productive, than I had any reason to expect. At Maryboro', I was agreeably surprised by meeting my friend * * * * *, who was escorting a lady to pay a visit to his cara sposa. With them I passed the evening; and breakfasted, on thursday morning, at Durrow. The lady was once an acquaintance of yours, Miss * * * * * * * *; and I think she has so managed matters, as to have become more youthful in appearance during the lapse of years, which has been going forward, since I met her at Rosstrevor. I had it in my power to accommodate an invalidish lady with a seat in my carriage, for the last two stages of the journey, there being a great run on the road. She repayed me by her conversation, which abounded in good sense, good nature, and good feeling. Every thing here has remained *in statu quo*. Some few friends I have seen, who were glad to see me. This I am glad to feel, that I look forward with some complacency to a quiet winter, after all my rambling; and that I am hopeful of being able to read, write, and think, with ease and comfort.

On recalling to my mind the last conversations that I had with you, I am somewhat apprehensive, that neither my sermons, nor my talk, have been sufficiently explicit, to remove ambiguity, and prevent misapprehension of my meaning. You conceive that I raise the standard of christian practice alarmingly high ; and I grant, that it would be even so, if I pressed things as matter of duty, rather than of choice. But the truth is, that I regard religion, as a divine apparatus for restoring our affections to their right tone, and occupying them, about their supreme and everlasting object. The language of Scripture, the writings of the wisest men, and the experience of all ages, wonderfully concur in establishing the fact, that man, in his natural state, is like an instrument out of tune. Can it, then, be matter of surprize, if, while his ‘ ventages’ are thus ‘ ungoverned,’ he should, like poor Guildenstern, be quite unable to ‘ command any utterance of harmony ?’ But I would go to far higher authority than Shakspeare ; the invaluable liturgy of our own church. Look at the collect for the 4th sunday after Easter, and there you will see a most lively picture, both of our natural helplessness and misery, and of that blessed peace and self-possession, which are attainable through the influences of divine grace. Man is described as under the power of ‘ unruly wills and affections :’ somewhat like a vessel at sea, in a great storm, at the mercy of every blast, and every moment threatened with instant destruction. In this perilous condition, He alone, who can say to the winds and waves, ‘ Peace, . . be still,’ is able to allay the perturbations of a fluctuating and troubled mind. He alone, can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men ; but, when He speaks the word, a great calm succeeds, in virtue of

a power and will, which he graciously communicates, of loving that which he commands, and desiring that which he promises. This passage, I conceive, exhibits a deep acquaintance with the philosophy of the human mind. If we are once brought to love that which is right, there can be no difficulty in the performance of it. What affectionate child, what attached friend, what devoted lover, ever finds a difficulty in thinking of, in conversing with, in gratifying, the beloved object? Thus, too, it would be in religion, if we were to imbibe it in its unmixed purity; then, whatever changes, whatever difficulties, whatever obstacles, might be presented by this troublesome world, they would no more turn the heart from its object, than the magnet could be turned from the north, by shaking the box which encloses it. Some vibrations there may be; but allow a moment for the soul to settle, and it, like the needle, will turn to the object, by which it is supremely attracted, . . . for it is there ‘surely fixed, where alone true joys are to be found.’

But how, you will be ready to ask, is this love to be attained? for an answer, I refer you to the first paragraph of the Epistle of St. James. ‘Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above.’ If any man, then, lack, not only wisdom, but love, or, what is the sure result of love, power, let him ask it of God: this is the injunction of St. James, this is the repeated advice of our Saviour, and in this path we can never be disappointed; for, has he not said, ‘If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will my heavenly Father give his holy Spirit to them that ask him?’ The sum of all, then, is, that if we endeavour to climb to heaven, by a ladder of our own making, by any en-

deavours merely of our own strength, we shall miserably fail of our purpose; but if, with an earnest desire for aid from on high, we pray for those things, which, by nature, we cannot have; if we do thus, with sincerity, and continuity of effort, at the same time avoiding all distracting and contrarious habits and pursuits, then we may be certain that a golden chain will be let down from heaven, to draw us up; we shall feel a change within altogether beyond human power to effect; and we shall be sweetly constrained to say, ‘ This is the Lord’s doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes ! ’

This I have written as rapidly as my pen could move; if, therefore, I was not sure that you are a good-natured critic, I should not send it. I fear it is strangely incoherent. However, I know you will accept the will for the deed. My best love to all with you. Pray write soon, and believe me,

Your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXII.

To the Rev. J. M^cCormick.

Cashel, Nov. 6. 1806.

THOUGH I wrote, two posts since, a very hasty letter to my sister, I don’t conceive that it discharges me from the obligation of troubling you with a few lines. You know pretty well how I have been occupied, and how unfitted for writing at an earlier period.

My late illnesses, I think, will be, on the whole, advantageous to me in a variety of respects. One

benefit which I deeply, and I hope gratefully feel, is, a certain joyousness, when in possession of myself, which I suppose never falls to the lot of those, who enjoy uninterrupted health. Pray has it ever struck you, that robust health has a tendency to ‘embody and embrute’ the soul; deadening its active powers, and overlaying its finer feelings? If this be the case, surely we invalids have no reason, in the long run, to envy our stronger and stouter brethren.

In this world, however, we have bodies, as well as souls; and it is certain that, if the mind be over-exerted, it will injure the body; and, then, both together will be unfit for use. Therefore, I see clearly the necessity of due exercise and relaxation; and indeed the experience of the last few months confirms this (if confirmation were needful), for I am evidently in a much better state, both of mental and corporeal soundness, in consequence of the excursions and variety I have had. But the return home is pleasant, though the home be so lonely as mine is. The intermission of my usual pursuits, makes me return to them with more zest; and I have seldom entered more warmly, than within these few days last past, into the spirit of literary luxury; so that what Heinsius said of himself, in the Leyden library, I sometimes feel disposed to apply to my own case. ‘Plerumque in quâ (bibliothecâ) pedem posui, foribus pessulum obdo; ambitionem, autem, amorem, libidinem, &c. excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix, . . et in ipso aeternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animas, sedem mihi sumo cum ingenti quidem animo, et subinde magnatum me misereat, qui felicitatem hanc ignorant.’

You are, not, however, to imagine, that I am so devoted to this learned leisure, as to neglect needful

exercise, or to shun more active employments. I take frequent opportunities of riding or walking; and am, just now, a good deal interested, in establishing a better system in our County Infirmary. Yesterday we had a tolerably full meeting, in which the Archbishop took a very decided part; and I hope that all things will, at length, go on as they ought to do.

I shall be happy to hear from you, whenever you have leisure.

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXIII.

To Miss Jebb.

Cashel, Nov. 20. 1806.

I HAVE been, from time to time, postponing my purpose of writing to you, in expectation of being able to write connectedly; with some accumulation of ideas, some useful practical hints, gleaned from writers who have studied the human heart, and some regularity of plan, which might go towards producing a distinctness of effect. But, alas! I feel that, if I were to wait till enabled to do all this, we should both probably reach a good old age, or be removed from this world, before our correspondence could be renewed. Therefore, I think it best to come down from my great aspirings, and content myself with a common letter; for which I have made no preparation, and of which, I positively cannot foretell what the next sentence shall be.

You complain of being alarmed at wanderings in prayer ; and doubtless, there are wanderings, which should lead us to inquire very narrowly, and probe very deeply, into the interior of our hearts. I mean, such wanderings, as proceed from habitual dissipation of mind, from strong heart-attachment to the present world, and from disordered, irregular affections and desires. These are the common results and accompaniments of a careless life ; and it is certain, that, from such wanderings, they will be completely free, who look to God, as they ought to do, amidst the common occupations, and necessary intercourse of life ; for, if we limit the range of our thoughts throughout the day, we shall be wonderfully masters of ourselves in the hours of devotion.

But there are wanderings of another nature, from which I verily believe the most deeply pious will not be exempt, till they are separated from the body. These may be commonly traced to some malady in our frame, or to some irregularity in our animal spirits ; and, even in cases when the cause is not discernible, proceed rather from physical weakness, than from any thing morally wrong. I cannot undertake to say, that what you complain of, is wholly of this latter description ; most probably it partakes, also, of the former ; for, in the stage of religion which you, at present, seem to occupy, all undue anxiety about, and attachment to the trifles of the world, is not surmounted. Still, however, it is a most promising symptom, that you speak with regret of being often ‘ cold and languid,’ and of ‘ the world obtruding on your thoughts, at the very moment you are praying to have your affections weaned from it.’ Your regret bears testimony, that the wanderings are involuntary ; and, if it be softened down into

unremitting and earnest concern about the important subject, then I do feel hopeful that you will have less reason to complain than heretofore ; and my hopes are considerably strengthened by your most pleasant intelligence, about your growing attachment to sunday. By all means, cherish this ; and make to yourself as many opportunities, as, consistently with propriety, and without incurring the charge of particularity, you can, of being alone, and properly occupied, on that day. But to return, you should by all means look forward to, and press on towards, a freedom from all such wanderings, as imply actual wrongness ; at the same time, not needlessly distressing yourself about such as, perhaps, are no more morally culpable, than having a head-ache, or tooth-ache. It is not at the very period of actual wandering, that you are to humble yourself on account of it ; this would rather tend to increase, than alleviate, the evil : it should then be your object to aim, rather, at what may, at once, compose, elevate, and enliven the affections : always remembering, that over-anxiety may even rivet those evil thoughts, which we wish to get rid of. It is not, then, the part of pious wisdom, to employ direct, and formal efforts, to banish what is vain, trifling, or impertinent. We should rather turn with promptness and alacrity to some cheerful, animating, affecting thought, connected with God and heaven ; with the happiness of religion, or with those kindly affections towards our fellow-creatures, which assimilate with, and often aid, the spirit of true devotion ; and we should make it an invariable rule, never to let the incursion of foolish ideas, divert us from continuing any pious exercise, in which we have engaged.

But the main stand is, after all, to be made in the

daily course of our lives ; for may it not be said, that, in their prayers, as in their dreams, people are often apt to act over again the occurrences of the past day, or to anticipate those of the day to come ? Let us, then, be careful to obtain a due watchfulness over ourselves ; a thorough self-command ; an habitual conviction that we are in the presence of God ; and, then, we shall, in good time, have little to mingle with our prayers, that could give us well-founded uneasiness. In order to this, it is desirable, that our regular devotions should be more directed to the obtaining right inward principles and feelings, than to any outward regularity of actions ; for, when the principles and feelings are as they ought to be, right conduct will follow, as matter of course. And, further, we should seize every opportunity of lifting up our minds to God, secretly, in the midst of our common pursuits, occupations, and conversation. This practice, if it once grew into a habit, would go a very great way, indeed, towards keeping us from engaging in any pursuit or amusement, inconsistent with the devotional spirit. And I am deeply convinced, that it would so calm our minds, and free us from distractions and perplexities, as to keep us in the best possible frame, for whatever proper business, and truly innocent pursuits, we may happen to be engaged in. And now, my dear sister, I have one piece of advice to add : it respects temper. Watch over this, with the utmost caution and vigilance ; for, until this be, in a very great degree, mastered, there can be no real, solid happiness ; and, when this is substantially right, from right principles, and through the only adequate means, . . . God's gracious influences, then it may be fearlessly asserted, that no external circumstances can make us unhappy. I know what

it was to have violent temper in a high degree. You have less to struggle with ; but still there is something. That warmth, however, is, to my knowledge, accompanied with generous, disinterested, affectionate feeling ; and, if you can, as I hopefully believe will be the case, get it subdued through God's assistance, you will be the better candidate for religion of the right kind, by having that naturally irritable temperament ; for it is remarkable, that the most perfect christian characters we read of, and St. Paul's among the number, had violent natural passions to contend with. And what was the consequence ? The energy remained, while all its violence was destroyed. They were still liable to feel a chastened indignation ; but, then they were masters of themselves throughout ; and the indignation was never personal, but always on the side of truth, and virtue, and religion.

I have written this altogether most rapidly, and I fear most unconnectedly : if there be any thing of truth or value in it, adopt that, reject every thing else ; and especially excuse the well-meant, though, possibly, ill-worded hints, towards the close. If any thing in me appears to you as it ought not to be, I shall esteem your communication of it as real kindness: for I know that, in many things, I offend ; and to be set right is my earnest wish.

Farewell, my dear sister ; write soon, to yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXIV.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, Dec. 16. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

You need not be apprehensive that I am excessive in my studies. The truth is, I have read enough to show me that there remains unexplored a field so vast, that the talents of a Newton, added to the age of a Methuselah, would be insufficient to approach near its limits. Therefore, with my very moderate powers, and uncertain health, I should be very unreasonable, if I looked to any thing more than enclosing, and endeavouring to cultivate, a very small patch of this literary common.

But I have to complain of you, for giving loose to the suggestions of a too partial friendship. I well know that your expressions are far from outrunning your feelings; but, my dear friend, I know myself, and am deeply conscious of numerous and humbling deficiencies, which prove to me that I have yet very much, both mentally and morally, to correct. The mode of commendation which you indulge in would be enough to overset me, if I had not, I trust, risen somewhat above the low vice of vanity. As it is, it pains me in another way, by bringing up to my view, how much I have yet to learn, and how far I fall short of what might reasonably be expected, considering the advantages I have had.

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LETTER XXV.

To Miss Jebb.

Cashel, December 28. 1806.

I HAVE now before me two pages of a letter, written very closely, and bearing date the 7th of this month, and part of another, dated the 20th, neither of which I was able to finish ; and, though uncertain whether I can bring this to a conclusion, I am determined, if possible, not to let this year close, without paying you the compliments of the season, and thanking you, as I do most cordially, for your last very acceptable letter.

It gratifies me much, that my hasty observations have been useful ; and more, that you take them in such good part : and most of all, that I trust you will, ere long, be in progress towards a greater degree of inward comfort, and self-enjoyment, than you have, perhaps, ever yet experienced. It is particularly pleasant, that you make so candid and unreserved a disclosure of your sentiments and feelings. A wise physician rejoices in a patient, who fairly states the symptoms of his case ; because he is thus enabled to prescribe on sure principles, and to meet the actual exigencies of the malady. And, though deeply conscious that I am little skilled in moral medicine, and that a testy patient might fairly meet me with, ‘ Physician, heal thyself,’ I, too, (as you call on me to prescribe,) am glad that you honestly state particulars, which afford me ground to proceed upon.

You state a long-confirmed habit of giving vent,

in words, to the feelings of the moment* ; and express a determination to endeavour to curb the unruly member. You could form few resolutions better calculated to promote your quiet enjoyment of yourself, and every thing around you. Do not be disheartened by the apprehension, that this wise restraint will sit awkwardly upon you, or appear forced, and insincere. Believe me, there is something truly respectable, in a conscientious effort to command, and deny ourselves ; this being the repeated injunction of our divine Master, than whom there never existed a more thorough judge of decorum, we need never fear that an adherence to it, will make us appear in any other, than a praiseworthy and amiable point of view. But, in these cases, where the principle is right, and the attempt sincere, the effort will not be perceived near so frequently, as the happy effect ; and even though effort should appear, does it not always raise a person in our esteem, to see a rising emotion suppressed, . . . a severe word softened, . . . a momentary cloud on the countenance, exchanged for smiles of good-nature and good-will ? A victory over what is wrong, always proves the existence of right internal principles ; and (next to the person who has effectually conquered all undue warmth of temper, so that even its first risings are invisible) that person is to be respected and admired, who is able to quell the tendency to tumult, before it breaks out into actual rebellion, or insurrection.

But it is not, certainly, any accumulation of mere

* During the latter years of her life, Miss Jebb suffered under a complaint peculiarly irritating in its nature ; and, though she would sometimes give way to the feeling of the moment, she would immediately, and most affectionately, ask pardon of those around her, for any thing painful she might have said. . . ED.

efforts, as the occasion arises, that will be sufficient to produce this happy effect. Unless there be provision made within, outward exertion may, perhaps, only serve to aggravate the evil; unless we lay the ground-work of a contented mind, we cannot promise to ourselves a permanent and solid superstructure of placid and serene deportment: without this, many amiable and estimable qualities will be insufficient to accomplish what we desire; warmth of affection, generosity of spirit, sincere intention to make others happy, (qualities which I know you possess in an eminent degree,) will all be found incompetent to the conquest and regulation of our passions, unless we are, at least, in progress towards that happy discovery of St. Paul, ‘I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.’

Be assured, that passions and affections are never given us, without being intended to be called into play; they are intended to constitute materials of moral discipline and trial; and, if they served no other purpose, this noble one would recompense us, for any uneasiness they may cost us; the task of disciplining, regulating, and directing them, however painful in the act, will, if conscientiously persevered in, bring peace at the last. And observe, that I do not, by any means, recommend their extirpation; they were given us for great purposes; and, if we employ them properly, they will contribute largely to our happiness, not only here, but hereafter. The stronger, and the warmer they are, the higher is the enjoyment of which they mark our capacity. Whoever has warm passions and affections, is providentially called to exercise a more than common degree of love to God and goodness. And, whatever be our external circumstances, opportunities will never be wanting

of bringing this love into action. Let me earnestly recommend, that you should exercise your affections and passions upon those infinitely interesting objects, which can never be taken from you. It is thus, that past, and present pain may be most effectually surmounted ; and, through the divine assistance, be, in due time, so recollected, as only, like shades in a picture, to contribute to your enjoyment. It is thus, that you may be enabled to revert to former disagreeable sensations, only as the wearied traveller, brought into a land of peace and plenty, looks back upon the desert which he has traversed.

Do not imagine that I am speaking the language of cold, common-place speculation : I know well what I say ; I, too, have my conflicts ; within these four weeks especially, and never, perhaps, more strongly than this day, have I been grievously harassed, by temptations to repine, and be discontented at my lot. All, therefore, that I have said to you, I wish to apply to myself ; it is these very considerations, which are my medicine ; and I trust, through God's help, that they may be effectual to my relief.

Dr. Woodward was here for three days. He left this to-day, after having given my congregation a very good and useful sermon yesterday. The Archbishop and his family leave this, for town, on Thursday. Tell Louisa, that I shall have great pleasure in endeavouring to procure her some sacred music. There are some uncommonly beautiful psalm tunes, composed by Delamaine of Cork (long since dead), which, to my unscientific ear, are some of the most affecting melodies I ever heard. I should be glad to know whether these would be acceptable : I am pretty certain Louisa never heard them : and I should also be obliged to her to specify what kind of sacred

music she wishes for ; whether Anthems, Chaunts, or Te Deums.

I am now obliged to close this long letter.

Yours, my dear sister, most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXVI.

*To Mrs. * * * * *.*

1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY thanks for your friendly hint. And now, as to what is of much more importance, I should much rather be silent, than say any thing that could oppress, or perplex you. Continue to do your rational duty, trusting in God ; pursue your design of a temporary residence in * * * *. Wait quietly for events : pray to God for light and guidance ; and he will finally disentangle you ; for, be it remembered, that we cannot disentangle ourselves. These are my sober sentiments. ‘ Be careful for nothing,’ &c. &c. Retire now, as far as your reason, and sense of duty will permit. Pray to God to hasten the time, when you may retire still more effectually, and be raised in some good measure,

‘ To regions mild, of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth.’

And use every opportunity that you can fairly embrace of giving * * * * * a relish for enjoyments of the more quiet kind. This, you know far better than

I can do, for you know it practically, cannot, and should not, be attempted, in the way of direct precept. In London you will have abundance of indirect modes. You can, for instance, show her much, both of nature, and art; so much, as to fill and occupy her leisure hours, without calling in the aid of balls, plays, &c. &c.; and you can also train her to indifference for the latter, by altogether abstaining from them yourself, yet, at the same time, continuing cheerful and happy.

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Yours most faithfully,

J. JEBB.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Rev. J. M^cCormick.

Cashel, Oct. 29. 1807.

I KNOW appearances are sadly against me, yet you will readily believe that you have often been actually in my thoughts, and always habitually in my heart. The truth is, I have made many efforts to write to you; evidence of which I could bring, by enclosing several unfinished letters. I hope this may not share the fate of its predecessors; and indeed, however heavy it may be, will it not be best to dispatch it? For surely it is better that one should plead guilty of dulness, than be suspected of unkindness.

My mind has had very few working days, for these two or three months past. How far the winter may be favourable, I cannot conjecture; but I am now so inured to sterility, that, what would be mental

starvation to many, affords me a comfortable meal. I succeeded in a sermon, about a week ago, and have been living on it ever since ; not, however, without hopes that it is the first-fruits of a little harvest of consolation. I do not voluntarily give myself up to inactivity in the line of my duty, being truly anxious to improve every hour of sunshine ; but ‘ shadows, clouds, and darkness,’ too often, ‘ rest upon’ my poor brain. I am, however, sensible, that all this has, even already, had its advantage, in deepening my views ; in giving them more solidity and compactness ; and, I hope, in teaching me somewhat more of the human heart, by, at once, affording me motives, and leisure to inspect my own.

You may have learned from the papers, that many parts of this country are in a desperate state of insubordination. Still, however, I do feel a strong confidence, that the ultimate result will be beneficial. It may be good that we should undergo a period of trial ; but I trust, that, at least, a small portion will come, as pure gold out of the fire. Religion is nearly confined to these countries, just at present. In France, and wherever France bears sway, that is, alas ! throughout all continental Europe, there is a prospect of little else than infidelity, if not of atheism. The priesthood almost extinct, from the miserable stipends allowed them ; and even the few that remain, in France at least, not exempt from the military conscription ; the price of a substitute, I have it from good authority, amounting to the almost incredible sum of 500*l.* or 600*l.* Amidst this gloomy prospect, I would willingly, but with deep humility, conjecture, that these islands will be providentially made use of, for an invaluable purpose ; and that even the present dreadful disorder, may be a necessary preparation, for the

greatest blessings, that have ever yet been vouchsafed to the world. Who can say, whether a temporary declension of all religion, be not indispensable, towards the decomposition of popery ; and to the introduction of a purer, and better system, than has yet prevailed, even in protestant Europe ? I cannot but indulge the hope, . . if it be a vision, it is however a consolatory one, . . that Church-of-England piety is, in due time, to leaven the mass of civilized society. And, in this view, I look forward, with somewhat of resignation, even to a period of suffering, and comparative persecution ; as a process, which may make the religion of our establishment purer, and more intense, and, of course, better fitted to communicate a happy influence, when events may be ripe for its more extended operation. I know not whether I make myself clear ; my ideas are thrown out very hastily, and I fear undigestedly, on paper ; but I write to one who can either develope my meaning, or make a kindly allowance for my no-meaning.

By the way, it is pleasant that piety and zeal of a very deep and active nature have been, of late, gaining rapid ground in this diocese. I trust we may yet be of some little service. To be sure our Archbishop is a host in himself. He appears to me daily growing in wisdom, in disinterestedness, in spirituality, and in humility. His perfect knowledge of the world, strong good sense, and unimpeachable integrity, joined with that personal dignity, which is, at once, so simple, and so commanding, give him a wonderful weight in the world ; and I question not that the purity and piety of his mind bring down a special blessing, from a higher quarter, on all his efforts. I cannot, indeed, find words to express the delight I feel, at having such a man for my patron, and my friend ; or my

gratitude, that our church is blest with such a guardian, in these awful times.

Your truly affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Cashel, February 8. 1808.

MY DEAREST MARIA,

THE very great suffering which you have undergone, both from illness and anxiety, I was quite unacquainted with, till a few days since, except so far as ***** was concerned ; and your letter most happily confirmed my hopes that all would be well. The discipline, indeed, has been severe ; but I have no doubt it was also most merciful ; for, though there are very few, indeed, in the circle of my acquaintance, of whose rightness I have a more thorough conviction, than of yours, yet, I am persuaded, that, even the very best, are by no means exempt from the need of providential discipline. Happy are they, who acknowledge the hand from whence it comes ; and who derive from it the intended benefit. That this is, in a very great measure, your case, I have, I trust, a well-grounded confidence ; what I say, therefore, is rather intended in the way of encouragement, than either of admonition, or even of suggestion. But one thing I will venture strongly, both to suggest, and to urge ; it is, that you should keep up your spirits. I well know, from long personal experience, the depressing

effect of malady ; and, with this in my view, I do not hesitate to say, it is a duty to fight against it.

You should have heard from me sooner, but that, for just one fortnight, the house has held me a close prisoner. I am looking up, and soon hope to be out. The fit, I think, will ultimately be an advantage. It has been attended with more than usual nervous irritability ; I was completely overset one day, by the very quiet conversation of a single friend, which obliged me, for a time, to exclude all visitors.

It would be a cold word to say, that I am greatly, both gratified, and obliged, by the kind and affectionate wish expressed by you and Rowley, to see me under your roof. I truly feel more than I can express ; but there are special reasons why I must not make my usual annual trip to Dublin, this year. It would be idle and disingenuous to say, that this does not imply sacrifice and self-denial ; but, if all the circumstances were before you, I think you would agree, it is right for me to stay where I am. This morning, I have had a very kind invitation from Richard, which for the same reason must be declined. And I must add, that, though both under your roof and his, I have ever experienced the most cordial and affectionate attention, I should think it an absolute duty, on very many accounts, were I to go to town for any length of time, to establish myself in a lodgings ; which I would be very ready to allow my friends to reduce almost to the denomination of a dry lodging. For it would be far from my intention, by this little arrangement, to relinquish the society of those who are deservedly dear to me.

I feel deeply for poor **** ; but I have a cheerful, though not a sanguine hope, that, before very long, he will be compensated, and more than com-

pensated, in a more desirable way. His honourable, conscientious, upright conduct, and his laudable attention to his most promising young family, place him, I soberly think, under the wing of divine Providence. Believe me, with hearty wishes that, from you and yours, no good thing may be withheld,

Your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Rev. J. M^cCormick.

Bellevue, March 8. 1808.

If you could anatomize my brain, or untwist my nerves, or analyze my animal spirits, you would doubtless discover more powerful reasons than I am able to plead, for my long silence. Though very far, indeed, from a materialist, I cannot but feel, that mind is wonderfully at the mercy of matter; and though hopeful of an emergence, even in this life, from the prison of such bodily fetters, as have been this long time my providential discipline, I must own, at present, my utter inability of doing, in literary matters, that which I would. A person who has not suffered similarly, cannot even faintly conceive, how I shrink, and have shrunk for the last two months, from the effort of writing even a letter of friendship, or of civility. This is my fourth or fifth commencement of one to you; and, at this moment, I know not whether it must not share the fate of its predecessors. You will, however, easily believe, that how-

ever my power of execution has failed me, I have had the desire to write. The truth is, that a frequent interchange of thought and feeling with you, would afford me very deep gratification ; and is by no means among the least of the advantages I anticipate, from a more healthful state of body, and more lucid habit of mind.

It would be a wretched thing, if we had no better consolation, and no higher prospects in reversion, than politicians can discern. But I do verily believe, that, amidst all the dismal scenes which are transacting, the world, under a providential and gracious guidance, is holding on a steady course, towards political, and moral, and religious purification. No less than this appears to be asserted by the sure word of prophecy ; and the remote, but certain movements towards this improvement, may be discerned, by the calm, and wise observer of what is passing in the world. The very politicians, whom I pity much more than I blame, are acting their parts in the great drama ; and will doubtless be made subservient to purposes, of which they little dream. All this, perhaps, may appear fanciful. But I think I could make out my case, if I had a couple of hours' talk with you. Meantime, it is pleasant, that what I am led to hope, on grounds of christian philosophy, a late most ingenious French philosopher has conjectured, on far other data ; and clothed in language as beautiful and energetic, as can well be conceived. ‘ Ah ! what would be the lot of the generations to follow, what the despair of him who reflects upon them, if, in the chaos of human affairs, the laws of an inexhaustible creation did not present themselves ; if, in the darkest storms, by which every thing appears ready to be swallowed up, the lightning of Provi-

dence did not afford, through the gloom, the glimpses of a better futurity! True it is, that, when the tempests are let loose, and hurricanes, raised by the passions of men, rage on the ocean of time, the vessel cannot hold her course direct to the destined harbour. The spectator is sometimes deceived, and thinks the motion retrograde, when it is not.' . . . ' But no : after those deplorable commotions, in which so many individuals are sacrificed, it is not uncommon to see a better order of things arise ; to behold the race itself advance more freely towards the great end, which is pointed out by its intellectual nature ; and obtain a new expansion of its improvement, by every new explosion of its powers.' — *Villers on the Reformation.*

I have left myself but a few lines to say, that I am highly gratified by your kind wish to see me at the Glebe. I hope to arrange matters so as to enjoy, at last, the pleasure of seeing you there. I beg my best love to your whole fireside.

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXX.

*To *****.*

Cashel, Oct. 26. 1808.

I THANK you for your interesting letter, and lose no time in sitting down to answer it. The Lord's prayer had, in some degree, engaged my attention ; though not so closely, as your hints have now led me to consider it. After some thought, I must honestly confess that I cannot subscribe to your ideas.

When our Lord delivered this prayer, I conceive that he intended it for a model of perfect christian devotion (that is, in the whole spirit of it, for the petitions are evidently calculated for the militant, not for the millennial state of the church). Now, if this be so, it surely cannot be maintained, that any part of the prayer is exclusively, or even primarily, adapted to the weaker order of christians. That some of the petitions are capable of being grossly apprehended, and interpreted in their own way, by the justification men, I readily admit ; but this is no more than may be asserted of numberless passages in the New Testament, and especially of what are called the doctrinal parts of St. Paul's Epistles. And, in truth, I deem it a signal instance, both of divine wisdom and goodness, that the Scriptures should have been so composed, as to favour such inadequate applications, and, consequently, such gross misinterpretations ; for I firmly believe, and am sure you will agree with me, that the essence of christianity could hardly have been preserved in the world, had not the kernel been thus enclosed in a hard shell, and further guarded by husky integuments. (You will perceive, that I have borrowed a favourite illustration of Knox's.)

The thing that I protest against is, the supposition, that our Lord himself, permitted a prayer, any of whose petitions are of the lower order. When matter of fact is adverted to, when the character of christians is described, as 'the salt of the earth,' and 'the light of the world,' the 'righteous' and the 'good : ' there, we may fairly suppose, distinction is intended, of more, and less, excellent ; for things are described as they are. But, when a model of devotion is provided, by an infinitely perfect and wise

Being, there, I conceive, nothing could obtain admission, but what is most excellent ; for things are expressed as they ought to be. But how then, you will ask, are petitions of the most excellent nature, adapted to weak and imperfect christians ? My answer is, that, in order to arrive at the excellence, it is necessary to dive far below the surface ; whilst a superficial meaning presents itself at the first glance, which abundantly serves the purpose of ordinary minds. Thus, I do believe, the justification man forms to himself an inadequate, though doubtless, on the whole, a salutary notion, of all the petitions in the Lord's prayer ; whilst the enlightened aspirant after sanctification and perfection, goes to the depth of the subject ; and both perceives, and relishes, in every part, the deepest spirituality, and the most enlarged christian philosophy. Having said thus much, I readily concede, that the petitions, which you have marked out, as belonging to, and especially characterizing the righteous, as contradistinguished from the good, appear to be the most susceptible of a narrow and forensic construction.

The verisimilitude of your metrical arrangement, so far as the eye is concerned, and as regularity of distribution is in question, depends upon this circumstance, that the prayer is, on your hypothesis, made to consist of three long lines, with two short couplets interposed, at the intervals between them. But there is every reason to believe, that your last line, the doxology, constitutes no proper part, either of the original prayer, or of St. Matthew's Gospel. In the first place, it is omitted by St. Luke ; an omission, in the highest degree improbable, on the supposition that our Lord really delivered this clause, along with the preceding. Of the five most ancient MSS. of

St. Matthew, two are defective in that part, which contains the Lord's prayer. In the other three, viz. the Codex Vaticanus, the Codex Bezæ, and Barret's newly-discovered MS., the doxology is wanting; as it is, also, in six other MSS. of considerable authority and importance. It is wanting in the Arabic, Persic, Coptic, and Latin versions. It is found in none of the fathers of the first three centuries, though Tertullian, Cyprian, and Origen, have written professed expositions of the Lord's prayer. And it is omitted by all the Latin fathers. The most probable account seems to be, that it originated with the liturgies used in the Byzantine, or Constantinopolitan church, in which doxologies were common; that, thence, it found its way into the lectionaries, or collections of portions of Scripture, appointed to be read in the public service; and that thence, it was finally introduced into the text of the Byzantine edition of the New Testament itself. Wetstein has remarked, and I think not unfairly, that the conclusion is tautological, and therefore cannot, with propriety, be attributed to our Lord; it being inconceivable, that, in so very short a composition, he would have repeated the very same ideas, that occur in the introduction. To this, may I be permitted to add, that I do not see, in the doxology, any thing like a susceptibility of a similar metrical arrangement, to that which obtains in the prayer itself. And, now, it is full time that I should subjoin, what appears to me the natural order of the prayer; subject, however, to your revision, animadversion, and, if it appears deserved, your castigation.

- I. ΠΑΤΕΡ ἡμῶν ὁ εν τοις ουρανοῖς,
 'Αγιασθητω το ονομα σου, }
 Ελθετω ἡ βασιλεια σου, }
 Γενηθητω το θελημα σου, }
 'Ως εν ουρανῳ, και επι της γης. }
- II. Τον αρτον ἡμῶν τον επιουσιον, }
 Δος ἡμιν σημερον. }
 Και αφες ἡμιν τα οφειληματα τα ἡμων, }
 'Ως και ἡμεις αφιεμεν τοις οφειλεταις ἡμων. }
 Και μη εισενεγκης ἡμας εις τον πειρασμον, }
 Αλλα ρύσαι ἡμας απο του πονηρου. Αμην. }

Here, you will observe, that there is an evident parallelism, between the first and fifth lines ; whether we regard the identity of the subject-matter, *εν τοις ουρανοῖς . . . ως εν ουρανῳ*, or the equality of length, there being, in each line, precisely ten syllables. The three intermediate lines, form a very beautiful parallel triplet ; and I think you will hardly fail to admit, that, according to the common construction of language, and, especially, of Hebrew poetry, each line of the triplet equally refers to the *ως εν ουρανῳ*. So that this first, and grandest part of the prayer, has, for its great object, the millennial state of the church ; when God's name shall be as purely hallowed, his kingdom as thoroughly established, and his will as perfectly performed, on earth, as in heaven. The couplet which relates to remission, is, perhaps, in its true and adequate import, no less deeply spiritual, than any other part of the prayer. I know it is commonly considered as merely forensic ; but the question is, whether real scriptural remission of sin, be of this forensic nature. I humbly conceive it is not. And, happily, our church seems to entertain the same opinion, when, in the baptismal service, she implores, for infants, 'the remission of their sins, by spiritual regeneration.' I have yet one more observation,

which, perhaps, is too trifling to be hazarded ; and yet there may be, possibly, something in it. In the arrangement that I have offered above, the parallel lines uniformly terminate with the same letter ; a technical nicety, which our Lord might have seen it wise to descend to, both for the aid of memory, and to secure the integrity of the prayer, from subsequent mutilation, or addition. Many poems of the Old Testament are acrostics, the lines beginning with the letters of the alphabet in regular succession. Why, then, might not a contrivance less palpable, but somewhat similar, be resorted to, in the New Testament ? That I may not be understood, I shall add what, perhaps, is needless : the first and fifth lines end with the letter Σ ; the second, third, and fourth with Υ ; the sixth to the eleventh with Ν.

* * * * *

Believe me,
Most cordially yours,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Cashel, October 31. 1808.

MY DEAR NASH,

WHEN I look back to the date of your very kind and interesting letter, I feel truly ashamed ; but I know your good-nature too well, not to rest satisfied that you will impute my silence to its real cause, the infirmities of a person, whose state of health has peculiarly disqualified him for any thing like regular correspondence. Indeed, in the present case, I was

prevented by a further difficulty ; you suggested some topics of inquiry, on the subject of the Trinity. Circumstances imperiously directed my studies another way ; and I was unwilling to write, till I could, in some measure at least, comply with your kind wish to have my sentiments, on perhaps the most vitally important truth of our religion. I am aware that I have been myself the sufferer ; for, had I written, you gave me reason to hope that I should be gratified with the continuance of your correspondence. I still look forward to prove myself not wholly unworthy of it ; though it might, at present, look like absolute impudence, to express, what I feel, a real desire to hear from you. My correspondents are not many ; and I can say, with truth, that you would be a most acceptable addition to the number.

From the cause above mentioned, I do not feel equal to give any thing more than a very slight, and cursory remark, on the ante-Nicene faith. But I am ready to acquit Justin Martyr of any Arian tendency. Many passages are, in my opinion, decidedly orthodox ; and if, occasionally, he use language that may appear dubious, we are to consider, that the subject was not, in his day, matter of controversy ; and that, of course, precision of phraseology is not fairly to be expected. ‘Till Arianism had made it a matter of great sharpness, and subtlety of wit, to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables, or particles of speech, they used.’ So says the judicious Hooker. And here, by the way, is possibly the final cause of Arianism ; as it is, surely, whatever Hooker might think, a great advantage to the christian church, that the doctrine of our Lord’s full divinity, has been clearly defined, by creeds, and councils, and the voice of the whole catholic church.

You will find that the great body of fathers, both ante and post Nicene, are strong for a subordination, in the nature of Christ ; and, indeed, I conceive that, without admitting this, we cannot explain, consistently, many passages of the New Testament, and some sayings of our Lord himself. The great point is, at the same time, to maintain a strict unity of essence. I conceive the Athanasian creed itself, is by no means adverse to this mode of thinking ; and, indeed, what stronger argument can be adduced, in its favour, than that, in the Nicene creed, the second person is stiled Θεος εκ Θεου, . . whilst the Father is manifestly Αυτοθεος. The subordination, I can imagine to arise out of the relations of paternity and filiality ; whatever, in the divine person, they may strictly mean. On this subject, you will not fail to meet much interesting matter in Bishop Bull's *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*, as well as in his *Judicium Ecclesiæ Catholicæ* ; also in Nelson's Life of Bishop Bull, sect. LVIII., &c.

I feel, deeply, with you, the blighting tendency of the Arian system ; and I wish I could see it put, practically, in its just point of view. This, however, I rather wish than hope ; at least in our day. The world must be somewhat acquainted with the interior movements of our moral and spiritual nature, before it can either apprehend, or relish, arguments, on this highest branch of the controversy ; . . a branch, indeed, which has not yet been navigated or explored. The good people of the present day require something more palpable. You and I can observe the phenomenon, that Arianism has a lowering effect on Christian practice ; and, possibly, we can, to our own satisfaction, account for the cause of this effect. But I much question, whether many people could be

brought even to perceive the phenomenon itself; for must it not be spiritually discerned? How much less, then, can they be supposed capable of apprehending a chain of reasoning, on the rationale of the matter? All this, however, is very crude; it is written *currente calamo*, without time for deliberation; and merely to shew, that, however negligent I may have, I may say, must have appeared, there is no real indisposition to cultivate your valuable correspondence.

I have no right to hope for a speedy answer; but, indeed, I do sincerely feel a wish to hear from you; and I hope I may be enabled to act up to my hearty desire of being, at least, a punctual correspondent.

Believe me, my dear Nash,

Yours very faithfully and sincerely,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Cashel, Nov. 17. 1808.

MY DEAR NASH,

I THANK you most cordially for the kind interest, which, on my account, you are disposed to take in young *****; and I trust he may not prove undeserving of it, on his own account. I do not know him personally, but am anxious, for his father's sake, and for the sake of his profession. Both motives will weigh with you; for the father is a worthy man, and you love the church. It is, in truth, to this your professional zeal, and not to any representation of

mine, that you are indebted (*qualcunque debitum*), for the Archdeacon's good opinion. He had heard, from some young men who had profited by your instructions, of your extra-official lectures to divinity students, in your own chambers ; and hence, as well as from the general reputation, &c. &c. (I spare your modesty the recital), arose his anxiety that his son should be under your direction.

This naturally leads me to say, that, though you may be frequently, and perhaps disagreeably, interrupted in your favourite studies and pursuits, you are providentially placed in a sphere of great usefulness. You may be the instrument of impressing many young clergymen, both with the arduous responsibility which they are about to incur, and with the deep internal character of christianity itself. Whatever less pleasing labours may be unavoidably annexed to your situation, I view as a sort of tax which you must pay, for the privilege of acting as divinity lecturer, . . . not to speak of the noble field which you have at the Asylum. I well know the reply which might occur to some, but which never could occur to you. ' All this is mighty fine talk, from an idle gentleman, who enjoys his visions of platonic quietism, at Cashel ; and, at all times, may follow the literary vagaries of his own imagination.' But the truth is, that much as you are interrupted by college business, I am still more interrupted by incapacitating malady. Moderately speaking, three fourths of my waking hours, have, for the last year, been absolutely unprofitable to all appearance. I say, to all appearance, for I wish not to speak despondingly ; and I humbly trust, that many days and weeks of total inability for thought, or study, have been providentially ordered, and will ultimately pro-

duce in me some good effect. We must only wait quietly for better days ; and, should they arrive, we shall then feel double cause to rejoice and be glad in them.

I most entirely approve of your thought, ‘that none of the Evangelists intended to pay much attention to chronological order.’ I, too, had been amazed by the perplexities, and revolted by the inelegant dislocations, of harmonists. I took refuge from them all, in this very persuasion ; but I cannot say that I ever investigated the subject, at all in proportion to its interest and importance. I wish much for your promised communication on the point ; and to entitle me, in some measure, to this favour, shall offer you a few remarks.

There is ‘A Vindication of St. Matthew’s Gospel, against William Whiston,’ annexed to the last volume of ‘Jones on the Canon,’ which contains much to your purpose, especially in the fourth chapter.

Jones strongly maintains, ‘that all the Evangelists disregarded the order of time.’ And this he shows to have been the practice, also, of the Old Testament writers, and of the best profane historians. He adds four causes, why the Evangelists thus neglect chronological accuracy.

1. They relate facts together, which happened at different times, because they happened in the same place.
2. They relate facts together, which happened at different times, because they relate to the same person, whose history they wish at once to dispatch.
3. They used a different order from each other, (by the appointment of divine wisdom) that there might be no appearance of collusion, &c.

Spanheim's words are forcible : . .

'Voluit vero Spiritus Sanctus, diverso ordine, multa ab Evangelistis narrari, . . ne vel ex compacto, vel collatis capitibus, scripsisse, vel sua a se invicem descripsisse viderentur, &c.'

4. Order not observed, for the exercise of ingenuity, sagacity, piety, faith, &c. in after ages.

These causes, undoubtedly, are not of equal value ; but, I think, you will find much to interest you in this whole chapter. I can well conceive, that another, a deeper, and a far more interesting set of causes, might be assigned. Then, Jones's are of the most palpable nature ; but you well know, that what is most palpable, is not always most important. Let me, then, suggest the following queries :

1. Is not chronological order, sometimes postponed, to the *juxta-position*, and mutual elucidation, of moral truths related to each other ?
2. Is not chronological order, frequently postponed, to the consideration of giving prominence to striking features of individual character ?
3. May it not, in general terms, be asserted, that, by neglecting strict chronological order, the Evangelists have happily avoided the methodical dryness of a diary ; and been enabled to delight us, with the easy, natural flow of continuous narration ?
4. May it not be said, that, if any one of the Evangelists had strictly adhered to the order of time, his narration would have very strikingly differed from the rest, in style and manner ?
5. May it not be said, that, (all the facts, and instructions remaining what they are) if strict chronological order had been adhered to, there

must have been, at least, a very considerable want of that nice congruity of parts, . . . that happy, and almost imperceptible transition, from subject to subject (like colours in the rainbow) which, in the present distribution, fail not to attract every reader of taste? In fact, if the present order of any one Evangelist be nearly that of exact chronology, must we not be reduced to the extreme supposition, that a needless miracle was resorted to, . . . namely, an ordering the sequence of events, so as to give a consecutive chronological history, all the grace and fitness of easy, elegant, skilfully composed narrative?

I am aware that the best of these queries, but re-echo hints contained in your letter; and the rest are but very hasty thoughts. I hazard them, however, to draw you out; if they have this effect, I shall be satisfied; and, at all events, they may serve to shew, that I am not altogether uninterested by the subject you have started. As to your lectures, I have not been able sufficiently to turn your general hints in my mind, to offer any thing like a decided opinion. I conceive, however, that the outline of last Lent course, should not be palpably deviated from in the ensuing. It is worth considering, perhaps, whether there might not be somewhat of condensation, and, if possible, of convergement towards some special object. This suggestion I throw out with much diffidence, because I have, in truth, nothing specific to propose; it merely occurs to me, that the interest of the whole business might be heightened, by thus giving it unity, and a progressive tendency to some one great end. Not that I would have this end formally announced; it should rather be kept in your own

mind ; and it should gradually disclose itself, or rather, if I may so speak, permit itself to be discovered by your audience. The subject of the baptisms, may, doubtless, be made very interesting. I should think it would suffer by being protracted into two discourses. So far as the three baptisms afford light to each other, either in the way of coincidence, or contrast, it is surely desirable, that they should be considered in the same lecture ; and besides, this subject does not occupy a sufficient space of the gospel narrative, to be dwelt upon at any very considerable length, in a course of lectures like yours. But I fear I may be talking at random, about a matter which I have not, by any means, sufficiently weighed. I can only say, that, when you have fixed upon your plan, I hope to derive both pleasure and profit, from discussing it with you.

I am glad you are engaging in the study of hebrew, and, especially, without points. I hope to follow you. Pray what is the grammar you have taken up ? And could you procure one of them for me ? Having so much amused myself in thinking of the nature and structure of hebrew poetry, I feel bound to study the language, at least in a slight degree ; those teasing little points always revolted me.

My pursuits have, of late, been much impeded, by a sprain in my back. This, in the first instance, and for several days, was productive of intense pain ; and has since been succeeded by weakness, relaxation, and unfitness for any serious study. I hope soon to look up, and to be occupied. This day I have pleasantly beguiled some time in talking to you ; and, if I am not alarmingly punctual, pray give me provocation, and subject matter, soon to talk to you again ;

for I am one of those beings, who cannot strike, unless they are wound up.

Believe me, dear Nash,

Yours most cordially,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Cashel, Nov. 28. 1808.

IF you wish for a very high literary treat, send to Martin Keene's, for the life and remains of Henry Kirke White, . . and to Watson's for the fragments and life of Miss Smith. These were absolutely two prodigies, both of talents, learning, and piety. They both effected more, in a few years, than it falls to the lot of millions to do, in a long life: and, when they had manifested an unquestioned ripeness for heaven, they were taken away from the evil to come. Such dispensations have, doubtless, something in them seemingly mysterious; but to me, I own, they are full of mercy and wisdom. I am now reading the life of White. It is a beautiful thing; and I know not when I was more interested. As to Miss Smith, she was an honour to your sex, and to human nature.

LETTER XXXVI.

To the Rev. Jos. McCormick.

Cashel, Dec. 24. 1808.

A LONG letter to you, lies, at this moment, sealed and ready for the post, upon my table ; but your very pleasant and welcome letter, just received, leads me to suppress what I have written, in hopes, that, though I may not be able to substitute any thing better in its room, I may, at least, give some kind of reply to your queries. How can you think of apologising to *me*, for laziness in correspondence ? I was not within reach of a looking-glass ; but I know that what you say, on that score, should have brought the blood into my face.

You judged rightly that I wished to hear about your whole fire-side ; and your cheerful family picture has delighted me. What would I not give to be one amongst you to-morrow, and for many to-morrows after ! In the morning, I would take your reading-desk, or pulpit ; and, in the evening, we would enjoy our cheerful conversation, and we would amuse ourselves with the youngsters, and we would do due honour to your good lady's Christmas pies, in spite of your neighbours the presbyterians, who are bound to abominate all manner of superstitious meats and drinks. But these are speculations, or rather visions, too pleasing, to be safely indulged by a solitary recluse. I must, therefore, have done with them. Your estimate of our several occupations, I must beg leave to protest against. I soberly think, that you are most usefully filling, a valuable de-

partment in the community, whilst I am often disposed to question, to what department do I belong? Among the truly learned, my shallowness of knowledge would soon be discovered. I am turning out a most infrequent composer of sermons; I have no parochial labours; and he must be a very candid, or a very friendly judge, who would not feel an inclination to ask me, ‘I say, my good sir, what are you doing?’ Still, however, I do not despond. In my own small way, I am striving to treasure up, ‘quæ mox de promere possim;’ and, in the interim, I feel that I am of some use to my brother-clergymen, who are willing, now and then, to take hints from me; and to carry into effect in the world, those things, which are but the private speculations of my ‘serinium secretum.’ (You doubtless recollect poor Tom Marshall’s ‘secret pen-case.’) Providence has thrown us into different spheres; and yours, as the father of a family, and as an active parish minister, is truly an important one. That very attention to worldly matters, which you speak of, is no less your duty, than it, perhaps, may be mine to hunt through the worm-eaten folios of the Cashel library; whilst it is also our common duty to look to it, that neither our farms, nor our books, be suffered to occupy our hearts, which assuredly were made for something better than either the one, or the other.

All that you say of my sister is deeply gratifying, and I trust matters will continue at least as favourable. It is pleasant, too, that you have so good an account to give of my dear little young friends. As to Richard, I would not feel discouraged by his retrograde movements, in the very necessary art of reading; for I know, that, in all grammar schools, that is not made a primary matter. He will be more

benefited in this department, by what he can learn at home, in vacations. I believe that a taste for English literature, and a religious disposition, are, most commonly, acquired under a parent's eye. And this I consider one great advantage to be derived from vacations.

You will be glad to hear, that ecclesiastical matters, throughout this province, are every day wearing a more favourable aspect ; and, if the monstrous price of foreign timber, did not imply an absolute prohibition, there can be no doubt that multitudes of new churches, and glebe houses, would spring up, under the encouragement of the late act. Even as it is, the applications to the Board of First-Fruits are very numerous. I look far more to the gradual results of a wise liberality, than to any compulsory acts of Parliament, for an efficiently resident clergy. Provide comfortable accommodation, at a small expence to the incumbent, and you will soon have the clergy at their posts. Here and there, there may, and will be, instances of neglect ; but the general consequence will, I conceive, be most efficient residence. It is the genius of our establishment, rather to be won by kindness, than driven by terror.

What an awful scene of events lies just now before us. It baffles all ordinary modes of political calculation ; and yet, unknowing as I am in the science of politics, I cannot help forming my own private conjectures, that the *final* causes of all we are witnessing, are principally two. 1. The destruction of the whole worn-out system of continental Europe, preparatory to the future establishment of a new, and better order. 2. The civilization of the New World, by the erection of supreme governments, in territories which have been hitherto colonial. This latter, I am dis-

posed to conjecture, will ultimately take place, and that, too, at no distant period ; even though the Brazils, and Spanish South America, should, for a time, fall within the gripe of Bonaparte. Migration, I would willingly hope, may be the providential means of civilizing the other hemisphere. Is there spirit enough in Spain to attempt this ? I must, however, cease with conjectures, which I am ill qualified to make. Farewell, then, and believe me, with every wish for the best happiness of you and yours,

Your truly affectionate

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Cashel, January 7. 1809.

MY DEAR NASH,

THIS is the sixth day, since I began an answer to your most acceptable letter, on paper that might very well pass for the manufacture of Brobdignag, in a hand which would not shock the delicate optics of a Lilliputian lady ; but, after having filled a page and a half, I feel myself obliged to contract my plan, and confine myself within more modest limits. It is easier to feel, than to express, what is due, for your most friendly remonstrances ; but, believe me, your friendship has greatly over-rated the danger. It is true, that, for a long time, I have neither been strong, nor robust ; and that, frequently, I have been subject to depressing malady. But, then, I soberly think, and in this opinion I am by no means singular,

that my health has, on the whole, been better during the last year, than in that which went before it. Meanwhile, I am by no means, either indifferent about my health, or negligent of it. I am very rarely for a whole day together, within doors ; and am ready, whenever it is needful, to take gentle exercise. But mind enters much into my complaints ; and I know from experience, that the ordinary routine of daily rides or drives, would have a worse effect on my spirits, than could be compensated by the advantages of stated bodily exertion. The gig, I shall certainly have in view, but not immediately ; meanwhile, I will not neglect exercise and relaxation ; rather, indeed, I should say, recreation ; for to relax, implies previous tension, and, whatever you, my kind friend, may think, I am decidedly hostile to every thing intense. You need not, then, be alarmed on the score of ‘intense study ;’ and ‘laborious inquiries ;’ the truth is, if you knew me, as well as I know myself, you would think me a very idle fellow. It is with shame and regret, that I review the unprofitable tenor of my last year. I have written almost nothing ; and my studies have been only the amusements of, I fear, an ill-arranged leisure. It is my excuse, and therefore becomes my consolation, that the vibrating state of my health wholly unfitted me for continuous exertion. But there has been more than enough of the obtrusive little pronoun ; yet, I must be permitted to add, that, should it please God to give me better health, whilst I trust I would endeavour to employ it to some good purpose, I would also feel it a duty not to endanger it, by any intemperance of study.

Your difficulty about St. Luke, xi. 37, &c. for some time a little perplexed me. But, since, I have been

quite reconciled to his narrative. It struck me, that if, under such circumstances, our Lord really did use such expressions, a departure so unique from his exquisite observance of decorum, must have had some very peculiar cause. And such a cause, I think, does appear, on close examination. Observe the strong expressions, in verses 53. and 54., *δεινως ενεχειν.. αποστοματιζειν περι πλειονων .. ενεδρευοντες αυτου.. Θηρευσαι τι .. ινα κατηγορησωσιν αυτου.* Surely, these words imply much more, than a sudden ebullition of resentment ; there is, evidently, a rooted malignity of heart ; and, I conceive, there are, also, marks of deliberate, and preconcerted treachery. They do not wait to hear him out ; they begin *λεγοντος αυτου..* while he is yet speaking. Now, does not all this point to the supposition, that the Pharisee invited him, for the very purpose of intrapping, of accusing, of delivering him up to death ? The invitation, we are told, was given .. *εν τῳ λαλησαι ..* (v. 37.) whilst Jesus was speaking. Now just consider the discourse he was delivering (v. 29 .. 36.) and ask yourself, was it very well calculated to conciliate a zealous Jew, and to excite him to hospitality ? or rather, was it not eminently fitted to stimulate a thorough-paced Pharisee, to revenge, a designing villain, to malignant treachery ? If then things be so, then, all that follows, is strictly decorous and consistent. Our Lord detected the vile intention, which lurked under the mask of smooth civility ; he was aware, that, where no hospitality was designed, no breach of what was due to hospitality, could be committed. May we not add, that, when the sacred rites of hospitality were abused so flagrantly, it well became our Lord to shew the hypocrite that he stood unveiled, in all his native deformity ? Was it not, also, most dignified, to take

no notice of the design against himself, and yet to intimate, (as, I conceive, he does, v. 47.. 51.) that, to him, the dark design was no secret? On this supposition, what daggers does he speak, by that single particle ΝΤΝ? (v. 39.) Is it *now* that you make clean, &c.? *Now*, when your heart is full of treachery; *now*, when you are deliberately violating the sanctuary of your own table; *now*, when you are meditating murder! well might he say . . το δε εσωθεν ὑμῶν γεμει ἀρπαγῆς καὶ πονηρίας. This may, possibly, appear fanciful. To me, at present, it is, however, satisfactory; and, it seems to be strengthened by a critical observation of Raphelius, who neither felt the difficulty, nor had any notion of treachery in the host. ‘TO ΝΤΝ,’ says he, ‘admirationem, vel potius indignationem quandam, declarat hoc loco.’ But, if the particle be emphatic, with what emphasis of just indignation is it employed, on the above hypothesis, and how is its use to be accounted for, on any other? St. Mark, vii. 1, &c. is, I conceive, the record of another conversation, rising out of a similar occurrence, but having no topic in common with this narrative of St. Luke. And it is observable, that, even the harmonists, treat the parallel passages in St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, as records of similar, but distinct transactions.

I greatly like what you tell me of the new lecture. You will have some difficulties to encounter, from the meagreness, and flatness, of Nichols and Wheatley, and from the prolixity of Comber. But you can enliven the subject by your own observations; and the very novelty of the pursuit, will hardly fail to carry the young men through the first year, with interest and alacrity; the first year, I say, because I am sure every succeeding one will be fraught with most

pleasant information. You see I quite enter into your feeling, that the prælections should be postponed for a year. You will, by that time, have collected abundant materials, and will be master of your subject. The truth is, that, as I hope to see a very useful publication grow out of this undertaking, I am more anxious for thorough digestion, than for speed. I promise myself much pleasure and information from your discoveries, as you proceed; and, I need not say how much gratification it will afford me, if I can ever throw out a hint for you to improve upon, or point to a path, which you may think it worth while to explore. The subject peculiarly interests me; who soberly believe, that, from our liturgy, may be deduced the noblest body of divinity, that man has ever yet extracted from the Sacred Volume. For your first prælection, you will meet valuable hints in Archbishop King's little work, which I already mentioned. You are doubtless well acquainted with Secker's sensible, but not profound, discourses on the subject. Pray turn to 'Baxter's Life and Times,' part ii. p. 307., and you will there read a curious admission of the inconveniences which must arise, from leaving the prayers at the mercy of officiating ministers. And, if you wish for a specimen of about the most plausible things that can be said against Forms, you will do well to consult 'Orton's Letters to Dissenting Ministers,' Lond. 1806. Vol. I. p. 16, &c. This little work is peculiarly worth having, as it shews the interior of English dissenterism, during a period of 30 very important years (1752.. 1782); very important, because, in that interval, heterodoxy was gaining rapid ground, in the dissenting body. As to extemporaneous prayer, has the following objection occurred to you? The use of extemporaneous prayer

implies, that candidates for the ministry must be previously trained to it ; but must not this course of training, greatly endanger the simplicity of their addresses to Almighty God ? Must not many inevitably be led to speak and pray, beyond their feelings ? Is it not to be feared, that some must, in the nature of things, be drilled into hypocrisy of the worst kind ? This, I have good reason to know, has been feelingly lamented, by wise, and pious dissenters.

On looking to your letter of December 3d, I find that I have yet another arrear to pay off. You then propose the subjects of 6 Lent lectures. 1. Baptism. 2. The Temptation. 3. Doctrines. 4. Morality. 5. Manner of teaching . . parables. 6. Miracles. I have no doubt that, on these topics, you would produce very interesting lectures ; and yet the prospectus does not quite satisfy me. In the first two lectures, you would (as last Lent) strictly follow the order of the evangelists ; and, in the last four, you would become selective. Is this consistent with unity of design ? But there is a deeper objection. Is it right to consider doctrines, apart from morality ? or morality, apart from its only source and origin ? May it not, also, be worth examining, whether the greater part of what are called doctrines, do not resolve themselves into facts. I mean, something very different from what are dwelt upon by Messrs. Wakefield, Fellows, and all the rationalizing school. I merely wish to secure, that nothing purely dogmatic, shall be put forward as the vital part of Christianity ; but that Christ himself, both God and man, may be uniformly kept in view, as the living, and ever-communicative source of whatever can tranquillize and purify, can elevate, and, at the same time, keep humble, the heart of man. I fear that needless words becloud

my meaning: you will, however, decypher me with ease, and interpret me with candour. And I am surely about to put your candour to the test, by throwing out a very rude and hasty sketch, . . . not for your adoption, . . . but, in order that, provoking you to something better, ‘vice fungar cotis.’ 1. Baptism, viewed as the initiatory rite of Christianity. 2. The Lord’s Supper, viewed as the perfective rite of Christianity. 3. The Sermon on the Mount, viewed as an initiatory system of spiritual instruction. 4. St. John, xiv. xv. xvi., viewed as a perfective system of spiritual instruction; referring, also, to our Lord’s final prayer in chap. xvii. 5. Our Lord’s character, viewed as a perfect exemplification of holy tempers, and heavenly habits, flowing from right internal principles. 6. The use we are to make of all that our Lord did in the flesh; that is, in other words, . . . how are we to live upon Christ by faith; and, especially, how, under every trial and temptation, we are from him to derive strength, support, and comfort; and finally to become more than conquerors, through the influential efficacy of his divine example. It might be urged against this little scheme, that it gives no place to the great peculiarities of the Gospel; but, in truth, I feel as if they ought to be so blended with every lecture, as to give it life and spirit, and to shed a certain beautiful ‘purpureum lumen’ over the whole. And, to speak my whole wishes, it would give me deep gratification, if your entire course, were an expansion of this single passage, ‘God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.’

I am deeply sensible that my suggestions are very

imperfect. I rely, however, on your receiving with good-natured allowance, the crude thoughts of a recluse. He that lives alone, must, perhaps necessarily, talk crudely. I am glad that you have * * * * * to plead for your charity, because he will not fail to plead most successfully. He is, beyond all question, the most beautiful preacher of modern times; graceful, elegant, persuasive; if not always producing conviction by solid argument, seldom failing to hurry his hearers along, with that ‘flumen verborum,’ that ‘volubilitas,’ that ‘orationis celeritas,’ &c. so well described by Cicero. I view his great popularity with full complacency; for it will, I trust, be serviceable to the best of causes; not so much, however, as if his fine talents were aided by juster views, than I fear he is likely to adopt. But, even as it is, * * * * *, in the pulpit is a credit to Christianity. His very look is a sermon. I have often applied to him, in my own mind, what Numenius says of the philosopher Arcesilaus, Τοις ακουουστιν ηρεμεσεν, ὅμου τῇ ακροασεὶ εὐπροσωπουν οὐτα Θεωρενοις· ην ουν ακουομενος και βλεπομενος ἡδιστος, επει τοι προσειθισθησαν αποδεχεσθαι αυτου τους λογους ιοντας απο καλου προσωπου τε και στοματος, ουκ αυει της εν τοις ομιλιαι φιλοφροσυνης.

* * * * *

Yours, most cordially,
JOHN JEBB.

Jan. 9.

LETTER XXXVI.

*To Mrs. Heyland.*9. Buckingham-Street, Strand,
August 5. 1809.

I NEED not say, that it was to me a very great disappointment, not to meet you on my passage through Dublin; for, as I flatter myself that you were also disappointed, you can judge from your own feelings. Long since I ought to have given you some account of my movements; but, though our procedures have been very leisurely, yet we have had so much both to see and do, as left little or no time, or thought, disposable. That we moved leisurely, you may judge, when I tell you, that we were twelve days on the road, from Holyhead to London. Of these, we passed one and a half at Capel Cerrig, sunday being with us, of course, no travelling day; two full days, at Shrewsbury; and two and a half, at Oxford.

At Capel Cerrig, we were entertained, in a very unexpected, novel, and singularly interesting style. Having learnt that there was no divine service, except in Welsh, at nine o'clock in the morning, we were obliged to dispose of our forenoon just as we could: about twelve o'clock we strolled out, to admire the wild romantic scenery about us; and had proceeded a short way, when we were surprized by the sound of voices, singing some wood-notes wild, with a character evidently resembling sacred music. On advancing, we perceived that the performers were three young women; and there was an audience of men, women, and children, apparently much inter-

rested in what was going forward ; the group was placed on the bank of a little stream ; we stood on the bridge above, and were greatly gratified to perceive that the choristers were not in the least embarrassed, but rather proceeded with increased spirit, though with great simplicity. The tunes had a native wildness, though with a very pleasing melody, partaking much of the character of the Welsh song. On inquiry, we learned, that they were the composition of a singing master at Llanwrst, who was to come that very day, to teach the young people in the adjoining church. On asking for the church, our attention was directed to a small thatched house, which we had taken for a cottage with a high chimney. You may suppose that our curiosity was awakened, by the singularity of a Welsh singing-school ; we determined to be present, and we were amply repaid.

After the master arrived, more than sixty persons adjourned to the church ; and, when they had sung for about half an hour, a person with a fine intelligent countenance, read a chapter from the Welsh Bible ; and read, with such accurate attention to the pauses, that we were able to accompany him throughout, in an English one, which they handed to us. Then, the same person proceeded to catechize, I suppose, at least, thirty persons, young men and women, as well as children, who appeared to answer, not merely by rote, but partly extempore ; and the youngest among them, without the slightest embarrassment or hesitation. The young women, in particular, gave their answers with great modesty ; and the uncouthness of the sounds, was fully atoned for, by the sweetness of their accent. The reader, or catechizer, then gave an extempore prayer ; and the whole terminated with

singing, as it had begun. For at least three hours, were these simple people thus engaged ; and we could not perceive a single symptom of weariness, or lassitude, among them. In truth, their hearts seemed fully in the business ; and we could not but rejoice, that they should have been led to provide for themselves so innocent a mode of passing their Sunday. Mr. Knox got from the singing-master one of his airs, and the rest he is to be provided with as we return.

At Shrewsbury, we partook of the hospitality of Mr. Stedman, the vicar of St. Chad's in that town : a most amiable and worthy clergyman, in whose society we enjoyed ourselves greatly. He has made it a point, with such earnestness as we felt to be quite irresistible, that we should pass a week at his house, on our return. Oxford, of course, was to us very interesting ; and, though the long vacation put it out of our power to converse with any members of the University, we did not regret that we saw it at so deserted a season, as we were the more at liberty to range about the colleges, unmolested by observation ; and a little silver opened all the doors, which we wished to have opened to us. Here we are, now, in most comfortable lodgings, and quite at home. We have already met some of the religious world, at the house of a Mr. Pearson, where we were most hospitably entertained. Among the company were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton. You may have heard that he is a great friend of Mr. Wilberforce's, and one of the party in the house, whom they call ‘the Saints.’ We also had Dr. Buchanan, from India, who has interested himself so deeply about the conversion of the Indians to christianity. I believe we are to have a visit from Lord Teignmouth ; and we are pressed to dine with Mr. H. Thornton, next

week. We shall therefore, during our stay, have abundant opportunities of making our observations, on the state of the religious world hereabouts ; which, in the present strange times, is a matter of no small interest. I had almost forgot to say, that we dined one day with Lord and Lady B*****; and a most pleasant and gratifying day it was. We shall probably remain here five weeks longer ; then, on our way, pass a week at Clifton, and see H. More ; then, a week at Shrewsbury, and so home. Believe me, my dear Maria,

Ever your truly affectionate brother,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Rev. J. McCormick.

London, 9. Buckingham Street, Strand,
August 19. 1809.

A RAMBLING, migratory life, is not friendly to punctual correspondence. I cannot, however, remain longer in peace, without giving my friends, and you among the first, some account of my movements. Our route to London has been a little circuitous ; and we dwelt more on several places, than travellers are usually in the habit of doing. This prolonged our journey from Holyhead a fortnight : but it effectually took off the air of a journey, and converted it into a party of pleasure. On our way, we were not without a specimen of English hospitality ; being received in the kindest manner, by the very worthy, and no less agreeable minister of St. Chad's, Shrews-

bury, Mr. Stedman, with whom we are also to pass some days on our return. But, here, we have found ourselves quite domesticated, with some of the best, and I do verily believe, the most agreeable people in England. At the house of a Mr. Pearson, an eminent surgeon, in the west end of the town, we met Mr. H. Thornton, and at his villa, we have already paid two visits (the last, for two days,) where we had the happiness of meeting Mr. Wilberforce, not only one of the worthiest and ablest, but the pleasantest of men. There is something to me peculiarly delightful, in the almost boyish playfulness of a great and good mind ; and this I never saw more fully exhibited, than in Mr. Wilberforce ; he absolutely overflows with vivacity; and the easy current of his most fluent conversation, every now and then, is diversified by flashes of eloquence, or by classical allusions, or poetical imagery ; and the whole is so clearly the emanation of a guileless, and benevolent heart, that not to be charmed with him, I, at least, conceive to be impossible ; or, if possible, I should have an ill opinion of that person, who would be proof against so many rich attractions.

The good people, the Saints as they are nicknamed, I am well convinced, are the best individuals in the country. With all their views and sentiments, theological and political, I certainly cannot accord ; but, after every drawback, I find, in them, most solid and substantial goodness, united, in several instances, with real talents, and very respectable information. They are very candid, sober, and rational, in all their talk ; and by no means so wedded to their own opinions, as not complacently to tolerate differences of sentiment. About Ireland, they are particularly zealous ; and I trust we have had it in our power to

give them some information respecting our country, that may not be useless in the next, and succeeding session. Mr. Knox had, yesterday (and I was present), a four hours' conversation with Mr. Wilberforce. The subject was theologico-political, and embraced a wide range. Tithes were not omitted. The exact amount of the impression made, I cannot answer for; but Mr. W. was, in spite of his vivacity, fixed and absorbed in attention. The great object is, to impress him, and his friends, with the danger of forming benevolent, but not wise theories, for our improvement.

I passed a day with Lord and Lady B*****^s, and another with Albert Forster; his children are very nice little ones, and he seems quite comfortable and happy. I am longing much to hear from you, and about my dear sister, and all your happy little household. I hope to see Richard, at Cheltenham, on my way back. We think, too, of visiting Mrs. Hannah More. Give my best love to all with you. Farewell, and believe me,

Your ever affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 21. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you most cordially for your kind and affectionate letter: it could not fail to bring along with it many recollections of past hours; of kind-

nesses most unselfishly conferred ; of good and amiable dispositions, uniformly, and steadily, exercised in my favour ; and, let me add, recollections of those, also, whom it has pleased the Great Disposer to remove from this uncertain world. Circumstances have, indeed, contributed to make our intercourse more infrequent ; but, surely, they cannot diminish a solid and well-founded esteem. It does, therefore, afford me sincere gratification to find, that I still hold a place in your remembrance ; and to think, that you have derived any advantage from our intercourse, is pleasant, not only in the retrospect, but in the prospect that such advantage may not terminate here. For if, at any time, one good principle has been communicated, the results of that principle, may be not only progressive, but eternal.

* * * * *

The book which I am just now engaged in reading, may, indeed, be called a collection of books. It is, ‘Wordsworth’s Ecclesiastical Biography,’ . . . a valuable publication, either of lives not now easily to be met with, or of hitherto unpublished manuscripts from the Lambeth Library. As a collection of national history, it is most valuable ; but, as a body of practical instruction, it is beyond all price : it having ever appeared to me, that, next to the sacred Scriptures, the lives of great and good men are by far the most profitable books we can read. For this reason, we may presume, it pleased the Almighty to order, that so much of the Scriptures themselves, should be given in a biographical form.

With every good wish suggested by the approaching season,

Your attached and cordial friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mrs. Heyland.

1812.

I do, indeed, conceive, that very high attainments in piety and goodness, are, in this life, indispensable prerequisites, to the complete happiness and salvation, which Christianity, in its fullest influence and power, is fitted to accomplish. But it would be altogether unreasonable to imagine, that, because the highest bliss is not attained, therefore, no other alternative is left but misery. In this world, mental and moral gradations are necessary, no less than a gradation of ranks in society, to the well-being of the whole system; and I feel perfectly assured, that similar gradations must obtain, till the end of all things; till time itself shall be lost, in the fulness of eternity. For us that remain, we ought to press forward to the highest crown; and, if we do this with sincerity of effort, however we may fall short of the completion of our wishes, the higher our aim, and the more undeviating our exertion, the higher and the richer will be our ultimate attainment of happiness and joy.

LETTER XL.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 19. 1813.

You are probably much alone. I would recommend, as far as you can apply it, an adoption of my remedy; cultivate your mind by reading. Take up, occasionally, something solid. You will be likely often, at the outest, to feel your attention flag; but resist, and persevere, and you will find your interest heighten, and you will reap entertainment, when, perhaps, you least expected it. At a time of languor, when I could do no better, I amused myself lately, by extracting several of the quotations from various authors, made by Johnson, in his large dictionary, to illustrate the meaning and use of words. This would, to most people, seem dull and dry work; and I own it has some unpromising features. Yet it entertained, and I hope improved me. The extracts appeared to me, to throw new light on the complexion of Johnson's mind; and, with that view, I have sent them for insertion to an English periodical journal. My days pass in unbroken retirement. But, if I have not much to exhilarate, it is a blessing that I have little to disturb or annoy me. At times, indeed, illness prevents me from applying my mind steadily to any subject; . . . but I trust even these periods of languor have their use; and I am, every now and then, further indemnified, by the power of adding some little to my small capital of information; but very rarely of employing that capital, either through the means

of my tongue, or my pen. I feel trepidation about a charity sermon, for which I am pledged to the Asylum, on the second sunday in April. But, after a storm, a calm ; and, as the weather improves, I trust my intellect may become less cloudy, than it is at this present writing. I am a barometer ; . . at least in point of sinking in the bad weather ; may I not then hope to rise with good ?

LETTER XLI.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 28. 1813.

In this life, who is there that does not require some drawbacks, as a gracious and providential discipline, not only to teach us the lesson of dependence, and submission to the Great Disposer ; but absolutely to put us on the alert, both in finding, and improving, means and opportunities of increasing our own happiness.

If we were given to possess all the good things of this life, all the blessings of full health, of numerous and attached friends, of cheerful society, of varied amusements, . . might not all this lead us to take up our rest here ? And, above all, might it not betray us into an enjoyment of the mere animal life, without any serious attention *to*, or at least without any internal relish *for*, the spiritual, or even the intellectual life ? The spiritual life, consisting in the supreme love, and earnest imitation of God, and of our blessed Lord ; the intellectual, in the cultivation and improvement of our rational powers. I am aware, in-

deed, that truly honest and worthy persons, may, from habit, from circumstances, and from not being led to see any higher way, be more predominantly animal, than they are intellectual, or spiritual: by animal, I do not mean sensual, but carried away and governed, chiefly, by the merely sensitive part of our nature. But I am convinced, that few circumstances tend more to perpetuate the animal life, and to check all nobler aspirings, than the feeling, that we are ‘rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.’ This it was which, in one of our Lord’s parables, led the rich man to think of nothing but his purple, his fine linen, and his daily sumptuous fare; and, in another parable, led another rich man to say, ‘Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.’ Here is a just description of the animal life: the word translated *soul*, is, in the greek, *psyche*; and the word, by which the sacred writers describe the animal life, by our translators improperly called sensual, *psychicos*; that is, ‘of, or belonging to, the soul,’ or, in one word, *animal*. And I am equally convinced, that every drawback from those gratifications, which external sources, of whatever kind, may afford us, should be deemed a special call, to the cultivation of those inward, and perennial comforts, which spring up into everlasting life; which no man can take away from us; which death cannot deprive us of; which sickness cannot dry up; which, when we have fully imbibed, and made our own, we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. This being sunday, I have suffered my pen to follow the impulse of my mind; rapidly, but I trust not carelessly; for the thoughts are my long established convictions. Would that I myself more deeply, and continually, felt their infinite importance.

In writing thus, I have been also writing to and for my own heart and mind.

LETTER XLII.

To his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 1. 1813.

MY DEAR LORD,

ACCORDING to my promise, and in compliance with your Grace's desire, I shall try to give, in a few words, the result of my best consideration on the subject of parochial schools, especially as connected with the parochial clergy. Many topics that I shall touch are doubtless most familiar to your Grace's mind, in all their bearings; yet, for method and consistency's sake, they cannot be omitted: some of my notions, too, may perhaps not approve themselves to your better judgment; but it often happens that an erroneous suggestion may promote the discovery of truth.

You are well aware how many difficulties embarrass every plan hitherto devised, for increasing the efficiency of parish schools. Of those difficulties, it is by no means the least embarrassing, to discover a method of, at once, justly and safely, providing adequate pecuniary resources. Two expedients have been especially suggested, by the union of which a third plan has been compounded.

1. A parochial assessment by act of vestry.
2. A yearly per centage on the incomes of the clergy.

3. Both a parochial assessment, and a per centage on the clergy.

The third scheme does not require distinct consideration. It affords no *data*, not contained in the two former; except, indeed, that it implies the inconvenience of attempting to blend materials, if not altogether incommiscible, at least very uncongenial. I shall, therefore, confine myself to the distinct plans, of parochial assessment, and clerical per centage.

At the first view, a parochial assessment, by act of vestry, would appear, at once, the most equitable, and the most effectual means, of establishing, and maintaining parish schools: for what more equitable, than that they, who reap the benefit, should, in proportion to their interest in the soil, contribute the expense? and whence could an adequate and effectual supply be more naturally expected, than from a people confessedly most anxious to educate their children; who endure daily privations, that they may send those children to bad schools; and who might thus, at a diminished expense, afford them the advantage of good ones? But, on closer consideration, the plan will probably be found, at once, inadequate, unsuitable to the circumstances of Ireland, and fraught with actual danger to the established religion. Irish parishes are extensive: each parish, to supply its present, but particularly to supply its increasing demands, would require many schools: but to support many, or, in most instances, more than one school, in each parish, by assessment, would, in addition to church-rates, be a heavy burthen. Whilst it is obvious, that a single school can be useful, only within a limited district; and no less obvious, that it would be inequitable to tax parishioners, remote from that

district, for an establishment of which they cannot reap the benefit.

But the constitution of our parish schools affords another, and a stronger argument, against their maintenance by act of vestry. It is the avowed purpose of such schools, as now constituted, to support the established religion of the country ; to afford, at least, one seminary in each parish, where the children of Church-of-Ireland parents, may imbibe the first principles of the Church-of-Ireland faith. These institutions, therefore, are placed under the exclusive guardianship and control of the established bishops and clergy. The schoolmasters of these institutions belong, or ought to belong, without exception, to the Church of Ireland. As members of that church, alone, can they procure licences from the bishops of their respective dioceses ; and though it be the principle, and the habit, of our clergy, to avoid any, the least interference, with the religious faith of those belonging to another persuasion, who may chuse to attend their schools, still, in those schools, the church catechism is, and must be, taught to children of our establishment ; and, on all such seminaries, the Church-of-Ireland character is strongly impressed, by the superintendence and control of the established clergy. Under such circumstances, even though it were perfectly fair, would it be wise, or politic, to maintain our parochial schools, by a parochial impost ? The great mass of our population is Roman catholic ; and can it be questioned, that Roman catholics would grievously complain of being forced, by protestant assessments, to pay for schools, which, in very many instances, they would not permit their children to frequent ; and which, in all cases, they must inevitably regard with more or less of jealous feeling ? If

parish schools were thus to be supported, but one expedient, that I know of, would remain, for extinguishing Roman catholic jealousy ; an expedient, however, that would sap the foundations of our establishment, and make our schools themselves, the means of alienating our Church-of-Ireland peasantry from the faith of their fathers. This expedient (and I trust we may never witness its adoption) would be, the *unrestricted* admission of Roman catholics to sit and vote at vestries ; accompanied by such a modification of our parish schools, as would give the Roman catholic priesthood a control over their interior management, equal, or rather superior to that, now possessed by the established clergy : a superior control, indeed, we may say without hesitation, for who, that knows the principles of the church of Rome, can reasonably doubt, in what manner the priesthood of that church are bound, as a matter of conscience, to exercise any control entrusted to their power ? On this point more need not be said.

The plan of maintaining parish schools, on an extensive scale, by a yearly per centage on the incomes of the clergy, certainly comes forward under the recommendation of most respectable authorities ; not only of enlightened individuals, who have devoted much time and thought to the subject of national education, but of the commissioners, also, of the Board of Education, in their fourteenth Report. What has been thus powerfully recommended, deserves and demands a more extended examination.

From the act of 28 Henry VIII. c. 15. entitled, 'An Act for the English order, habit, and language,' it has been understood, and maintained, that 'every beneficed clergyman in Ireland, is under a legal obligation, enforced by oath, to keep a parochial

school himself, or to cause it to be kept, *at his own expense.*' And from this doctrine, thus derived, it has been considered only as the reduction to practice of an existing legal enactment, and as the enforcement of a most solemn oath, now taken by the clergy, to impose, by act of Parliament, an annual tax on the incomes of that body, for the maintenance of schools, within their respective parishes. In order to ascertain the justice of this reasoning, it may be well to examine briefly the clause of the above act, on which it is founded, and the oath, by which it is further maintained.

The clause of the act runs as follows . . . 'that every beneficed clergyman in Ireland, shall keepe, or cause to be kept, within the place, territorie, or paroch where he shall have rule, benefice, or promotion, a schoole for to learn English, if any of the children of his paroch come to him to learne the same ; *taking, for the keeping of the same schoole, such convenient stipend, or salarye, as, in the said land, is accustomably used to be taken.*'

The object of this enactment was, manifestly, and exclusively, to make the English, rather than the Irish tongue, the common language of the country. The clergyman of each parish was naturally selected, by the legislature, as the most likely and capable instrument for effecting this purpose. But the slightest intimation is not dropt, that the clergymen are to effect it *at their own expense.* The measure was to become, not a privation, but a source of clerical revenue. The clergy were, indeed, to teach, or cause to be taught, the English tongue ; but, as a remuneration for so doing, they were to receive a competent stipend, or salary, from the parents of their pupils.

A subsequent act, 7 Will. III. c. 4., so far as it respects parochial schools, simply recognizes, and re-enacts, the statute of 28 Hen. VIII. Nothing whatsoever is there said, from whence it can be implied, that the clergy were, in the whole, or in part, to be chargeable with the expense of parish education ; and, indeed, it seems perfectly reasonable, that no such implication should be made, or attempted to be made, from these statutes. The extirpation of the Irish, and the substitution of ‘the English order, habit, and language,’ was not an ecclesiastical, but a civil, not a religious, but a political object ; connected, indeed, with the promotion of loyalty, good morals, and good faith, and, therefore, such as the clergy might fairly be invited, and expected to promote ; but still an object desireable, or advantageous to the clergy, only in common with the rest of the civilized community; and therefore not to be equitably promoted, or attained, at their sole pains, and exclusive expense. After what has been said, the oath taken by every clergyman, on his induction to a benefice, needs little examination : the bare recital of it will prove, beyond the possibility of question, that it extends no further than the statutes of Henry and William. It forms no manner of pecuniary engagement ; it binds no clergyman, *in foro conscientiae*, to advance a single shilling from his pocket. The obligation is fully discharged by an incumbent, if he keeps an English school himself, and charges a reasonable stipend for the instruction of his scholars ; or if, by any means, he induces any protestant of fair character, to teach the English language in his parish. The oath is as follows : . . . ‘I, A. B., do solemnly swear, that I will teach, or cause to be taught, an

English school, within the said vicarage, or rectory of * * * * *, as the law in that case requires.'

It must, indeed, be admitted, that a custom has universally prevailed, in virtue of which, incumbents of parishes allow their parochial schoolmasters an annual gratuity, or stipend, of forty shillings; that the Commissioners of Education, in their eleventh Report, declare themselves unable to trace the commencement of this usage. The truth is, that no authority, legal or ecclesiastical, is to be found, even for this small charge on the clergy. Its payment may, in any case, be withheld; and it probably took its rise in the voluntary benevolence of the clergy.

Nor should it be accounted strange, that no salary was ordered, by the legislature, to be paid by the clergyman. For, independently of the equity of the case (which shall be hereafter considered) it is manifest, that the acts of Henry and William were equally obligatory, on clergy, and people. The clergyman was to teach English, or cause it to be taught; the people were to learn it. The clergyman was to receive a salary, if he kept school himself; the people were to pay that salary; and if the clergyman provided a schoolmaster, it was manifestly the intention of the legislature, that the people should pay that master, as they were to have paid the clergyman himself, 'such convenient stipend, or salary, as, in their respective lands, was accustomably used to be taken.' The plan was, in no part of it, eleemosynary; it was altogether a political measure; and modern misconceptions on the subject seem to have originated, in want of due attention to the scope and purpose of the old 'Act for the English order, habit, and languages.'

From this statement, brief and imperfect as it is,

we may venture to pronounce, that the precedents altogether fail, which are usually resorted to, for the purpose of justifying the establishment of parish schools, at the cost of the clergy. From precedents, we shall now proceed to principles.

An extraordinary burden, imposed by the state on a distinct class of the community, is obviously unconstitutional. In every instance of taxation, the imposers should tax themselves, equally with the rest of the community. Were it not for this great constitutional principle, the few might, in every case of urgency, transfer the burden to the many ; and exempt themselves from all participation in national distress.

If there be any one class, respecting whom it is especially obligatory not to abandon this constitutional axiom, that class is *the clergy*. Their rights and immunities, not only in person but in property, were solemnly guaranteed by Magna Charta ; have since been repeatedly recognized by parliament ; and have been secured, in perpetuity, by the coronation oath. But, if possible, a stronger motive should operate for the protection of church property. The clergy, once the exclusive, and we must add, liberal arbiters of their own constitutions, relinquished this privilege, on the public faith and honour. In accepting the surrender, the faith and honour of parliament, have been distinctly pledged : and to employ the power, thus obtained, in the infliction of any arbitrary, and partial imposition, would be a procedure, which every lover of justice must deprecate, and every true votary of the British constitution must deplore.

But an exclusive education-tax upon the clergy, would not be less impolitic, than unjust.

The property of the church was originally conferred, and has been inalienably confirmed, with a view to the performance of high duties, and the communication of important public benefits ; those duties have been performed, and those benefits communicated, by the clerical members of the Irish church, with a fidelity and zeal, at once, most laudable, and most extraordinary, when it is fairly considered how many difficulties they have had to surmount, and how much opposition to encounter. Within the last twenty years, many of those difficulties were removed, and much of this opposition was subdued, not more by manly firmness, than by mild conciliation. Still, however, one impediment was severely felt : I mean, the want of convenient, or indeed of any, clerical residences, within a large proportion of the country parishes. The clergy had effected much, and were effecting more, by the cheerful allocation of two years' income, for the erection of glebe houses within their benefices. This sacrifice, any thing similar to which has neither been witnessed, nor expected, in any other profession, was made by men, with moderate incomes, ill paid, and vexatiously collected ; who, for the most part, were obliged to raise the necessary supply on their personal credit, and to replace it by the strictest economical retrenchment. But the effort was made with alacrity, because residence was felt to be the foundation of all professional usefulness and respectability. Parliament felt, both the importance, and the exigency of the case. Large sums were granted, in trust, to the Board of First-Fruits, not only for the erection of churches, but for the purchase of glebes, and the erection of glebe houses ; and no sooner was this judicious and seasonable act of bounty generally known, than the clergy came

forward with a rapidity and ardour, which the Board of First-Fruits found it by no means easy to meet and satisfy. The sums granted by the Board were promptly expended; and are now in a course of regular repayment, by annual instalments, again to be re-issued to claimants, who apply at every meeting of the Board.

By your Grace's kindness, I have had an opportunity of examining the accounts of money granted by the Board of First-Fruits, under the provisions of the late Acts of Parliament, for the purchase of glebes, and the erection of glebe houses. A few results, derived from those accounts, will afford pretty satisfactory evidence that our church is not idle.

Since the Union, 107 new glebes have been purchased, for 72 of which, fines have been already paid by the Board of First-Fruits. Several glebes have also been taken at the full value, the estates from whence they were allocated being under settlement. Of these latter, the Board of First-Fruits have no record, as they made no payment. It is to be observed, that many, both of the bishops and clergy, are anxious to procure glebes from the landed proprietors, on whose part, the disposition to grant them is daily gaining ground.

Since the same period of the Union, 166 glebe houses have been finished, and the last payment issued for them by the Board of First-Fruits. Of these, grants were made for 160, since the Union, and for 143, since January, 1805: that is, since the operation of the new Act. About 90 more glebe houses are in a course of building; a considerable number, also, are granted by the Board, but not yet commenced.

From the beneficial operation of these, and other

causes, the residence of the Irish clergy, highly respectable for a long course of years, is, at present, exemplary. Two thirds of the beneficed clergy, are either actually resident within their parishes, or, (where parochial residence is unattainable) within a distance so convenient, that they can perform all their professional duties, to their own satisfaction, and that of their parishioners. From the remaining third are to be deducted, exemptions, faculties, cases of sickness and old age, together with parishes so small, that they can afford, neither means of residence, nor scope for exertion. Of these last, the parishioners usually attend some neighbouring church ; and the occasional duties are performed by the adjoining clergyman, who receives a small stipend from the incumbent.

Such, from the liberality of parliament, is the state of our church ; a state, which, but for the intervention of parliament, it could not have attained ; and which, with the continuance of parliamentary aid, we may fairly pronounce it has every prospect of surpassing. And is it then to be supposed, that the legislature will pull down with one hand, the edifice which she is so happily erecting with the other ? or can it reasonably be imagined, that she will oblige a body of men to build houses for schoolmasters, who have been unable to build houses for themselves ? Were such a system pursued, the dilapidation of our Establishment would necessarily follow. Houses might, indeed, be raised for schoolmasters, by a forced contribution ; but the glebe houses of the clergy would moulder and decay. The strong box of the Board of First-Fruits, would soon experience the defalcation of instalments, now regularly paid ; but it could endure the deficiency ; for who, under the load

of newly imposed, and partial taxation, and under the continual apprehension that such taxation may be indefinitely extended, would venture to claim a loan, which he could not be certain of repaying, to build a house, which he could not insure the ability of maintaining?

This language may appear strong: but is it not amply justified by the reason of the case? The smallest per centage that could be thought of, would be severely felt by the poorer incumbents; whilst, as one of many claims and charges, it would be an unreasonable drain on the incomes of those more largely beneficed. But there is an objection far more weighty, than any present diminution of income, or embarrassment of circumstances; namely, that, if ancient precedents were thus overlooked, and constitutional principles thus overborne, the clergy would lose all that is now pledged, of national faith and honour, for the preservation of their property. The principle once ceded, encroachments would inevitably multiply; a personal property, assuredly not less sacred than any other possession, of any other class in the community, would be accounted the property of the state; present ministers, and present parliaments, might, indeed, respect an order, which respects them as they deserve. But, where would be our safeguard against future, perhaps not remote, enactments? and who could venture to affirm, that the fixed estate of the church, might not one day be converted into a pension from the state; or that our clergy might not be reduced to support a degraded existence, upon the unsteady, and precarious contributions of individual caprice?

But, without the fore-casting of uncertain, and I hope, of very distant evils, the impolicy of any mea-

sure that would materially trench upon the incomes of the clergy, may be shown from other, and I own more immediate grounds.

The character of our parochial clergy, is, in many important respects, different from that of their English brethren; in none more remarkably than this, that they fill a place, and discharge a function, comparatively unknown in England: I mean, that of enlightening, civilizing, and (if the expression may be used) of moralizing the country. With us, in very many districts, from the predominance of absentee proprietors, the parochial rector, though not overburdened with wealth, is incomparably the first gentleman of his neighbourhood; and where his comparative rank and consequence may not be so great, his education, and enlargement of mind, often enable him, with the best effects, to give the tone to society. In England, where the country gentleman has, for the most part, habits somewhat refined by good society, and a mind more or less cultivated by good literature, this influence of the clergy is by no means equally needful. That matters are differently ordered here, I cannot help regarding as one of those providential adaptations, by which the course of this world is divinely regulated; and I think your Grace will cordially unite with me in deprecating any change, by which this goodly order might be interrupted, or endangered. No man, who knows Ireland, can deny, that the country gentry much need to be moulded by the influence of the clergy; which influence, again, must depend, not only on their piety and learning, but on their comparative station in society:

‘ Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.’

This influential character of our parochial clergy, as acting upon the upper orders of society, I do consider an invaluable privilege of our Irish church. For assuredly it is with the higher classes, that any solid, permanent, and unsophisticated improvement, can be rationally expected to commence. It is among those classes, that, at this day, we must look for the few specimens of christian excellence, which are perhaps, under Providence, the stay and safeguard, no less than the grace and ornament, of our country ; which are, not improbably, *improved editions* of those kindred excellencies, that shed a lustre over the days of early christianity ; and which may be regarded as a sort of anticipatory exemplification, of what, in future and happier ages of the church, will predominantly, if not universally, obtain.

But it is not only, or chiefly, among the higher classes, that the beneficial influence of our clergy is exerted. It would argue a gross ignorance of human nature, to maintain, that a civilized and cultivated clergyman is disqualified, by his habits and attainments, to speak, with feeling and efficacy, to the humblest peasant. The fact, in Ireland, is directly the reverse : his rank in society conciliates the respect of a populace, above all others, aristocratic, even in its worst excesses : his suavity and condescension engage the affections of a people, more sensible to the manner, than the matter of kindness. Nor is it hazardous to say, that they who are best acquainted with the interior of the Irish church, will be most ready to bear witness, that the most zealous and efficient of our parish ministers, are drawn from the more elevated walks of life. But, as I have already hinted, our best clergy, though frequently well born, are very seldom rich ; and further to impoverish their pockets,

would be materially to abridge their usefulness. This usefulness is, perhaps, not sufficiently appreciated. The clergy are far above the meanness of self-predication ; and their best services are often performed, in the most remote, and unfrequented districts : for, in very many instances, it is not their desire to be seen of men. But, if the poor were asked, ‘ who are your most liberal, unwearied benefactors ? ’ They would assuredly answer, and with few dissentient voices, ‘ the clergy of the established church.’ This is not proclaimed as a merit, but stated as a fact. It grows out of the circumstances of the country. We have many non-resident landlords. Those who do reside, are frequently absent, and for long intervals. Of this I do not complain ; their duty often requires it ; their convenience often justifies it : but the clergyman is permanently on the spot ; his avocations make him familiar with distress ; and can he see distress, without attempting to relieve it ? He cannot do so. One case in point, at this moment, presses on my mind. The builder of this house *, a man unpopular indeed with some, from his exertions in the cause of justice, but of good report, with multitudes in this parish, from his unaffected benevolence, has actually denied himself the use of wine, that he might bestow it on the poor, in a sickly season. Such privations, for such a purpose, are more common than perhaps might be readily imagined.

One branch of clerical liberality, demands a few words. Throughout the greater part of Ireland, the clergy, instead of a *tenth*, rarely receive a *thirtieth* part of the produce of the soil. They make ample allowance for every deficiency, in a crop, or harvest ;

* The late Rev. William Galwey, afterwards Archdeacon of Cashel.

and receive little or no accession, from a plentiful crop, or an abundant harvest. The rate of all articles of consumption has been enormously progressive ; the rate of tithes, alone, continues stationary : and nearly, if not altogether stationary, it must continue, during the present high rent of lands. Nor should it be omitted, that, from exorbitant rents, perhaps, too, from unthriftiness, or sickness, or old age, many of the smaller occupants are actual paupers. Their rent, however, must be paid ; and the clergyman, in common humanity, cannot but forgive the tithes. It were easy to dilate on the drawbacks, and the claims, which, in every direction, tend to impoverish the clergy. With such drawbacks, and with such claims upon them, it is surely most deserving of equitable forethought, whether they should be further harassed by a novel, partial, and perhaps interminable, system of taxation ; and it is for enlightened statesmen and philanthropists to determine, how far the pittance, heretofore allotted to the relief of misery, shall be diverted to the purposes of modern theory and experiment. Before such theories are reduced to practice, and such experiments instituted on an extensive scale, it may be well to consider the actual state of parish education ; whether it has been so deplorably on the decline, as to make legislative interference an imperious duty ; and whether all other sources of provision for parochial schools, are so completely exhausted, as to compel the recurrence of parliament to the ecclesiastical revenues.

Let us then, in the first place, appeal to the testimony of Mr. Edgeworth, in his able and judicious letter to the Lord Primate. ‘ Within half a century, a prodigious improvement, in the manners and habits of this country, has taken place ; and it seems

evident, that this improvement has arisen from the better education of every class of its people. There are more schools ; there are better books ; and the private advantage of some degree of literature, is more generally understood than formerly. For one person that could read, or write, twenty years ago, there are now twenty ; and the same advancement, in every species of knowledge, may be perceived, in every city, and every village in Ireland.'

A stronger testimony than this, especially when the competence of the witness is considered, has never been borne to the improved, and improving state of Irish education. But, however respectable the authority, I need not rest the fact of this improvement on general assertion. It fortunately happens, that we have irrefragable evidence of the progress of parochial schools.

In the year 1788, parochial returns were made, to the commissioners of inquiry, from 838 benefices ; in which it appears, there were 201 parish school-houses, and 361 effective parish schools, affording instruction to 11,000 children : the average number of scholars being about 30 to each school.

In the year 1808, parochial returns were made, to the Board of Education, from 736 benefices ; in which it appears, there were 233 parish school-houses, and 549 effective parish schools, affording instruction to 23,000 children : the average number of scholars being above 42 to each school.

Hence it follows, that, within the space of 20 years, an addition of above one third has been made to the average number of attending scholars, in each parochial school ; and that such schools have increased in a much larger proportion.

In 1788, there were but 10 effective schools, to

every 23 benefices. In 1808, there were 10 effective schools to every 13 benefices : . . thus far respecting schools under the immediate controul of the established clergy. In schools of another description, more congenial to the Roman catholic population, the increase has been still more rapid. By the returns of 1808, it appears, that, in 17 dioceses, there were, at that time, 3736 schools, educating 162,567 children of the lower orders : that is, an average of 43 scholars per school.

The above returns, it must be observed, were made in the depth of winter ; a period, when many schools are closed, and when few have their full proportion of attending scholars.

From the above short, but encouraging statement, it would appear, that, without any extraordinary aid, or any forced exertions, the spontaneous energies of the country, and the voluntary efforts of our parochial clergy, have largely increased the quantity of Irish education. The quality, it must, in candour, be admitted, is susceptible of improvement : that improvement, however, must be the gradual, but sure results of improved habits, in our resident gentry ; and those improved habits have been already shown to depend, in a great measure, on the influence and respectability of the resident clergy.

On the whole, I would most earnestly deprecate any general, and sudden alteration, in the system of parochial schools. Within twenty years, they have become far more than doubly efficient : within the next twenty years, what may not be expected from the increased, and increasing residence of the clergy ? ‘ I would not,’ says Mr. Edgeworth, ‘ for the chance of making it better, destroy any good that actually exists.’ This is a golden canon ; I wish it were more generally respected. In one clause, however, of the

14th Education Report, it has been judiciously applied. The commissioners of education ‘strongly recommend, that the institutions, which now exist, should remain under their present managers ; and that the spirit of improvement, already manifested among them, should be left to operate undisturbed.’ *Si sic omnia dixissent !*

But where, it may be asked, would be the violent change, and where the danger of injury to our parochial schools, in advancing, by parliamentary enactment, the salaries already paid to schoolmasters by the parochial clergy ? I would answer, that such enactment has been proved unjust ; and that, sooner or later, injustice must prove injurious : that, from the equitable course of providential government, a system of education, founded on wrong, and supported by oppression, could not be expected to flourish.

But it can be distinctly shown, in what manner this innovation, would be nugatory in some cases, and dangerous in many more : threatening, either the being, or the well-being, of our parochial schools. The original object of those institutions has long passed away. The English language has been long the language of the country. It is taught in every hedge-school ; and, as Mr. Edgeworth well observes, ‘it should be considered, for the honour of the docility of the Irish, that they have, within this few years, made a greater progress in learning English, than the Welsh have made, since the time of Edward I., in learning that language.’

What, then, is the present object of our parish schools ? Manifestly, as I stated towards the commencement of this letter, to support the established religion of the country. The lower class of that religion are looked to, as the natural pupils of those

schools ; and though the attendance of Roman catholics is very far from discouraged, by our clergy, . . in many districts, especially of the south and west, it is absolutely forbidden, by clergy of the church of Rome. The consequence is, that, in several parishes, the established clergyman is altogether unable to fulfil his obligation of keeping a school ; he may, indeed, and often does, from conscientious scruple, pay a nominal schoolmaster ; but it is obvious that, where there are no children of our church, and where children of the only other church in the parish, are forbidden to attend, there, no school can be kept. In such circumstances, to charge a per centage on the incomes of the clergy, for the maintenance of a schoolmaster, would surely be a strange procedure. Its injustice would be equalled only by its absurdity.

And what would be the effect, on those parochial schools, which are now freely attended by Roman catholics ? It can hardly be questioned, that a simultaneous movement of the established clergy, would excite the alarm and jealousy of their Roman catholic brethren. In proportion as extorted expenditures were made, by one description of clergy, prohibitions and anathemas, would be fulminated by the other ; and the Irish populace would consider such schools, rather as snares to entrap them, than as institutions to improve. In many parishes of Ireland, the temperate discretion of parish ministers, is quietly, but progressively, conciliating those of an opposite persuasion. Let them not be called forth, to what, in the eyes of prejudice and misconception, might appear a protestant crusade.

But if, at all events, our church-in-Ireland schools, are to be enlarged, and extended, in parishes predominantly Roman catholic, this can be effected, only

by the surrender of their appropriate character. Either the Roman catholic priesthood must be invested with an overwhelming control ; or, in conformity to the spirit of latitudinarianism, but too fashionable in the present day, our parish schools must be made the instruments, not of specifical, but of general, instruction.

If the former expedient would be fraught with danger to our faith, the latter would be fraught with tenfold danger ; our established religion, weak in every visible support, except its own intrinsic excellence, and the patronage of the state, and surrounded on all sides by enemies, as expert as they are indefatigable, could ill spare those humble, but important seminaries ; her sole means of attaching the offspring of her few adherents among the peasantry of Ireland. Let parish schools be popularized, on the modern latitudinarian system, and there will be no place for church-in-Ireland education ; and all vestiges of the established faith will be lost in

.....‘ another shape,
If shape it may be called, that shape has none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb :’

a non-descript monster, far better qualified to promote the cause of democracy and infidelity, than either to afford popular satisfaction, or advance national civilization : a phantom, indeed, but of such portentous aspect, as might well alarm every definite religion under heaven, that has aught of truth to communicate, or of virtue to defend.

But it may be objected, is parochial education, then, to remain precisely in its present state ? Are we to have the same bad school-houses, and many parishes without school-houses at all ? Are we to

have the same ill-educated masters, and many parishes without an instructor, even of this miserable race? Are no improvements to take place, no useful books to be provided, no one of the technical contrivances of Bell, or Lancaster, to be introduced? Are the minds and morals of our peasantry, to continue exposed to the deleterious influence of bad books, bad guides, and bad companions, without any effort to prevent their scanty education, from becoming the avenue of vice, rather than the path to virtue? And are the parochial clergy, selfishly, and supinely, and short-sightedly, (with a view even to their secular interests) to sleep away the short interval which remains, between us, and national disturbance, the sure effect of national depravity? To such declamatory queries, I would simply answer, that we mean no such thing. Improvements have already taken place. Progressive improvement may be hopefully anticipated. The established clergy have contributed their full quota of what has been effected; and they will cheerfully co-operate in labours yet to come. But let them not, from voluntary agents, be converted into forced contributors; from faithful soldiers, in the best of causes, to spiritless conscripts, in the ranks of latitudinarian coldness. By every constitutional principle, and every religious feeling, the legislature is bound to maintain those parochial establishments, which maintain the church-in-Ireland faith. Let the legislature do so; and, in the clergy, she will find the most zealous co-operation, and, to the extent of their powers, the most liberal support.

General education, is a general concern; and cannot, therefore, be equitably forwarded, at individual expense. Education in the principles of the national faith, is a national object; and, therefore, claims na-

tional support. Plans have been submitted of *generalized* education ; with these, the clergy have manifestly nothing to do ; of such plans, the fate is to be decided by parliamentary wisdom and discretion : but specific church-in-Ireland education, is a subject in which the clergy feel the deepest concern ; and feeling this concern, they naturally wish that it should, at once, engage the attention, and elicit the bounty, of parliament.

No sudden alteration, however, no elaborate system, no exorbitant expenditure, would be deemed expedient, by those of our bishops and clergy who have thought most deeply on the subject. To aid the natural progress of things, to watch the gradual developement of circumstances, to seize every favourable opportunity, to follow nature, rather than to force it : these have been the universal means of promoting, whatever has hitherto increased, the comforts, the civilities, the charities, or the intellectual endowments, of life ; and to these means, also, we must especially look, for the improvement of Irish education.

With such principles distinctly in my view, I conceive, that a plan may be suggested, for gradually, equitably, and securely increasing the efficiency of parochial schools ; a plan, which, with a moderate expense to the country, might be expected to engage the landed proprietors in the cause ; which, not trenching on the incomes of the clergy, would leave them the power of exercising their own liberality, in their own way ; and which, not the fruit of untried theory, has already been found effectual, on a small scale indeed, but, still, a scale sufficiently extensive for an experimental process.

Several years since, the association incorporated

for discountenancing vice, and promoting the knowledge and practice of the Christian religion, desirous to promote the establishment of schools throughout Ireland, published a plan, and conditions, upon which, on proper application, they were ready to give aid, both in the building of school-houses, and the payment of salaries to schoolmasters. For a considerable time, the plan thus published, was acted upon with the best effect ; and it still continues in operation, with respect to schools founded before the appointment of the Board of Education ; at which period, parliamentary grants, for the further extension of the plan, were withheld, in contemplation of a more general system being formed by the labours of that Board.

The plan was simply this, . . ‘ A third part of the expense of building any school-house, provided the said third did not exceed the sum of 50*l.* for each school, was paid by the association, as soon as a lease, or grant, of one acre of ground, in perpetuity, for the purpose, was granted and registered ; and satisfactory proof laid before the association, that the house was roofed in with new foreign timber, and slated, and built of lime and stone, or brick. The association also granted an annual salary of 10*l.* to a master, or mistress, with a gratuity of 5*l.*, at the expiration of each year, on a certificate of good conduct being granted.’

The utility of this plan needs little comment. With perfect simplicity, it called into united, and cordial operation, distinct classes of society ; and the blended influence could hardly fail to have the best, and most conciliatory effects, . . such an effect, as, if generally extended, would go far to the civilization of Ireland. The landed proprietor, by his donation of ground ;

other gentry and the more substantial farmers, by subscriptions to the building; the clergy, by their gifts, their councils, and their active superintendence; and the association by its continued bounty, and its catechetical premiums, all contributed to raise the tone of education; whilst no interference was, in any shape, attempted, with that control, both of the clergy and bishops, so essential to the constitution, and management, of all parochial schools. These advantages were duly appreciated: numerous applications were received; after proper, and discreet investigation, the most deserving of those applications were granted. The scheme was most favourably progressive: but parliamentary aid was withdrawn; and many most earnest and respectable applications have since been, reluctantly, but inevitably, rejected.

One practical evidence is too striking, and too satisfactory, to be omitted; especially, as it seems not hitherto to have attracted observation. By returns from thirty-six association schools, it appears, that they are attended by 2707 scholars, affording an average of seventy-five to each school; a number exceeding the latest, and the largest average attendance, at ordinary parish schools, by no less than thirty-three scholars.

Your Grace has now before you the heads of the plan, which I conceive might form a useful groundwork of a more extended system. It might, perhaps, without impropriety, be submitted to Government, that Parliament should, from time to time, vest sufficient sums in the Board of First-Fruits, to enable that Board, as proper applications shall be made, to grant the same species of aid for building schools, and to pay similar salaries to schoolmasters, on the same conditions, which have proved so eminently

successful under the auspices of the association. Improvements in the detail might very probably suggest themselves; but, in substance, the proposal appears not liable to any important objections. Some of its apparent advantages, I shall very briefly mention. It is a plan of *gradual* operation. No school would be founded, or enlarged, where there was not an evident demand for it. It would ensure the active, and zealous co-operation of the gentry. It would avoid all occasion of jealousy, to our Roman catholic brethren, by the share which the landed proprietors, the natural patrons of the soil, would take in it; whilst the paramount control of the clergy, and the Board of First-Fruits, would amply secure the established church. It would guard against the multiplication of extended parochial schools, before an adequate supply could be raised of efficient, and respectable schoolmasters. It would equalize, or equitably apportion, as the case might be, the salaries of masters: whereas, if schools were to be maintained by a per centage on the incomes of the clergy, in many cases, especially in the south of Ireland, the greatest salaries would be paid, where there were the fewest scholars; and in many parts, especially of the north, the smallest salaries would be paid, where there were most scholars.

It would leave the clergy a pecuniary ability of aiding their parochial schools, in the most effectual, and the most appropriate manner, by presents of useful books, and by rewards to the most deserving children.

It would call forth a spirit of emulation, both in the clergy and gentry of neighbouring parishes; a rivalry without envy, and productive of none but the most pure, and peaceable fruits. But, on this point,

however pleasant it may be to panegyricize a favourite project, I shall dilate no longer.

The feasibility of the plan is evident.

By the act of 1810, landed proprietors, under whatever settlements, are empowered to grant half an acre of ground, within the liberties of corporate towns, and two acres elsewhere, for the site of school-houses: by the 8th Geo. I., bishops and arch-bishops may grant two acres of land, . . all other clerical persons, one acre of glebe, for the same purpose. The greatest alacrity has been already manifested, and under less favourable circumstances, in the offer of such grants; and it cannot be questioned, that, under the special encouragement of the legislature, this zeal would rapidly diffuse itself. Subscriptions for building the school-houses have always been easily procured, . . the Irish may be peculiarly relied upon for a spontaneous, and temporary effort. But the permanent provision will be more secure in the hands of parliament, and under the distribution of a grave and dignified board.

The financial department, does not seem to present much difficulty. There are, at present, about 1122 benefices in Ireland. Suppose, then, the plan in complete operation, . . 50*l.* allowed, towards the erection of a school-house, in each benefice, would be an expenditure of 56,100*l.*, and 15*l.* annually to a school-master, in each benefice, would be 16,830*l.* a year. From 3000*l.* to 5000*l.* a year additional, might be usefully expended in books; and perhaps about 1000*l.* per annum, might be necessary to supply the Board of First-Fruits with additional clerks, &c. It is, however, to be considered, that, from the gradual nature of the plan (which I esteem not its least re-

commendation), the expenditure, also, would be gradual, and therefore comparatively easy.

The salary, it is presumed, in addition to the 40s. now paid by the clergyman, with a comfortable house, and an acre or two of ground, together with the profits of the school, would be ample payment for the master ; he might also, with advantage, hold the office of parish clerk ; this latter arrangement, would connect the school still more firmly with the established church.

I must beg your Grace's excuse for saying, that, what I most relish in the plan thus roughly and rapidly sketched, is the part I have ventured to allot to the Board of First-Fruits. Their execution of another, a more important, and a more arduous trust, leaves no room to question their peculiar fitness for the management of this undertaking. Under their auspices, we might look to our parish schools as bulwarks of our establishment. In their joint capacity, sitting in Dublin, they would regulate the whole. In their individual character, presiding over their respective dioceses, they would inspect every branch of the system. A combination so fortunate, rarely occurs, and hence the most frequent failures of public business. In the present instance, the life-blood of the heart would circulate through all its members.

I am, my dear Lord,
with every feeling of duty and respect,
your Grace's most obliged and
faithful servant,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLIII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, April 19. 1814.

EVER since I heard, from Albert Forster, the illness of your little boy, I have been waiting in silent, but anxious expectation of better news ; you should have heard from me, but that I feared to increase, rather than alleviate, your distress, at such a time. A letter, yesterday, received from Albert, has much relieved my mind ; and I am now strong in hopes, that it will please Providence to spare your child. I well know the meekness and submission with which you bow to those visitations, which it pleases God to send for our good ; but, still, afflictions are afflictions, and nature must have her tears ; and, assuredly, not an affliction is permitted to come nigh our dwelling, and not a tear is drawn from our eyes, which, if it be not our own fault, will not tend to our greatest and everlasting welfare. In the present case, I still hope that your boy may be spared, to be the future blessing and comfort of your lives ; but, should it please God to remove him, it is a most delightful and consolatory assurance, that he will, infallibly, be removed to God himself. This is a world, not only of suffering and sorrow, but of trial and of danger ; and the exemption from such danger, is surely, to the object of it, a blessing. It is, in this matter, my first wish and prayer, that your little son may be spared, to become a good man, and a good christian, and, then, he will be raised to a higher state of future happiness

and enjoyment ; but, if that should be the will of God, which we now would most deprecate, it is surely no common blessing, that the innocence of infancy is secure, for all eternity, beyond the possibility of doubt, or change.

I have often been delighted with a beautiful, and simple epitaph, which, perhaps, you may yourself recollect.

Beneath this tomb an infant lies
To earth whose body lent,
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine !

I shall not now add more on this subject ; and I forbear, just now, from entering on any other, though most desirous to speak my hopes and wishes to you and yours, that your long looked for visit to my retirement, may take place this summer ; but of that I hope soon to say more, and soon to have the deep gratification of a favourable answer. Farewell, my dear Maria. God bless you and yours !

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLIV.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, December 28. 1814.

Do you wonder, why I have suffered to remain so long unanswered your valuable letter ? The truth

is, I have not been altogether well ; and any lucid moments have been claimed by my literary labours. I am still in arrear ; and almost fear, that my plan will not be completed before I reach town. Even now, though my wish would be to write a long and comfortable letter, my power is not equal to my wishes.

All that know you well, must have expected much from you, on the late melancholy and trying occasion * ; and to me, it is a source of real satisfaction, that you have not disappointed expectation. You watched, while watching could avail ; and when all was over, you contributed to support the minds of those, who had need to be supported. Go on thus, my dear Maria, and, when you most want it, support will be given to yourself.† The power which rules all things for the best, is pleased to act, almost entirely, by the instrumentality of others. And, next to immediate and happy intercourse with that power, it is, perhaps, the most genuine comfort upon this earth, to think and feel, that we have been called to act as instruments, and have neither disobeyed the call, nor shrunk from the performance. Duties, in themselves, the most painful, thus become a source of homefelt satisfaction ; and it is an additional blessing, that in contributing to the well-being of our friends, we advance the well-being of ourselves.

I cannot now add more, but that I hope early next week to see you. My love to Rowley, and my best

* The death of Mrs. Heyland's brother-in-law, Richard Heyland, Esq.

† During her last illness, which was trying and protracted, the support here promised, after an interval of above twenty years, was most remarkably experienced.

remembrances to Miss Heyland. God bless you and yours. Ever, my dear Maria,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLV.

To a Friend.

Brampton Park, Sunday, June 25. 1815.

MY DEAR MADAM,

EVEN on this day, I cannot bring myself to defer returning you, though but in few words, my sincerest thanks, for your most kind and acceptable letter * of the 23d inst. Your goodness, in accepting my little volume, affords me real satisfaction ; and the

* ‘I have read some of your sermons with great delight. The tendency of them is so constantly to wean the heart from its attachment to earthly vanities, and to induce it to grasp that golden chain, which is to draw us up from earth to heaven, that they may be truly called, angels’ food. But whether these consolations are not too great, too remote, to be frequently regarded with safety, is a question which I have often and ardently wished to hear argued by you, and some judicious pious men of our school. In my present depressed state, I firmly believe all such contemplations, are not only safe but salutary. Torn and wounded as I have been ; and still in danger of being wrecked, by anxiety for my numerous children, . . nothing is more likely to protect me from the incursion of those bad thoughts, which would lead me to distrust the mercy and the love of my gracious heavenly Father, than that subdued and purified state of mind, which you so beautifully describe, and promise to those who really pray for it. Perhaps, in the bright hours of my earthly prosperity, I should have turned from these exhortations, as incompatible with my present enjoyments. Perhaps, had I been a determined violater of the holy laws of God, I might have required a more loud and awful denunciation of the anger of God, and a more full declaration of the Saviour’s willingness to purify and pardon me, through his death and intercession ; but, being as I am, nothing, I think, can be better calculated to pour balm into my sad spirit, and to lead me on in those paths, which shall conduct me, at length, to the peace of God which passeth all understanding.’ Bishop JEBB’s Correspondence with A. KNOX, Esq. Vol II. Letter CXLII.

satisfaction is enhanced a thousand fold, by the hope afforded, that the sermons may, occasionally, be useful and comfortable to you. It was, perhaps, for minds like yours, that I chiefly wrote ; and I am willing to indulge a trust, from your testimony, that I have not wholly written in vain. Your very friendly, and very delicate suggestions, of deficiency in some respects, and redundancy in others, I feel to be a serious obligation. For such, I have not been unprepared ; and, most probably, I shall meet them in other quarters, unaccompanied with that indulgence and gentleness, with which you tolerate a manner, I hope, after all, but circumstantially different, from that to which you have been accustomed. It is abundantly possible, that, in both particulars, I may be somewhat erroneous ; but I have certainly not written without thought and care, and application for that assistance, without which we can do nothing. Argument on the subject, I would seriously deprecate. My opinions are, as I believe, decidedly made up. And, as they have not been argumentatively imbibed, I am apt to think that they could not be argumentatively dislodged. On the other hand, I am neither sufficiently presumptuous to imagine, nor sufficiently sanguine to desire, that I could make proselytes from the ‘ English school.’ Different departments must be differently filled. And I hope and trust, that, each in our several ways, we may be divinely enabled, to pursue for ourselves, and to recommend to the pursuit of others, *the one thing needful.*

To you, my dear Madam, in your present frame and disposition of mind, what can such a person as I am offer, either in the way of establishment, or consolation ? You have sought, and, as I hopefully

believe, attained, establishment in the best principles, and the best feelings, from the best source. You have, also, been blessed with consolations, which nothing earthly can give, and nothing earthly can take away. It only remains, that, through Divine assistance, you proceed as you have commenced ; and the result can be none other than the most glorious and delightful. A few short years . . and all will have vanished as a dream, which busy mortals are in quest of here below. But not so the wishes, the efforts, and the prayers, of a religious being, seeking to do the will, and to attain the peace of God. These are immortal. Even here, they will produce both fruit and foliage ; but they shall for ever flourish in the courts of heaven, fed by the streams of ‘that river, which maketh glad the city of God.’

The general promises of Scripture, that God will be the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, are full of heavenly consolation. But his special care of the children of the righteous, so repeatedly announced, and with such affectionate tenderness, is a source of peculiar and unspeakable comfort. In your case, there is room for the most hopeful reliance. For where, in his day, was more sterling excellence to be found, than in him whom it hath pleased God to take to himself?

* * * * *

That your efforts may be aided, and your prayers accepted, and that you and yours may all hereafter meet, ‘a family in heaven,’ is the earnest wish and prayer, of, my dear Madam,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLVI.

To Mrs. M^cCormick.

June, 1815.

It will be a comfort to you to hear, that Mrs. W. Reilly's alarming letter to Louisa, did not arrive, till after that to Maria. It is a blessing that medical aid has so greatly alleviated the suffering ; and, under God, I trust it will continue to do so. That you may continue to derive strength, and support, from their only true and unfailing source, is my fervent prayer. And I have a strong, though humble hope, that the same fatherly kindness, which has hitherto raised you above yourself, will still visit you, and be your comforter. Meantime, do endeavour, at times, to compose yourself to rest ; this is due, not only to yourself, your friends, and your children, but, also, to the beloved sufferer, whom you will thus have greater ability to serve, and to cheer. Your judgment, as to its being now ineligible for * * * * * to join you, has my entire concurrence. It is needless to say, that, whenever you may be so situated as to wish for her, she will fly to you. I shall, also, be in readiness to join you at a moment's warning.

Whatever may be the will of God, I know and feel that you, my dearest sister, will put your trust in him ; and, be assured, that, in time and in eternity, he has blessings in store for all, who so place their trust, . . . above all that we can ask or think. May it be his good pleasure to have you and your dear husband, and all your little ones, in his most holy keeping !

This is the earnest supplication of your very affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLVII.

To J. H. Butterworth, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct 20. 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN I look around me, through the almost unexampled solitude of this deep retirement, in which, from sunday to sunday, I rarely see a face beyond my own household, the happy days of last May and June, appear to me almost as a dream. A more entire contrast, can, perhaps, be with difficulty imagined. Still, however, I am, or at least wish to be, far from repining. The lot, which good Providence has cast for me, has many, many blessings, far above my desert ; and the very trials implied, in a destitution of all congenial society, without removal to inconvenient, and generally impracticable distances, . . . these very trials, I am sure, are full of mercy ; and, if rightly employed, may doubtless have, as they are assuredly designed to have, a favourable influence, both upon the mind and heart. Meantime, I am among my books ; and, though in a proclaimed country, and in a diocese, whose clergy, as the papers have told you, are grievously persecuted by our poor infatuated people, their incomes withheld, themselves insulted, in some instances driven from their houses, and their agents murdered, . . . though in such a country, . . . I have hi-

thereto been suffered to enjoy great tranquillity ; and have no other inconvenience to lament, personally, than the almost entire cessation of any payments from my parishioners. I am, however, not in present dread of a gaol, and hope to weather the storm. My books are a great resource : you will be glad to hear that my English importation, as well as my Dublin purchases, have safely reached my book-shelves ; and bad as the times are, I do not regret my bibliomaniacal extravagance, though, indeed, one would hope the matters purchased are too substantial, to place one in the list of legitimate bibliomaniacs.

* * * * *

Deeply should I rejoice to find myself again under your most truly hospitable roof. Indeed, the kindly and affectionate attention of you and Mrs. B. has bound me to you, in a manner and degree which, I trust, nothing, here or hereafter, ever will dissolve. But I fear for many, many days and months, I cannot hope again to reach you at your home. Could I hope that you and Mrs. B. would visit our savage regions next summer, it would be a most solid matter of satisfaction. My most cordial and affectionate regards to her, and my warmest wishes, also, for your little one. May he grow up, after the manner, and through the power of Him, who became a child, that he might make us as little children.

Ever your most obliged
and affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLVIII.

To a Friend.

Abington Glebe, Nov. 13. 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

BEFORE the receipt of your most kind, most interesting, and most edifying letter, I had been taught (one can hardly say) to fear, that our invaluable friend might no longer be an inhabitant of this lower world. Your communication has, indeed, amply confirmed, what I had fully anticipated, . . . that her last hours would be, not merely tranquil, but triumphant, . . . the triumph of a meek and lowly spirit, about to enter into the joy of her Lord ; that the change from a life of holiness to a life of glory, would not merely be divested of all terror, but irradiated with that peace at the last, the portion of those, who have habitually sought that peace, and ensured it.

It must be to you, my dear Sir, a source of permanent gratitude, that you reached that holy, and happy scene, before the close. The remembrance of it, in all its particulars, must be an inestimable treasure ; . . . through the divine blessing, it may and will administer strength, in moments of weakness, and consolation, in the sinkings of nature. To have a lively picture before us, of a dear and pious friend, walking through the valley of the shadow of death, and fearing no evil, because the good Shepherd is present, and smiles upon his little flock. . . . this, surely, must contribute, beyond expression, to smooth our way through life, and cheer us in the path, which

leads to so glorious a termination. To me, it appears a most beautiful, and beneficial arrangement, that, through the divine influence of Christianity, that event, which, beyond all others, is naturally clothed with terror, should become the most elevating and triumphant, which we are given to behold upon this earth. It is not, merely, that death is deprived of its sting, the grave robbed of its victory, . . . but there is a loveliness diffused around the death of the righteous ; and the grave itself, discloses the realms of everlasting joy. In this we are blessed, above the holy patriarchs and prophets, . . . the steps, which we are to tread, have been trodden before us, by the hallowed footsteps of our God and Saviour. What a privilege, to have him for a pattern, in the hour of death, who shall be the rewarder of his faithful imitators, in the day of judgment !

At any time that you have a leisure half-hour, and a disposition to favour me with a line, it will be received with equal gratitude and pleasure. Your kind communication of the 21st Oct., I must ever account an act of very special friendship. Written so soon, and relating such particulars, it could not fail to cause real and deep gratification, by giving me to see that I was regarded as the friend of those, whom to know is no trifling privilege.

I beg my kindest regards to * * * * * and * * * * *, and am, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and very faithful friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLIX.

To a Friend.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 12.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I DELAYED answering your most deeply gratifying letter, trusting, that the hope there held out might be soon fulfilled, . . . that I might soon have the happiness of hearing from my invaluable friend, the tidings of his own recovery. I own that my anxieties are again at work, lest he should have suffered any relapse ; and a few lines would be, on that account, most acceptable.

I cannot express the comfort it affords me, that you, and your good husband, are so deeply rooted and grounded, in what I cannot but think the true religion of our blessed Lord and his apostles, and the cloud of succeeding witnesses. This system is better tried by afflictive visitations, than by intellectual reasonings : the latter, indeed, it is far from shunning ; for, in them, too, it will prove triumphant : but the great triumph is, the calm which it breathes around, enabling those, who humbly and fervently walk with God in their closets, to possess their souls in patience, with calmness, with good sense, with propriety, and with that completeness, which never revolts those who see, and those who hear. Other systems, in virtue of having vital and substantial godliness, may and do bestow patience, and even holy joy : but somehow, they never attain that finish, and if I may so speak, that divine rationality, which should be our

aim, because it never, in his greatest trials, forsook Him, who is our great pattern.

I must own, that, often, in reading accounts of very sincere, and pious people, I have felt the blush mantling on my cheek, at something outré, or exaggerated, in the very expressions of their piety ; something at war with good taste, or good sense : something, moreover, which appeared too extreme to last : something, which, growing out of temporary excitement, it must be more than suspected, would evaporate, when that excitement was removed. It is a great blessing that God has provided various means, of affecting various minds : that he has been no less gracious, in furnishing nurseries for tender plants, and hot-beds for exotics, than in promoting the vigorous and healthy vegetation of those trees of the forest, which are peculiarly the planting of the Lord.*

It would appear, that you, and your excellent husband have been providentially called to the higher walk. That you may be enabled, more and more, to advance at and in spiritual feeling, and spiritual wisdom, is the fervent wish of,

My dear Madam,
Your obliged and faithful friend and servant,
JOHN JEBB.

* Psalm civ. 16. Isaiah, lxi. 3... En.

LETTER L.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash,

Abington Glebe, Feb, 4. 1816.

MY DEAR NASH,

FROM the border and junction of two proclaimed counties, with very little money, no society, and many terrific rumours, you will be glad to hear, that your friend has been suffered to enjoy much personal security, and tolerable mental tranquillity : his health, indeed, has been middling, and his spirits often low : from all the less pleasing of the features above enumerated, you may suppose, that he has done next to nothing in the literary way, since his return home ; but, within these last two or three days, having been able to look somewhat up, and to resume his pen, that pen, having been in some measure set at liberty, cannot but feel itself bound to make inquiries after *you*. How, then, my good friend, is your health ? How did your English trip agree with you ? What did you see, what did you hear ? My brother told me of your meeting at Oxford, and that you had broken yourself by the purchase of fathers. Have you been able, in your evenings, to read them ? Have they opened any new discoveries to you ? And do you keep yourself as buoyant above the waves and turmoil of the bursarship, as I witnessed your doing, last winter, and last spring ? Here is a large field of inquiry ; not one of the questions but to me is interesting, and to you not difficult to answer ; but, in this field, I leave you to your own choice ; answer, or

leave unanswered, which of the inquiries you please. I shall be satisfied and thankful, if you reply soon, and give me some good account of yourself.

As for myself, since my return, my history seems a mere blank. You have had it in the first paragraph. It were happy, if, while nothing has been done without, something had been done within ; but, even here, I cannot discover any ground of self-congratulation. Still, however, if there were but the one consolatory remnant, so beautifully depicted by old Hesiod, that one were in itself an host : . . .

*μουνη δ' αυτοι ελπις εν αρρηκτοισι δομοισιν
ενδον εμιμνε.*

Now that I find myself, unawares, on classical ground, will you permit me to ask a classical favour of you? In your collection, Æschylus, I know, is to be found ; I do not possess the original ; but, for a special purpose, I have occasion for the original of passages, in the Seven Chiefs against Thebes. In some of your leisure moments, you will, perhaps, have the goodness to transcribe them for me : they are not long, or I should not willingly impose the task ; though, even so, your good-nature would cheerfully undertake, what my impudence, or modesty, would blush to ask. The reason for which I want the passages is this ; that, whilst reading the above-named tragedy, in Potter's translation, as there given, the passages promised as if the original might add some illustration, to my small collections for an essay on the hebraical distribution of the New Testament, a pursuit, which, Magee still urging it, I still look forward to continuing. I shall now put down Potter's words, as a clue to guide you to those of

Æschylus. The first passage, is in the last speech of the soldier, who brings the account of the battle.

It has, indeed, destroyed the unhappy race.
Here, then, is cause for lamentation, cause
For joy : joy, that the city stands secure ;
But lamentation, that the chiefs are fallen.

What I am desirous here to ascertain, is, whether the epanodos is so strongly marked in the original. I presume it must, for it is a great beauty. To have omitted the joyful circumstance of the city's safety, would have ill become a citizen of Thebes. To have dwelt upon that joy, would have been still more indecorous, amidst the lamentable catastrophe just befallen the unhappy brothers. So far as I may judge from the translation, Æschylus most skilfully eludes the difficulty, by a fine epanodos . . cause of lamentation . . cause of joy . . joy for the city . . lamentation for the brothers. The joy being thus parenthetically enclosed, the messenger is enabled, as he began, so to conclude his speech, with tragic lamentation. A similar use of the same figure, I take it, is often to be found in Scripture.

The other passage, on inspection, is a little longer than I had thought ; my recollection failed me. My object here, is to see, whether the original so much resembles the hebrew parallelism, as the translation seems to do. It is very near the close of the tragedy. It begins, in Potter, . .

ANTIG. Wounded, thou gavest the fatal wound.
ISMEN. Dying, thy hand its vengeance found.
ANTIG. By the spear, 't was thine to kill.
ISMEN. And the spear's, thy blood to spill.
&c. &c. &c.

Here, you would much oblige me, by transcribing,

as far as the speeches of the two sisters respond, in the manner of parallelisms. I suspect it may reach through 35 or 40 lines: when I began to write, I had not recollect'd it was more than 5 or 6. And finding my calculation so much exceeded by the reality, I must beg, that you will leave this commission unexecuted altogether, unless, some evening, you may find yourself at leisure, and feel that the task amuses you.

I beg my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Nash.
And am,

My dear Nash,
With sincerest regard,
Your very faithful friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LI.

To Miss Jebb.

Abington Glebe, February 15. 1816.

It rejoices me, that, on the subject of correspondence, we now understand each other; I may now, when able, write a long letter; and when otherwise, (as is just now the case) write a short one, under the conviction, that, long or short, they will be received, as they are written, with cordiality and affection. This will be accompanied by six copies of the Hymns, of which you will have the goodness to dispose at your own discretion; some more copies I shall take with me to Dublin, and can, thence, send a further supply, if they would be acceptable to any

of the young people at the Green, for themselves, or their friends.

It disappoints me to find that it is not my poor old friend * * * * *, who has been advanced ; perhaps, however, he himself may prefer the advancement of his son. His testimony to my volume is pleasant ; because I believe it is sincere ; and his preaching one, or all of the sermons, I cannot object to : they are now public property, and may be honestly used as such. I myself, to my own congregation, think it not only fair, but useful, to read instructive matter, from the works of other men : and it is curious that, in so doing, I have the sanction of no less a personage than John Wesley ; who declared, that he had seldom found any method of instruction so profitable, *as that* of reading to his people, from a printed volume.

Of * * * * 's very curious, learned, and fanciful lucubrations, I know little more than what may have been gleaned by me from reviews, and occasional notices in other books of the day ; I know enough, however, to repress any curiosity after more. He is a writer of that class, which, with very honest intentions, and perverse ingenuity, is fond of prying into matters altogether above mortal ken : a mode of speculation, which, while it sometimes leads to an useful discovery, (as chemistry has been advanced, by visionary projections in quest of the philosopher's stone,) far more frequently serves only to bewilder and perplex, if not absolutely to destroy, a sound, and sober way of thinking. It surely matters little to us, whether the good are to be happy hereafter, in the sun, or in Saturn : the main point is, to seek and realize that piety and charity, which constitute a heaven within us ; and without which, the sublimest,

and most curious speculations, can profit us no more, than balancing straws, or blowing bubbles from a tobacco stopple. * * * * *, I have no manner of doubt, was a very worthy man ; some doubt, however, I must honestly own, whether he had studied, to good purpose, the sentiments, which our great poet derived, from the highest sources of wisdom, sacred and profane ; from the Scriptures, and from Homer : . . .

* * * * ‘ Be lowly wise :
Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;
Dream not of other worlds. * * *

But apt the mind and fancy is to rove
Unchecked, and of her roving, is no end :
Till warned, or by experience taught, she learn,
That, not to know at large of things remote
From use, obscure, and subtle ; but to know
That which before us lies, in daily life,
Is the prime wisdom. What is more, is fume,
Or emptiness, or fond impertinence :
And renders us, in things that most concern,
Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
Therefore, from this high pitch, let us descend
A lower flight, and speak of things at hand,
Useful.

By the by, having quoted so large a segment of Milton, I cannot but express my regret, that our great poets are comparatively little read, or known, in this flimsy generation. What multitudes of our rising youth, both male and female, are able to quote Lord Byron, Scott, the Rejected Addresses, &c. &c., by the page, who can, with difficulty, recollect a line of Milton, or of Pope ? This is no goodly symptom.

I must now release you from this preaching ; leaving you, on the whole, to collect, that I no more

relish * * * * *'s extravagancies, than you relish them yourself. The notion of a second trial, as maintained by him, I do not recollect to have met with. If it mean, a trial in an intermediate state, which may alter our final allotment at the day of judgment, I do not scruple to say, it is point-blank in opposition to the express language of Scripture ; and that the reception of such a notion, would be deeply injurious to good morals ; more injurious even than the popish purgatory, the object of which, is, by a purificatory process of punishment and pain, to do away the defilement of *venial* sin, and thus prepare the spirit for its final happy abode ; but by no means to alter the final allotment of the wicked ; these, even according to the papists, going at once to the place of irreversible misery. Purgatory is an unscriptural doctrine ; and, when grossly understood, unfavourable to strict moral watchfulness in this life. A second state of trial is not only unscriptural, and capable of abuse ; but, any how explained, it would seem to me to sap the principles of good moral conduct upon earth. Only observe, how it would, at once, do away all uneasiness, respecting the uncertainty of life, the urgent necessity of repentance, &c. &c. : admit but this doctrine, and the most awful warnings of our Saviour and his apostles would become a dead letter : I must now repeat, it would be more fatal than the worst errors of popery. My time is now out : therefore I can but desire my most affectionate regards to all the dear family at the Green.

Ever, my dear sister,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, March 29. 1816.

MY DEAR NASH,

IT is not without self-displicency, and self-accusation, that I look upon your long, kind, and valuable letter, written so many weeks since, amidst so many, and so weighty claims, both upon your time and thoughts. But, though silent, I have not been unmindful of you ; and, before this letter is done, I hope to mention an intermediate employment of mine, which, if it fail to excuse, will at least palliate my fault, in the eyes of friendship and indulgence.

I do greatly admire your well-saved, and well-directed application. Well-saved, for you must, in your heavy weight of duty, have learned, in a peculiar degree, the art of redeeming the time, of buying up the opportunity ; and well-directed, for, let neoterics say what they may, the ancient ecclesiastical writers, are a great treasury of spiritual wisdom. That you are laying up for youself, that which can never be taken from you, whether in life or death, I entertain no manner of doubt ; and I trust that health may be spared you, also, to benefit others largely ; at all events, proceed with your collections ; an effort never is lost ; and the day may come, when both you and others will rejoice, that your studies have taken this good and happy turn.

You ask my candid opinion of a regular commentary on the Scriptures, exclusively from the fathers. I own, my disconnected, and, perhaps, almost

desultory habits of study, (which, if they ever attain unity and consistency, it is in virtue of a mind rather predisposed towards arrangement, and towards the systematizing of scattered materials, do not well qualify, or entitle me, to venture an opinion ; at the same time, I would say, that, perhaps,) if the comment were regular (a perpetual commentary I believe they call it), it should not be exclusively from the fathers : or if exclusive, it should not be regular. My reason is, that the fathers seem to excel more, in the general soundness of their views, in their general adherence to the analogy of faith, than in the exposition of particular texts : that they were, probably, better divines than critics ; that, frequently, they, admirably and justly, state a scriptural principle, or bring home a moral truth, in the very place where they may chance to give a wrong exposition of the passage on which they are commenting ; an exposition, not, indeed, in the least, inconsistent with all catholic verities, but inconsistent, possibly, with the principles of sound and sober interpretation. This so often obtains, that I own my fears of a comment on *all* Scripture, from the fathers *alone* : a mixed comment, on other, and obvious grounds, I should not like. It would be a mongrel birth ; neither retaining the venerable air of unaltered antiquity, nor embracing sufficiently the critical improvements of later times. It would resemble one of those altered edifices, which has neither the solemnity and grandeur of the feudal castle, nor the comfort and convenience of the modern house. Still, there remains a middle term. And I should rejoice to see a judiciously formed commentary, on select passages of Scripture, taken from the fathers, . . . and from the fathers alone. That they afford ample materials, I have no doubt : the labour

of selecting such materials would be less, than that of providing for a perpetual comment ; while the exercise afforded to discriminative judgment, and eclectic taste, would be manifestly of a pleasanter nature. But, as I already said, I am ill qualified to offer any opinion on the point. My very habits may, also, unconsciously prejudice me against the one mode, and in favour of the other.

Many thanks for your kindness, in transcribing so many lines of greek ; and many more, for your still greater kindness, in offering further assistance in such a department. Before this is done, I shall, on that score, trespass on your friendship ; conscious, indeed, that friendship alone would excuse the glaring impropriety of such an one as I am, so employing *you*. Nor must I omit saying, that I shall prize most dearly *your Aeschylus* ; endeavouring to profit by it the more, both as coming from your hands, and as coming, also, recommended by your judgment ; and, now, it is time that I should unfold the chief cause of my silence : I have, then, for some time, while my hand could hold a pen, been employed in preparing, with a view to publication, my remarks on the style of the New Testament ; and was so occupied with one train of thought, that I feared encountering another. Perhaps three fifths of the work may be now finished ; matter has grown on me ; but the whole will not probably exceed a thin 8vo. vol. I am very glad to find that your researches go to confirm the sameness of manner, in both Testaments. If you should have chanced to meet any striking parallelisms in the N. T., which seem to elucidate the sense, or aid in the selection of various readings, you would confer an obligation, and do a real service, by communicating them. As to the classic illustration, it

was merely *εκ παρεργου*. Abp. Newcombe brought a few such, in one of his prefaces: I thought I might add one or two more. Those of Æschylus, I fear, will confer nothing towards the purpose: but, I have reason to believe, some may be found in Jul. Cæs. Scaliger, *de re poetica*, lib. iii. c. 41, 42, 43. Could you, when you can make half an hour of perfect leisure, examine, and let me know?

Your approbation of my volume of sermons, &c. is a source of real gratification. I humbly trust they have already done some good: and I am not made uneasy, either by the misconceptions, or the misrepresentations, of those, who cannot, or who will not, take ken of what I conscientiously believe, and affectionately love, as the true Church principles. You might do me real service, by mentioning, without reserve, what, in the way of disapprobation, you have heard. This I throw out, . . . because, if enabled to finish the work now in hand, I may, perhaps, find and feel it needful, to publish a separate work, on the same subject as my appendix touches.

Farewell, my dear Nash. May it please God to keep you in all your ways, and in all good things to bless you and yours!

Ever your affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LIII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, May 2. 1816.

MY DEAR NASH,

ON looking at the date of your last most acceptable letter, I can hardly bring myself to think, that such a letter has remained so long unanswered. My silence, however, has not even been involuntary; it has been not only without my will, but against it; and the same cause, which prevented me from writing to my friend, unfitted me for any kind of mental exertion whatever: all my little pursuits in literature have been suspended; and it is with difficulty that I have even made my way through a volume of Dr. Miller's lectures. By the way, what is your opinion of that work? I have, in some measure, formed mine; and I shall like to see how far we may happen to agree.

What you say on the subject of various readings, especially so far as Griesbach is concerned, I have no doubt is very valuable and important; and, I trust, it will be kept in view, through the course of my future studies. In my remarks, however, on the style of the New Testament, I cannot expect to throw much, rather indeed I almost despair of throwing any new light, upon that subject. Besides, you will, perhaps, agree with me, that the first announcement of a prevalent hebraic versicular structure, altogether unnoticed by former writers, should be confined, as closely as may be, to a simple establishment of the fact, by a sufficient number of perti-

nent examples, with explanatory and illustrative observations. The fact once established, something, perhaps, may result, of consequence in the department of sacred criticism. But, in the first instance, a premature attempt to build, might prevent people from taking full ken of the solidity of the foundation ; it might, also, prejudice those, who are abundantly disposed to prejudice, against the whole plan, as devised and calculated to serve a purpose.

Having read three letters, in three numbers of the Anti-jacobin Review, with the signature of S. N., I there met all the objections to the appendix, which you mention, urged with considerable subtlety and ingenuity. The writer of those letters, has evidently conversed with you at large upon the subject. His views have, perhaps, undergone some alteration, since he committed himself ; and I suspect, if the matter could be recalled, it would be recalled. However this may be, it so happens, that the Anti-jacobin is little read, and, therefore, little mischief can arise to any party : but, were it more popular, I should still fear little for the cause, which Mr. Knox and I have jointly espoused, in the aforesaid appendix ; for, I humbly trust, it is perfectly defensible.

One thing to me is very clear, that S. N. suspected me, or rather suspected Mr. Knox, (for to him, exclusively, and erroneously, he attributed the whole appendix) of meaning more than was expressed ; and of expressing just enough, stealthily to insinuate that deleterious meaning, into unprepared, unguarded, unsuspecting minds. To you, it is needless to say, that nothing could be more remote than this suspicion, from the simple fact. Every thing that was meant, was said, with as much clearness and explicitness, as the writers could command ; and, to the

candid and attentive reader, it must be evident, that unqualified submission to any human authority, was as far from our thoughts, as from the thoughts of the most vehement protestant in existence. The truth is, that we would guard against the abuse of human authority, more cautiously, than the advocates of private judgment. With them, we reject the domination of the Pope; but we do not, with them, erect 50,000 Popes in his room; and the voice of *antiquity, universality, and consent*, to which we listen, we take not to be the voice of man, but the voice of God; speaking that, by his providential and gracious guidance of the minds of men in all ages, which no private individual, nor any contemporary body of witnesses, could, of their own wisdom, be competent to pronounce, or to discover. Our principle, in truth, is no more than has been maintained by the best and ablest sons of our Church; and it has been well condensed by Beveridge, when he says,—‘Quemadmodum enim, *omni in re, consensus omnium vox naturæ est, ut ait Cicero, . . . sic etiam, in hujusmodi rebus, consensus omnium Christianorum vox evangelii merito habeatur.*’ And again, ‘*De Patribus, non singulis seorsim, sed omnibus conjunctim loquimur.*’

You, I dare say, have no doubt, that, when we speak of the Church of England, as deriving *all obligatory matter of faith, all that is to be believed for necessity of salvation*, FROM THE SCRIPTURE ALONE; and of the UNRIVALLED AUTHORITY, ascribed by that Church, to THE WRITTEN WORD, both Mr. Knox and I, speak *bonâ fide*, and with our whole hearts. And you have scarcely failed to remark, that, if we have omitted to dwell on this part of the subject, the omission was natural, inasmuch as the fact is uncontroverted, and incontrovertible; and

that, if we have given ourselves almost exclusively to the other branch of the subject, . . namely, the *subordinate reverence of our Church for pious antiquity*, we have done so, from the crying necessity of the present time, in which, to our apprehension, the true catholic principles of the Church of England, are almost forgotten ; and a power *quidlibet audendi*, is freely ceded, to every theological adventurer. These, then, being our principles and motives, it is but fair that we should, as honest men, be permitted the privilege of having our words understood in their obvious meaning ; and that our explicit assertion of the unrivalled pre-eminence of Scripture, should be taken as explanatory of any subsequent expression, which, at the first view, might seem suspicious, to jealous, or to captious eyes.

As to the Act of 1 Elizabeth, I still think our construction of it, the right one ; and, having read attentively all that S. N. says upon it, not omitting his reference to the twenty-first of our articles, I do not see, how, on his principles, the first four councils could, without absurdity and irrelevancy, have been introduced into that Act, as distinguished from ‘any other general council.’ My view of the matter is somewhat as follows ; and I presume, Mr. Knox would not materially, perhaps not at all, dissent from it. Our reformers, following the current of the whole Catholic church, peculiarly reverenced the first four councils, as establishing *the truth of Scripture*, in the GRAND CATHOLIC VERITIES, without mixture of *human opinion* : they were disposed, and ready to say, in the language of Justinian’s Novels, . . when speaking of these very four councils, . . τα δογματα, καθισπερ τας θειας γραφας δεχομεθα, και τους καινους ως νομους φυλαττομεν . . not, indeed,

placing these four councils on a level with the Scriptures ; but receiving them, as indubitably, and unmixedly conveying the sense of Scripture. With respect to other councils, our reformers were not equally confident : they held, and very justly, that councils, ‘ general councils, may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God.’ They required, therefore, that the evidence, on which later councils determined heresy, should be taken from *the express and plain words of Scripture*. They were *sure*, that the first four councils had not erred : therefore, they admitted the canons of those councils, as sufficient evidence : they were *not sure*, but that other councils might have erred ; therefore, they required, that, in matters of faith, the decisions of such other councils should be supported, not only by the general sense of Scripture, but by its *plain express words*. And, in this course, it seems to me, that they were most judicious ; for it is probable, that, after the year 451 (the period of the fourth general council), a time cannot be found, in which adscititious error, more or less important, was not, in some shape, *authoritatively* sanctioned ; whilst, before that period, whatever errors existed in the church, were the errors, not of the whole body, not even of any general council, but the errors, merely, of individuals, which are easily and safely to be corrected, from the sense of the whole ; that is, by the *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*. But you candidly express your doubts, respecting the applicability of this celebrated rule. At such doubts, I do not wonder : I once felt them myself ; and, therefore, am not dissatisfied to find others giving evidence, that my past scepticism, though, as I now think, without just foundation, was not unreasonable. In such

matters, I do not generally like to rest much upon authority ; and the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, is one, which I would never press, especially in dealing with a truly modest fellow-traveller. But you will feel, with me, that it is something in favour of Vincentius' rule, that it has been *received, extolled, and acted upon*, by such men, as Ridley, Jewel, Grotius, Overal, Hammond, Beveridge, Bull, Hickes, Bramhall, Grabe, Cave, and our own Archbishop King ; that it has been admitted expressly, even by CHILINGWORTH ; and that it has been unreservedly acknowledged, as a just, and true guide, by BISHOP TAYLOR, in one of his latest works, his visitation sermon at Connor ; a tribute, this last, the more remarkable, because, in his '*Liberty of Prophesying*,' and in his '*Ductor dubitantium*,' he had spoken less respectfully of the principle ; and his remarkable change of language can be accounted for, only by his having undergone a correspondent change of sentiment. He had seen, felt, and weighed every difficulty ; the result of all was, a deliberate persuasion, that Vincentius was right, and that he himself had been wrong. But, to say no more of mere authorities, however strong, I own, I cannot at present feel any difficulty in applying Vincentius' rule. If a doctrine is propounded to me, as vitally essential, that is, to speak technically, as matter of faith, before I can receive it as such, I must go to the catholic succession, and ascertain, whether that doctrine has been held *semper, ubique, ab omnibus* : convinced, that, if it has not been so held, my assent is not due to it *as matter of faith*. If, again, a doctrine which I hold, is impugned as heretical, next to the Scripture, and as interpretative of Scripture, I must go to the catholic succession ; and, if I find this doctrine

universally asserted, I cannot believe that it is any other, than the sincere truth of the Gospel. The universality here mentioned, is not, of course, a *mathematical*, but a *moral* universality ; the universality, to use Vincentius' own words, of those, ‘Qui, in fide et communione catholica, sancte, sapienter, et constanter viventes, vel mori in Christo fideliter, vel occidi pro Christo feliciter meruerint.’ And, here, I may observe, that Vincentius himself has anticipated your great objection ; a very fair one, no doubt, and which requires, and deserves an answer ; . . . namely, ‘that true christianity, far from being diffused *ubique*, or received *ab omnibus*, was sometimes confined to a very narrow channel : when the great majority of bishops were Arians, what becomes of the rule?’ Let Vincentius answer. ‘Quid si novella aliqua contagio, non jam portiunculam tantum, sed totam pariter Ecclesiam commaculare conetur? Tunc item providebit ut *Antiquitati inhæreat*.’ Nor be it thought, that, by this means, the *quod ubique*, and *quod ab omnibus*, are idly absorbed in the *quod semper* : they are, as above hinted, to be taken, not mathematically, but morally ; and, so taken, they are an effectual guard to the *quod semper*. From the beginning, or, at least, from very remote antiquity, worthy individuals have frequently held, some one, or more, unsound opinions ; and, looking to individuals merely, the *quod semper* might be alleged, as it has been alleged, in favour of every opinion : it is to be rectified, however, by looking to *universality* and *consent* : not *universality without exception* . . for such is not to be found : but *the concurrent, and consistent sentiments, of the most, and greatest, doctors, in the whole body of the Church; not at any given period, but throughout the whole*

succession. Nor will such a research be so laborious, as might be imagined: for, in the first place, the catholic verities, those to be believed for necessity of salvation, are but few; and, in the next place, the concurrent sense of catholic christians, on those few, but important points, has been amply elicited by controversy; insomuch that, from the works of Bishop Bull, and a very few more, any candid and intelligent student, might obtain competent and intelligent satisfaction, respecting the sense of the universal Church, on any and every of the catholic verities; as to all other verities, and as to the interpretation of particular texts of Scripture, they are left at large; provided always that no catholic truth be impugned, and that the analogy of the faith be maintained inviolable.

I know not whether I am intelligible; and whether I have said any thing to the purpose: but I shall rejoice to hear from you, and rejoice also to answer, whenever I am able, to the very best of my power.

Ever, my dear Nash,
Your most faithful and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I should be glad if you would take an early opportunity of showing this letter to Mr. Knox, and discussing the subject of it with him: where I may have failed, he will not fail, to give you full satisfaction.

LETTER LIV.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, May 22. 1816.

THE escape I have had, has been, indeed, most strictly, and eminently providential : only conceive, that, ever since I came to this house, we have been exposed in two points, to the danger of fire, which might have broken out at any moment. The rafters, which support the flights of stairs, at two landing places, had been so let into the wall, as to approach within about half an inch of the kitchen chimney flue : the consequence naturally was, that they were perpetually liable to take fire ; and, on inspection yesterday, it appeared, that they had actually taken fire more than once, and, perhaps, even months, and years ago ; though, for want of air, the fire had gone out. On sunday last, however, the burning had come nearly in contact with the open air, and thus the danger was happily discovered ; and, here, one cannot help, with deep gratitude, remarking the interference of a good Providence. Matters were so ordered, that, without my seeking, and at a time when the state of my finances would have prevented me from seeking it, I had company with me for some days : Major and Mrs. * * * * *, Mr. * * * * *, Mr. * * * * *, and their servants. This occasioned larger fires, and of course a greater heat, than would have been, in ordinary times ; and thus brought on the crisis at a more favourable time, than human thought could have devised : for, the same appearance of

smoke at the subbase, which alarmed the strangers, would not have alarmed my own servants, as they had been accustomed to that appearance before. Mr. * * * * * called the attention of Mrs. * * * * *'s maid to the smoke, and told her to mark whether it increased : she marked its increase, while we were at dinner, and gave the alarm to my servants ; who tore away the subbase, and, immediately, the smothered flame burst forth : had not this observation been thus made, probably the fire would have smouldered on, unperceived, till night, when it would have broken out, and with great rapidity spread over the staircase ; thus cutting of all retreat, except by the upper windows, . . . perhaps, destroying us in our beds ; but, at least, destroying the house, furniture, and books. Had the company not been with me, the catastrophe would have been protracted ; but the danger would not have been diminished : and, as the hottest fires would be burning about midday, . . . whenever the rafters should have taken fire, it is probable the flame would not have made its way to the outer air till night. I cannot, therefore, but view my safety, and that of the family, as growing out of my having unlooked-for company ; and of that company having observed just at the critical moment, what my own people would probably have failed to observe. Thus does Providence watch over us, in a moment that we never could have foreseen, and for which we can never be sufficiently thankful.

I ought to have mentioned, that, in two or three hours, I had, with very little trouble, and at a slight expense, completely secured the house, against the recurrence of a similar accident to that of sunday : the builder, who sent his foreman, has not yet finished his bill ; but it will, probably, be so small, as to

prevent my making any application to the insurance company. My best love to Rowley.

Ever my dearest Maria,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LV.

To a Friend.

Abington Glebe, May 31. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ACCORDING to my engagement, I am about to offer a few remarks, on the two discourses which you have entrusted me with ; and first, on that which has for its subject the widow of Nain : in the very commencement, however, I must own my apprehension, that I can say little to the purpose ; but you will accept the will for the deed : and should I appear to deal in hypercriticism, you will, I know, attribute the excess to the right cause, . . . a wish to be honest, and useful.

My first doubt is, whether the subject itself, be a good subject to preach upon. When we wish to expand a Scripture narrative properly, and with full effect, we should chuse a narrative rich in topics ; and, at once, communicating, and receiving illustration, to, and from, other passages of holy writ. By fertility of topic, we may be enabled distinctly, and definitely, to put forward the philosophy of religion : by reference to cognate passages of Scripture, whether affording felicities of coincidence, or nice shades of difference, we may have it in our power

truly to open the Scriptures, and gradually to fit our hearers, for that intelligent, and discriminative study of God's holy word, without which they can neither be solidly grounded, nor hopefully progressive, in religion. On the other hand, however striking a narrative may be, in itself, however affecting, in its grand features, if it afford not width, and scope, and associations, either of sacred history, or of christian theology, that narrative will, almost inevitably, seduce us (and that in proportion to its very interest and pathos) into sentimental generalities ; which may be felt and admired, by our hearers, for the moment, but which, assuredly, will leave behind them no solid, definite, and permanent impressions ; nothing which can be treasured up, as a new and valuable acquisition of divine truth. A good sermon, on a scripture narrative, should be such as to throw light upon that narrative ; and to associate with it vital and important principles, in such a manner, that, for ever after, the reading, or hearing, of that narrative, would awaken, in every serious member of one's congregation, the discourse which was preached upon it. Now, I own, my doubts are strong, whether the story of the widow of Nain and her son, could, easily and naturally, be so treated, in a discourse from the pulpit.

The event, it must be cheerfully and thankfully admitted, is most important, and most edifying ; the simple, unostentatious manner, too, of the Evangelist's narrative, is irresistibly pathetic : still, however, the event is one and indivisible ; a dead son, miraculously restored to his widowed mother ; and the more one thinks upon such a subject, the more one feels, that to expand it, were to weaken its effect. Let the brief, touching recital of St. Luke, be read, or heard, by any person of sensibility, and I defy

him to prevent a gush, and flow of feeling: but, were such a person, when thus affected by the first hearing, or reading, to be asked, whether he would like to have what he feels anatomized, and pursued through all its veins, and capillary tubes, I am sure he would answer strongly in the negative; he would desire to be left to his own reflection; and, in proportion to his mental and moral powers, through the efficacy of reflection, tumultuous, and perhaps undefined feeling, would subside into sober practical conviction. Were the event, indeed, more complicated, the appeal to the heart less obvious and overwhelming, the practical inferences more numerous, and less easily elicited, . . . then, indeed, expansion would be not only allowable, but advantageous, and, perhaps, indispensable. But, in the present case, I would deprecate expansion, pretty much from the same motive, that would lead me to protest against an attempt to define a simple idea; or, if I may borrow Johnson's exquisite illustration, to dissect a sunbeam with a prism, instead of rejoicing in the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

I shall close this preliminary, and general remark, by saying, that, perhaps, the raising of Lazarus, would afford a happier subject. It is recorded at greater length; it is attended with various accompaniments, with causes, and consequences; with previous, and subsequent events, with the doubts, fears, regrets, and complicated emotions, of several known characters; with our Lord's voluntary suspension of his assistance, till, in all human appearance, that assistance was too late; with the after-influence of the miracle, in hastening the grand catastrophe of our Lord's own death; with the pregnant, instructive, and most comfortable fact, that Jesus wept: with our

Lord's œconomical performance of this greatest miracle, employing human agency, to do, what human agency could, . . to roll away the stone ; with the transcendantly impressive doctrines introduced and inculcated by our Lord, on this occasion ; relating both to the spiritual resurrection, from sin, and to the general resurrection, at the last day. These accompaniments, I have huddled together without order ; you well know them all ; and you could readily add many more. But enough, I would hope, has been suggested, for the illustration of my notion, what kind of scripture narrative is best suited for expansion, in the way of lecture ; a narrative embracing, at once, great variety, and complete, or, at least, competent unity : keeping the preacher, by its very nature, from the two extremes ; extremes, however, not seldom united, of unconcatenated divergement, and of sentimental sameness.

I now proceed to submit a few remarks, on your discourse. After citing, at length, the narrative (St. Luke vii. 11 . . 16.) you state, that ‘ the object of the sacred writers, in recording these instances of our Saviour’s tender mercy, was manifestly this ; . . to place before our eyes, in all the sympathies, in all the endearing familiarities, of common life, the living pattern of divine perfection ; to win the heart to whatsoever things are pure, and virtuous, and good, and lovely, by the manifestation of God’s blessed nature, in the face of Jesus Christ, &c. &c. &c. The purpose, &c. being this, it is our part, to study every circumstance which they have related of him ; to meditate upon Christ, as revealed in Scripture ; to follow him in pious contemplation, through all the stages, and all the minuter steps, of his most holy life.’

Nothing can be more just than this statement ; with a back reference, however, to what I have before hazarded, I may venture to observe, that many circumstances most proper, for our individual study, in our closets, for secret meditation, and for devotional contemplation, may want sufficient producible, and tangible matter, for a pulpit discourse ; such circumstances, when treated at all in public, will commonly produce most effect, in the way of brief felicitous allusion ; a felicity, this, however, which must not be sought ; for, if it comes not of itself, however imposing at the first glance, on closer inspection, it will be found to be forced and unnatural. With an exception, then, of such allusive, illustrative, and occasional reference, I would not bring forward, in the pulpit, simple, uncompounded events ; that is, I would never make such events, the subject-matter of a discourse. For reasons already stated, I take the resuscitation of the widow's son, to be among events of this character ; and because it is of this character, I am apt to think your sermon labours under faults not to be corrected.

For example, after you have stated, that we are ‘to meditate upon Christ, as revealed in Scripture, to follow him in pious contemplation,’ I truly cannot perceive, that he is very prominently, or at all distinctively, brought forward, in your discourse. You have followed, indeed, the minutiae of the narrative ; but so, that each head of it, for the time being, constitutes a sort of independent subject ; without convergement to any common object ; without any great inference to be drawn, without any striking moral lesson to be derived, as the one grand result of the whole. Mere human feelings, and feelings of a nature sufficiently obvious, are brought into

view, and dismissed to make room for other feelings, by no means *eiusdem generis*; while, at the end of each clause, our Lord is introduced, rather as an attendant, than as the great centre-piece of the whole movement; and the doctrine of his divinity is arbitrarily asserted, in a manner which, I fear, would rather be likely to call into activity the cavils, than to silence the opposition, of a thorough-paced Socinian. These objections, I throw out strongly, and without reserve; convinced that it is the best way, not ‘to hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;’ and I do it the more readily, because it seems to me, that the choice of a pregnant subject would go far to remedy the mischief. On the event which you selected, something must be said to make out a discourse of sufficient length; and as it presented no great whole, consisting of many, but harmonious parts, want of unity, and want of variety, seem to have been scarcely avoidable: you have sinned against unity, by making each incident an independent topic; you have failed of variety, by perpetual recurrence to the one vein of sentiment, suggested by this simple, uncompounded exercise of a Redeemer’s mercy.

The first topic on which you enlarge, is deduced from these words, ‘Now, when he came nigh to the gate of the city.’ The ideas excited by the view of a great city, the feelings with which men approach it, and, especially, the secular and sensual views with which they crowd into it, you describe graphically enough. But, in the first instance, I have strong doubts, whether the reality of the case fairly admits the introduction of this train of thought. Was Nain a city? a scene of aggrandizement and display, a sphere for ambition and voluptuousness? This it would be difficult to prove. Of Nain, we know little

more, than that it was situated on the boundaries of the hill of Issachar, near Mount Tabor, not far from Capernaum, and about two leagues from Nazareth. Its insignificance may be inferred from the fact, that it is mentioned but once in the New Testament ; not at all in the Old ; and both by Josephus and Eusebius, it is termed *κωμη*, the force of which word is best given, by our English term, village ; assuming, then, as we are probably authorized to do, that Nain was no more than a petty market-town, or an obscure village, all your observations respecting a city would fall to the ground. But, supposing it were a city, is it judicious to common-place upon the general notion of a city ? In this, there is nothing appropriate, or peculiar ; nothing legitimately connected with the special occurrence. The emphasis, besides, would not rest on the word city, at large, but on the individual city of Nain ; and, if you could have produced any interesting historical association, which, by coincidence, or contrast, made Nain a peculiarly proper place, for such a transaction as the restoration of the widow's son, it would have been well : nay, could you have brought any thing out of its being in the immediate vicinity of our Lord's early abode, and in the neighbourhood where all his mightiest works had been performed, this would have been something : though such allusions are to be touched with a delicate hand, with great reserve, and never without an obvious, natural, and forcible connection with one's main subject. But, I will own, my objections do not end here : for, admitting, though contrary to manifest probability, the scene to be ever so 'brilliant, busy, and overwhelming,' . . . the feelings with which you suppose it approached, by many, or by most, are of a mingled nature ; some allowable, others the

reverse. Those who enter a city, that they may buy, and sell, and get gain, provided their hearts be not set upon riches, are surely employed honestly, laudably, and in the manner, both intended, and approved, by divine Providence : it is the absorption of the man, in those earthly things, which should have been alone condemned : but such worldly-minded, and grovelling absorption, and such other feelings as you describe ; the fluttering heart, the agitated mind, the pride, the vanity, the folly, the thirst after dissipation, . . . these, surely, are not worthy to be contrasted, with the calm, and sinless peace of our divine Redeemer : there is not here the *dignus vindice nodus* : we need not resort to incarnate Godhead, for a suitable antithesis ; in all ages, it is to be hoped, and in all dispensations, not merely among christians, but among jews and gentiles, many, many have been found, who were raised far above such mean, low-thoughted cares, and such trifling, and effeminate emotions ; many, who, at the entrance of a city, no less than in the solitude of a desert, could have sufficiently commanded their thoughts and feelings, as to be alive to all surrounding objects, and to respond to every present call of humanity. When I hear our Lord panegyrized by such a contrast, I own myself to feel somewhat of uneasiness ; somewhat of an impression, that the panegyric is a degradation ; that it is anthropomorphism, not wholly to be redeemed by the strongest, and sincerest assertion of his divinity.

The force of *moral* contrast, indeed, and especially when heightened by local association, I most heartily approve. Take, for example, our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when about to celebrate his last passover : his recorded expressions, and that train

of thought and feeling, indicated by those expressions, might be well illustrated, by contrast with the probable train of thought and feeling, in some zealous, pious, well-instructed native of Judea, going up, at the same time, to the same festival. In such a Jew, there would probably predominate a sense of the signal, and peculiar mercies, vouchsafed to his favoured nation ; their deliverance from the land of Egypt, which he was about to celebrate ; the heaven-appointed rites, and significant emblems, employed in that celebration ; the subsequent, and similar deliverances of the Jews, from the hands of their enemies, from the Canaanitish nations, from the Babylonish captivity, from the tyranny of the Antiochi, &c. &c. : with such views, would be united, the sacred splendour of the temple, the dignity of the priesthood, the mysteriousness of sacrifice, and illuminated by the cheering ray of prophecy, the prospect of a future, and final deliverance, from all temporal, spiritual, and moral degradation ; when Jerusalem should become the praise of the whole earth ; and when the great things, predicted of her and her sons, should be brought to pass, by the everlasting counsels of divine wisdom, and the unconquerable arm of almighty power.

Such were, probably, the feelings of many a zealous, pious Jew, as he approached the sacred city, at this season of solemnity : what were, then, the views and feelings of our blessed Lord ? We are instructed what they were, by St. Luke xix. 41 . . 44. Far from thinking of its ancient splendour, and its future glory, when *He* was come near, ‘ he beheld the city, and wept over it :’ Why ? We are answered by his own pathetic exclamation : ‘ If thou hadst known,’ &c. &c. ; and this train of thought and feeling is fur-

ther evolved and elucidated, in those still more pathetic addresses, recorded in St. Luke xiii. 34, 35., and St. Matthew xxiii. 37 . . 39. All the associations, all the recollections, all the anticipations, here, are mournful : does he look to the page of sacred history? It is a history of stubbornness, rebellion, and murder of God's chosen prophets. Does he turn to the volume of prophetic writ? It is a prophecy of impending, and inevitable desolation. But, how is all heightened, by the consideration of the Person, thus weeping over Jerusalem! It is the patriarchal God, .. it is the Theocrat, .. deplored the fate of his own people. ' How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen her brood under her wings, and ye would not!' Here, compare the self-drawn picture of the Almighty, cherishing infant Israel, Deuteronomy xxxii. 9 . . 12. ' For the Lord's portion is his people ; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance : he found him in a desert land ; in the waste howling wilderness : he led him about, he instructed him ; he kept him as the apple of his eye : as an eagle stirreth up her nest ; fluttereth over her young ; spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them ; beareth them on her wings ; so the Lord, alone, did lead him : ' . . All this, and more, Christ had been ready, in his divine capacity, to do for Jerusalem ; had been often ready, . . ' and she would not ;' and, now, when he was about to see the travail of his soul, he felt the bitter pang, that, through their own voluntary wickedness and apostasy, that travail would be unavailable for the safety and redemption, of his peculiar city, and his chosen people. Here, the contrast might be again briefly retouched. Jerusalem, and its people, full of joy and triumph at the approaching solemnities : . . Jesus, exceeding sorrowful, not merely

at the prospect of his impending sufferings, but, from the consciousness, that Jerusalem had sealed her doom ; had placed it beyond the power of Omnipotence to save her.

In these hasty thoughts, I am deeply conscious, there is much imperfection ; you will, however, in spite of innumerable blemishes, make out my meaning ; and, perhaps, will conceive more clearly, than if I had confined myself to the abstract, what kind of local emotions I think legitimate ; and in what manner, I conceive the Divinity of the Almighty Theanthrope, may be naturally introduced, and engrafted on a subject. That expression, ‘ how often would I,’ &c., coupled with the passage in Deuteronomy, seems to prove the Godhead of our Lord ; whilst the fact of his Godhead, so proved, unspeakably heightens the pathos of his tender exclamation.

Your next topic, is a funeral ; which, however, you but lightly touch, and that judiciously : it is a mere common-place, and should not be enlarged upon. What you say, respecting the loss of a grown-up child, is true ; and, to parents, must be affecting ; but there is too much of truism, and too much use of *unopened* Scripture : to have clothed the sentiments in your own language, would have disclosed to you, that the thoughts are too common. Throughout your entire treatment of this topic, the objection forcibly presents itself, that the topic is independent ; unconnected with what went before ; unfollowed by any leading moral lesson ; and not, in any degree, associated with our Lord, except by the simple circumstance, that he is a spectator of the scene ; and that he must be kept waiting, in silence and inaction, till a disquisition has been finished, upon what all know, and most people feel, that the loss of an only

son, in the prime of his life and usefulness, is a desolating calamity to his widowed mother. How this, on your plan, could be mended, I do not see : the fault is resolvable into the nature of the subject : St. Luke's narrative, to my apprehension, affords room for little expansion ; it might give subject for a brief historical introduction ; but, in order to avoid disconnected common-place, that introduction should have been followed up by some heads, either of doctrine, or practice, deduced from the narrative, and made the syllabus of a regular sermon. The expansion of 'weep not,' is better ; for our Lord now becomes an actor in the scene : but, to me, the simple words themselves speak volumes ; and every attempt to expand them, were a St. Chrysostom, or a St. Paul, the artist, would do something the reverse of affecting my feelings. In this way of thinking, I know very many would not agree : but I also know, that I am not singular in it.

'He came, and touched the bier ; and they that bare him stood still.' On this passage, you remark as follows. 'Yes, my brethren, blessed be God, that person who spoke thus tenderly, thus familiarly, thus like an equal and a brother, to a widow, now friendless on the earth ; this person, was the Lord of life and death ; he touched the bier, and both the living and the dead felt, 'that virtue had come out of him'; were struck by some energy, which proceeded from the present God. They that bare the corpse stood still,' &c. &c. It would seem to me, that a greater insight into our Lord's nature, is here attributed to the attendants on the funeral, than is borne out by the reason of the case, or by the very context. Our Lord pronounced, with mingled sympathy and authority, the consolatory address to the bereaved widow,

‘weep not ;’ he, then, significantly touched the bier : both words and action naturally induced the bearers to stand still : from our Lord’s following, it must have been clear that he was a teacher, and that of no ordinary celebrity ; and the respect in which the Jews held their teachers, is notorious and proverbial ; but, further, it cannot be questioned, that, so near the vicinity of Capernaum, the scene of our Lord’s chief miracles, he was personally known : the pausing, therefore, of the bearers, and the stoppage of the procession, may be accounted for, independently of any other impression existing, at the moment, than this, that the person speaking, and touching the bier, was Jesus of Nazareth, the great prophet. That this was the actual impression, may be argued from the context, as we shall hereafter see : meantime, I would submit, whether it be advisable, ever to make any elaborate, or detailed, or emphatic assertion, of our Lord’s divinity, without bringing forward strong proof, or illustration of it, at the same time ; a passing reference, indeed, to his divinity, a casual and natural mention of it, as an acknowledged fact, is another thing : but, when any thing is bottomed upon the assertion, or when attention is strongly called to it, I am inclined to think some proof should be afforded. I don’t mean argumentative, agonistic proof ; but something sufficient to bear out the assertion. There is no proof that a prophet, commissioned by God, might not be divinely enabled even to raise the dead : there seems, on the contrary, proof, that prophets might be, and were, enabled so to do. I would be shy, therefore, of seeming to use a medium of proof, which no socinian would admit ; and for rejecting which, in common fairness, a socinian could not be greatly blamed.

The question, ‘whether the recal of a departed spirit, to its earthly tenement, be, or be not, a benefit,’ however interesting, is, perhaps, somewhat out of place in a pulpit discourse *ad populum*; to agitate it, might excite doubts, which, in simple minds, would else never have arisen; and to solve it, could, after all, be attended with little practical benefit. Such a disquisition is, strictly speaking, a digression, or an episode; and in a sermon, of all other compositions, digressions, or episodes, are least admissible; the reason for their introduction should be overwhelmingly strong, and the moral and spiritual benefit undeniably great: otherwise, we may seem willing to amuse ourselves, and others, with curious and unprofitable questions. The place for such speculations would be, a philosophico-religious essay.

The feelings of the resuscitated young man, are, especially on the hypothesis, laid down in the last-mentioned paragraph, very naturally described; but the description would probably be better suited to a sermon before the Humane Society, than to a discourse avowedly intended to exhibit our Lord, as revealed in Scripture: I still must repeat the objection, that, in this topic, our Lord is but the secondary character, whilst the young man is the hero of it. How far it might have been otherwise managed, it is not for me to suggest.

In this, and indeed in other parts of the sermon, I observe a mode of citing scripture, which, to me, appears objectionable: it too much resembles parody: I mean, the detachment of scriptural phraseology from its proper context, and the arbitrary use of it, when the subject is by no means cognate. For example, ‘a brother, who was dead, but alive again;’ his mother, ‘remembering no more the anguish, for

joy that her only son was born again into the world : these two quotations will sufficiently indicate what I mean ; and I soberly think, that such an application of scripture phraseology, is not altogether respectful to that holy word, with which we should never play, or trifle. It is, moreover, the less tolerable, when it substitutes, in this sacred garb, a meagreness of sentiment, for the sound sense, and manly tone of expression, which such a thinker, and I will add such a writer, as you, by a little labour, and systematic application, could abundantly supply.

With your observation on our Lord's manner of conferring this great benefit, I most heartily coincide ; only I regret that such an opportunity should be missed, of engraving a practical application. We are bound to imitate Christ, in all his imitable qualities and actions : we cannot imitate his omniscience, we cannot imitate his miraculous power ; but we may imitate him in doing good ; we may imitate, also, the manner, even of his miraculous acts. Not satisfied with raising the young man from the dead, he delivered him to his mother : a graciousness in doing good, which we would do well to imitate, and which we should never lose an apt occasion of inculcating ; the manner of kindness, is, to minds of delicacy and susceptibility, often of more soothing and balmy efficacy, than the matter of it : a fact of which many really good and worthy people are, too often, either ignorant, or negligent. And, surely, if God loveth a cheerful giver, much more must he love a benefactor, who uniformly studies to heighten the benefit conferred, by attention to the feelings of the beneficiary : but, on this point, I have been needlessly diffuse ; to you, a hint would have been sufficient.

And, now, I have reached your final quotation of

your text : ‘ they glorified God, saying, that a great prophet is risen up amongst us, and that God has visited his people.’ This, perhaps, is too abruptly introduced ; at all events, especially as being the text of your sermon, it is too hastily dismissed. Were any other proof wanting, from this exclamation, it is evident, that the by-standers did not know the divinity of our Lord : they accounted him a great prophet : why ? Because he performed a deed, unknown since the days of the prophets ; and it can be little doubted, that they had the prophet Elisha especially in view, whose miraculous resuscitation of the Shunamite’s child, so much resembled this benevolent interference of our Lord, recalling from the dead the only child of the widow of Nain. This circumstance should not have been left unnoticed.

To your application, I have this to object, that it is not definite ; it speaks of Christ displayed by the word of God, and applied by the Spirit of God, to the spirit that is in man : but, in truth, to me it seems, that, as opened out in your sermon, the narrative of this miraculous resuscitation, neither displays specifically, nor applies practically, Christ our Saviour : there is a thinness, and a vagueness in the whole ; not the fault so much of the preacher, as of his subject ; and as the discourse, such must of necessity be the application : there is no very definite subject to be brought home ; consequently, your parting words, though good and pious words, are thrown out at random : you call on people to choose, between Christ, and a faithless world. I do not see the foundation laid for this, in the discourse : so it might be said of the rest. Yet, you know, a peroration should enforce the great topics of the sermon ; and, by a judicious management of this most important division,

unity and concentration might be given to preceding portions, which have in them too much miscellaneousness and divergement.

Throughout the whole of this review, I have been unsparing of my censures ; had it been my business to eulogize, I could, with sincerity, have praised, the spirit of piety, which predominates throughout ; the susceptibility, which enters so warmly into the feelings of the widow and the fatherless ; and the power of composition which is indicated, in several clauses, and paragraphs ; but, however severe, I am sure you will take my criticisms in good part ; and even when they may appear erroneous and unfounded, you will feel that they have been framed, if by an unskilful, at least by a friendly hand ; anxious that you should examine closely for yourself your own composition, and, from such examination, be led to do justice to your own powers.

May I now venture to suggest, that a good and useful discourse might, perhaps, be written, embracing a comparative view of our Lord's three resuscitative miracles ; Jairus' daughter, the widow of Nain's son, and Lazarus : taken in chronological order, these will give three stages of death, each, as you well know, rising gradually above the preceding : the damsel, just dead ; the widow's son, brought out on his bier ; Lazarus, putrifying in the grave. The fathers, and catholic theologians, and even Dr. Jortin, are all agreed, that our Lord's cure of bodily diseases, is typical of his cure of moral and spiritual maladies. So, also, his raising of the dead, is typical of his raising from the death of sin : in this latter death, are degrees ; so, also, in the former ; and the raising of Jairus' daughter, may be taken as typical of the recovery from spiritual death of short standing ; that of

the widow's son, of the recovery from spiritual death more confirmed ; that of Lazarus, from inveterate spiritual death. Were such a subject chosen, it is clear that a comparison of the several incidents, in the several events, might be made both interesting and instructive ; and our Lord's wonderful illustration, both of spiritual resurrection, and of the general resurrection at the last day, in his discourse to Lazarus' sisters, would afford subject-matter for an admirable peroration.

But I have now exhausted your patience. I have also exhausted my own powers, both of thought and penmanship : therefore I must conclude. Should you think these hasty and imperfect observations, in the least serviceable, I shall be glad to attempt some more, on your other sermon.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LVI.

To Mrs. J. H. Butterworth.

Abington Glebe, June 13. 1816.

MY DEAR MADAM,

MR. BUTTERWORTH can explain what must have appeared my unaccountable, if not inexcusable, silence. In truth, he that could remain a voluntary debtor, for such a letter, as that with which your friendship favoured me, would be ill deserving for ever receiving such another ; and yet, such is, either my feeling of innocence, or my hardihood of effrontery, that I

hope to receive many such, from the same good heart, and profluent mind.

Your apt quotation from John Wesley, I had never met: and, though I happen to possess thirty-two vols. of his works, forty-seven of his Christian Library, and seven more of his hymns and sacred poems, that striking passage does not occur in any of them. You furnished me, therefore, not merely with an undiscovered, but to me, probably, an undiscoverable evidence, in support of that guide to the interpretation of Scripture, which, in a certain appendix, Mr. Knox and I have ventured to point out, and recommend: and, certainly, it affords me sincere gratification, both to have such a coadjutor as John Wesley, and to know, that, in spite of all aberrations, that good and elevated spirit was, centrally, no less catholic, than pious. Some opposition in print, though of a trivial nature, that appendix, you know, has already met: and I have reason to think it will meet with more, and abler opposition: how far Mr. Knox or I will be able, or willing, to reply, I cannot venture to predict; this I know, that whatever additional examination I have been able to bestow upon the subject, has not diminished my confidence in the cause; and I do verily believe, that, however unfashionable just now, the study and veneration of christian antiquity will, one day, predominate, with all intelligent members of the church, whose leisure may admit of such inquiries.

But, to turn to another subject. Have you read the ‘Poet’s Pilgrimage to Waterloo?’ I rather devoured, than perused it, yesterday afternoon; and with very great delight. So far as I can venture to judge, on so rapid and superficial a glance, it seems to me, that, in this last effusion, the Poet Laureat

excels himself: much, perhaps, must be allowed, for one's naturally contrasting him with Walter Scott: much, too, for his skill and judgment, in contriving to write originally, on a thread-bare subject: but, however this may be, the delightful home-scene in the proem; the easy, fluent, lively, unaffected narrative, in the first part; and the strains, emulous of the moral and of the holy muse of Spenser, in the second part, have all, in their several ways, afforded me pleasure of no ordinary kind. He has, again and again, reminded me of some of the finest touches both of Burns and Cowper, though not in any respect the servile copyist of either: and he shews, in this work, a richness, power, and melody of versification, which one might vainly seek in his former effusions. But how have I launched forth into the dull vagueness of general commendation, without specifying, or analyzing, a single passage. This, I am sensible, is the most barren district in the country of the muses: nor can I, at present, escape into any of their more enchanted, and enchanting territory: but I rely upon your good-natured endurance; and that him whom you have so often tolerated, stupidly talking, you will pity and pardon for the stupidity of this present writing. In one thing I am sure you will cordially sympathize, in regret that 'the father, teacher, playmate,' has lost 'his only, and his studious boy.' How keenly must such a father, feel such an irreparable loss. Yet it is the good pleasure of a good, and gracious Being; and probably the poor boy is taken from the evil to come. One cannot help rejoicing, in the deep and solemn tone of no uncheerful religion, which pervades this poem.

It is now, my dear Madam, high time that I should release you from vapid common-place, to your de-

lightful, and improving maternal pursuits. Sure I am, that a religious, wise, and intellectual female, cannot be employed in a more useful office, or in one which will more develope her highest faculties, both of mind and heart, than in assisting to unfold, and to train in a good direction, the tender, but luxuriant puttings-forth, of the infant powers. That, in this, and in all other things, you may be directed by the best guidance, and aided by the most holy influences, is the ardent wish and prayer of, my dear Madam,

Your truly obliged and affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LVII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, October 13. 1816.

MY DEAR NASH,

AFTER the happy weeks, during which I partook of your hospitality, and profited by your conversation, and, let me add, was cheered by the cheerer of your own days, it has not once, nor frequently, but I may say, continually, been matter of regret, that I could not write to you. Still, I feel that I am safe, because you are indulgent. You know my infirmities; and, with your usual good nature, you permitted me to covenant, that I would write, whenever I could do so with comfort: this is literally the first day, that I have been able to place myself fairly in epistolary posture; and, though I have advanced so far, i' is with fear and trembling, lest I should be prevented from advancing much further.

Since my return home, at most lucid intervals, my thoughts have moved in the direction of hebraic parallelism. One valuable hint of your's was not lost upon me : in examining certain N. T. quotations from the poetical parts of the Old, I compared the septuagint version ; and, the more I compared, the more I seemed to discover worthy of observation. Both discrepancies, and coincidences, seem likely to afford a harvest of reflection ; and that reflection, I would hope, may throw some new light on 'the modes of quotation.' What, indeed, may be the possible result, I am unable to foretell. Thus much, I venture to think, will be likely to appear, that, even where they have alluded rather than cited, the evangelists and apostles were specially careful, when poetic scripture was in their view, to preserve the hebrew parallelism uninjured ; more careful, I suspect, than the LXX. In more places than one, I have observed what is curious : different quotations from, or allusive imitations of, poetical parts of the Old Testament, are sometimes connected together, through a continued series of verses, in the New, by brief sentences of original composition, in the same poetical form : in these cases, it is so ordered, that, probably, the nicest judge of style, might find it difficult to detect the least shade of difference, between the manner of the cited poetry, and that of the original connective matter ; the whole tissue is interwoven with such masterly skill, as to evince the closest *intentional* conformity to the hebrew poetical model. Perhaps I may not express myself with entire clearness on this point : your sagacity, however, will decypher my meaning, even through the twilight of thoughts as yet imperfectly formed. I am, at present, but finding my way to the light : perhaps, indeed, only striving to anti-

cipate that, which it remains for abler persons to achieve. But, however this may be, I am resolved to engage in severer study than I had thought of: to consult many books; to read many treatises; and to postpone, at least for another year, the completion of my projected essay. Meantime, I have plucked up resolution to order, from London, a goodly parcel of books; and, if it please God to give me tolerable health and spirits, I hold in cheerful prospect a good laborious year.

I believe I mentioned to you, that, as Archbishop Newcome, in his Preface to the Minor Prophets, has given, from the classics, some instances of arrangement akin to the hebrew parallelism, I would, also, willingly devote a page or two to this purpose: the Archbishop has confined himself, in such examples, to what is called the synonymous parallelism; e. g.

Trojaque nunc stares: Priamique arx alta maneres.
 Apparet domus intus: et atria longa patescunt.
 Venit summa dies: et ineluctabile tempus.
 Vulnus alit venis: et cœco carpitur igni.

Now, I am disposed to think, that, without much difficulty, examples may be adduced, at least equally striking with any of the Archbishop's, and, at once, more various, and more continuous. Such seem to be the following:

Constructive and Antithetic Parallelisms.

Vos, quibus Rector maris atque terræ,
 Jus dedit magnum necis atque vitæ;
 Ponite inflatos, tumidosque vultus:

Quicquid a vobis minor extimescit,
 Major hoc vobis dominus minatur;
 Omne sub regno graviore regnum est:

Quem dies vidi veniens superbū,
Hunc dies vidi fugiēs jacentē :

Nemo confidat nimium secundis ;
Nemo desperet meliora lapsis.

SENECAE *Thyest.* Act III. 607—616.

The synonymous, or, as I would call it, the cognate parallelism : in which, be it observed, the second member is so diversified from the first, as to rise above it.

Or. Ω γαι', ανες μοι πατερ' εποπτευσαι μαχην.
El. Ω περσεφασσα, δος δε τ'ευμορφου κρατος.

Or. Μεμνησο λοιτρων οις ενοσφισθης, πατερ'
El. Μεμνησο δ'αμφλιβληστρου ω σ'εκαινισαν.

Or. Πεδαις αχαλκευτοις εθηρευθης, πατερ'
El. Αισχρως τε βουλευτοισιν εν καλυμμασιν.

Or. Αρ' εξεγειρει τοισδ' ονειδεσιν, πατερ;
El. Αρ' ορθον αιρεις φιλτατον το σον καρα;

ÆSCHYL. *Choeph.* 486—493.

By the way, the parallelisms, not only of manner, but of thoughts and expressions, between Æschylus and the Scriptures, are surprizing and delightful. Ernesti says, “ Multa plura vestigia hebraismi sunt in poetis gr. antiquioribus. In Homero quidem tam multa, &c. ; haud pauca et in aliis, in Pindaro, in *Tragicis*, &c.”

But I was perfectly astonished, this morning, to find, in Xenophon, continuous specimens of parallelism : you shall judge for yourself :

ΟΥΤΕ γαρ τῷ καλῷ αὐγῷ φυτευσαμένῳ δῆλον, ὅστις καρπωσεται.
ΟΥΤΕ τῷ καλῷ οἰκον οικοδομησαμένῳ δῆλον, ὅστις οικησει ;
ΟΥΤΕ τῷ στρατηγικῷ δῆλον, εἰ συμφερει στρατηγειν.
ΟΥΤΕ τῷ πολιτικῷ δῆλον, εἰ συμφερει τῆς πόλεως προστατειν.

ΟΥΤΕ ΤΩΣ ΧΑΛΗΓ ΥΓΜΑΥΤΙ, ΙΝΑ ΕΥΦΡΑΙΝΗΤΑΙ, ΔΗΛΟΥ,
ΕΙ ΔΙΑ ΤΑΥΤΗΝ ΑΝΙΑΣΤΕΤΑΙ.

ΟΥΤΕ ΤΩΣ ΔΥΝΑΤΟΥΣ ΕΝ ΤΗ ΠΟΛΕΙ ΧΗΔΕΣΤΑΣ ΛΑΘΟΝΤΙ ΔΗΛΟΥ,
ΕΙ ΔΙΑ ΤΟΥΤΟΥΣ ΣΤΗΓΗΣΤΕΤΑΙ ΤΗΣ ΠΟΛΕΩΣ.

Memorab. I. i. 8.

Again :

ΟΙ ΜΕΝ ΓΑΡ ΒΙΑΣΘΕΝΤΕΣ, ΩΣ ΑΦΑΙΡΕΘΕΝΤΕΣ ΜΙΣΟΥΣΙν.
ΟΙ Δὲ ΠΕΙΣΘΕΝΤΕΣ, ΩΣ ΚΕΧΑΡΙΣΜΕΝΟΙ ΦΙΛΟΥΣΙν.

XEN. *Mem.* I. ii. 10.

Surely these isocola, and isocommata, are cast, altogether, in the hebraic mould : and, if the opinion of Oger and Ernesti be just, that the Greeks, and, consequently, the Romans, hebraized in words and phrases, it may not be unnatural to suppose, that they hebraized, occasionally, in the structure of their sentences.

I have now to request, as a favour, that you will turn to your Schoetgenius, and at p. 1249, you will find his dissertation ‘*De Exergasia:*’ this, being short, will amply repay your perusal : in p. 1250, there is a reference to Scaliger’s Poetics : this, I before begged of you to consult for me, which you kindly did : perhaps you would now indulge me, by doing this task over again ; and, if you find, in the said Scaliger, any quotations of classical parallelism, transcribe and send them to me.

A third paper, concluding the first letter of the opponent of the Appendix, has appeared in the C.O. The writer expresses his fears, that, from weighty avocations, he must conclude them ; not doubting, however, that the subject will be taken up by some abler inquirer. He has gone only through the foreign churches ; and, with little exception, confined himself to quotations from their confessions. The dis-

cussion he manages with great dexterity, and with singular humanity and good feeling: my mind is so occupied with my hebraic pursuit, that I know not whether I shall write any answer in the C. O. The little paper about *μαρτυρ*, has been inserted as I sent it, only with two or three slight typographical errors: since receiving this review, I found four passages, . . three in Lucian, . . one in Epictetus, where *μαρτυς*, or *μαρτυρ*, are decidedly used for a SPECTATOR: this discovery made me throw off another slight paper, which I enclosed to Mr. Knox, to be sent, or withheld, at his discretion.

I hope and trust, that this most blessed and seasonable change of weather, has had its due effect upon your health. I hope, also, that you are, with flying colours, and with all the honours of war, making your retreat from the Bursarship. I beg my most kind and grateful remembrances to Mrs. Nash, whom, if I can ever forget, I must first forget myself. Give my good young friends a kiss apiece for me.

Farewell for the present.

Ever your truly affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LVIII.

To R. H. Inglis, Esq.

Cheltenham, August 30. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN I consider the date of your last kind letter, and the friendly recollection proved by the transmission of the valuable and interesting volume, for which

I am doubtless indebted to your good offices, I should be altogether ashamed of this tardy acknowledgment, had I not but too true a cause to assign, . . . a continued state of ill health, which, for months past, has interrupted all my studies and pursuits, even to the article of correspondence with my friends. My ailments, about two months back, assumed a decided character ; the consequence was, that my physicians ordered me to Cheltenham, where I have now been for about ten days, already deriving sensible benefit from the waters, and given to expect, by Dr. Boisragon, the approved *Æsculapius* of this place, that, with the assistance of due exercise, the said waters will make a new man of me. Towards the end of next month, I hope to make a short visit to London.

The publication of the remains of our deceased friend, Bowdler, was altogether judicious ; and I trust it will prove beneficial. It presents a picture, both of moral and intellectual attainment, which might well serve as a model, to the most promising of the rising generation, and as a remembrance, to those of more advanced years. On its way to me, the work fell into the hands of my brother, a crown lawyer of some standing ; and, after reading it with the deepest interest, he expressed his admiration of Mr. Bowdler, in terms, which, if I had his letter at hand, I could willingly extract. The point which struck him most, was the total victory over himself, which so young, so energetic, and so naturally ambitious a man, had been enabled to attain ; insomuch that he was ready to relinquish, along with his life, the most flattering prospects, not merely with resignation but with rejoicing. This, my brother observed, was a lesson, which he could wish always to remember, as a guard against the low-thoughted, and

ambitious anxieties of his profession. I cannot, indeed, recal his words ; but their purport, I think, was to this amount, only still stronger. And this, I conceive to be a practical testimony, of the very nature which you would be best pleased to receive. The kindness of another friend, furnished me with a second copy of the Remains ; and this enabled me to provide my brother with a work, which he had proved himself able to appreciate.

I beg you will have the goodness to present my kindest and most respectful compliments to Mrs. Inglis, and to the other inmates of Battersea Rise.

I am, my dear Sir,
Your much obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LIX.

To R. H. Inglis, Esq.

Bisham Abbey, October 1. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR very kind letter of the 15th of September, followed me to the neighbourhood of Bristol ; whence I migrated, yesterday, to this venerable pile of antiquity. It rejoiced me to learn that you, and the united family of Battersea Rise, have enjoyed good health ; and I was glad to find that you had been making provision for its continuance, by a continental excursion. Many thanks for your interesting intelligence of our friend Lady * * * * * : I wish one could justly indulge the hopes you hold out of Mr. * * * * * ; but a letter which I received from Lady * * * * * , just

before she left London, speaks, as if his recovery were altogether hopeless. I never read a more affecting, or, all things considered, a more delightful testimony, of deep and unqualified resignation to the divine will. When it pleases God to call away persons in early youth, especially persons who would otherwise be called to encounter the trials of prosperity, I am always ready to discover and adore the mercifulness of the dispensation : while, therefore, I cannot help, abstractedly, wishing that it were the will of Providence to spare Lady * * * * * this great affliction, I am ready, on the other hand, to consider, how much more grievous the affliction would be, if her son were spared for the present, only to sink under the evil to come.

While in the neighbourhood of Bristol, I passed the greater part of two days with Mrs. Hannah More. She and her sister both deeply feel the bereavement which they have suffered, since I last saw them : but they, too, are most happily sustained, by the best support and consolation. In both, mind wonderfully predominates over bodily infirmity. Poor Patty, after the most agonizing paroxysms of pain, quietly, indeed I might rather say energetically, would resume whatever subject we might have been talking about.

I beg my kindest and most grateful regards to Mrs. Inglis, Miss Thornton, &c.

And am, my dear Sir,
Your much obliged and faithful servant,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LX.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 11. 1817.

MY DEAR NASH,

How tardy have I been in the acknowledgment of your kind letter! Yet I cannot, and you will be glad to know it, plead ill health for my excuse: never, for years, have I enjoyed myself, and every thing about me, so much: the tour I have taken, in all respects, has exceeded my expectations, which were high; and, in addition to the comfort and enjoyment derived from the society of such a companion, it has been delightful to me to show England *for the first time*, under such favourable auspices, to Charles Forster. We are both deeply gratified and obliged, by your kind wish to have us at Springfield, before our return to Abington: could earnest wishes place us with you and Mrs. Nash, we should certainly be your most willing visitors: but we have already trespassed on the time originally allowed; and, to fulfil the English engagements indispensably formed, we must trespass on it yet further; and, lest my parish should go to sixes and sevens, on crossing the channel we must hasten homeward, with all possible dispatch.

At the end of three weeks from our arrival there, we were emancipated from Cheltenham (and it was a dreary imprisonment) with the full and free consent of Dr. Boisragon. From the day of our liberation, to this present day, the sun has shone upon all

our movements : literally, in the finest and most cheering weather, . . figuratively and morally, in a combination of favourable circumstances, beyond our utmost hopes, and most sanguine calculations. Friendly, and overflowing hospitality ; delightful society, at once cordial and intellectual, . . by turns, grave and playful, but always under the influence of religious taste and feeling ; walks and drives, through the most varied scenery ; visits to places, celebrated for their beauty, grandeur, and antiquity : these are a few of the leading features, which have constituted our tour a real tour of pleasure ; and which, beyond all medicine, have served to restore the tone, both of my mind and body. On reaching Bristol, which we did the day of our departure from Cheltenham, we found a letter from a friend of mine and Mr. Knox's, resident near the beautiful village of Henbury, promising to come for us next day, and convey us to his home : *his* house became ours for three weeks ; and never did I enjoy three weeks more entirely. Mr. S * * * * is one of those characters, rarely to be found, in which are united, strongly discriminative judgment, with the most ready overflowing wit, . . deep Christian seriousness, without an atom of rigidity or cant, . . strong natural, self-cultivated powers, without a shadow of the coarseness or self-sufficiency, which too commonly are the drawbacks on such qualities. His conversation was a continual, rich, and easy intellectual feast. His lady is one of the best of women. His daughter, the wife of my friend Mr. H. B******, with her husband, were of the party ; they are both full of talent and goodness, both well cultivated, and well ordered ; and, with such a family, you can readily judge, that both Mr. F. and I found ourselves completely at home and happy.

From Mr. S****'s, we made a two-day visit to Hannah More: she has lost three sisters, since my visit to her in 1809. She and her surviving sister are both in the vale of years; and, in the common course of nature, cannot last long: but they retain their faculties of mind in full vigour, in despite of bodily decline; and Mrs. Martha will resume, with the greatest energy and animation, whatever has been the subject of conversation, after the most excruciating paroxysm of a dreadful nervous disorder in the head, as though she were in rude health. *

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* * * * * Hannah More delighted us,

during a morning drive which she took us in her carriage, with the richest variety of conversation, . . anecdote, poetry, criticism, religion, . . all interspersed and enlivened, by the aptest, and happiest quotations, from the great English authors, recited in the most admirable style. The two days flowed rapidly, and we parted with mutual regret: I was greatly affected; and the sisters, I believe, were affected too: . . there was a mutual feeling, that we, probably, should not meet again, on this side of the grave. In spite of differences, (of which there are not a few, even in important matters,) I am ready most unreservedly to say . . *Sit mea anima cum illis!* Where there is, at bottom, a true love, and undeviating pursuit, of the one thing needful, how many of the *opinionum commenta* will be, in a moment, dissipated, by the light of eternity!

I must not omit, that, from Henbury, we visited, with what delight you may imagine, Tintern and Piercefield; and, during the three sundays of our

stay, we were on clerical duty, in by far the most perfect country church I ever saw.

From Henbury, we proceeded, through Bath and Marlborough, to Bisham Abbey, in Berkshire, where we had a couple of happy days, with our friend Capt. Vansittart of the Navy: thence, by Windsor, Hampton Court, and Richmond, to London: the last stage, we exchanged our post-chaise for a boat, and dropped down the Thames, from Richmond to Westminster Bridge. Of course, we gave due time to Windsor Castle, Eton College, and Richmond Hill, with its rich circumference of prospect. At our hotel, we found a cordial invitation from the * * * * *, to make their house at * * * * * our head quarters: we went to them, accordingly, early the next morning, (being Sunday last), and passed the day there most appropriately; . . . the conversation, the ordering of time, the mode of dining, &c. &c. all being exactly what we could wish on SUNDAY. We met there Sir Stamford Raffles, late Governor of Java (for whom see last Quarterly Review), and his lady, most interesting people: he is the great lion of the day, sought after by something nearest to Royalty itself, . . . for he has been repeatedly the guest of the Princess Charlotte. Next week, he and his lady sail for Sumatra, of which he is appointed Governor. After passing Monday with the same estimable friends, we came off to Tunbridge Wells, on a visit to Lord and Lady B * * * *, who have done every thing that friendship, kindness, and no common powers of pleasing can do, to make us happy: the greater part, by far, of every day is devoted, to shewing us one or other of the interesting and beautiful places, in this neighbourhood: already we have seen Knowle, made attractive by the terrific *Ugolino* of Sir Joshua

Reynolds, and by the richest collection I ever saw, of original portraits of our English worthies; Penshurst, the birth-place of Sir Philip Sidney; the high rocks, of whose singular appearance you must have heard; and various other things and places have we seen, which time does not permit to mention.

Monday next we return to London, and we shall take up our abode at Battersea Rise; whence, every morning, we purpose going into town, that C. F. may see the lions. Can we do any thing for you in the book way, or in any other department? If so, command us freely. I am greatly thankful for your good and kind advice about Dr. Darwin; and shall, please God, consult him, as we pass through Shrewsbury. A letter, which would be a great indulgence, will find me, if soon written, by being addressed to me at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn Street. I beg my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Nash, and my young friends at Springfield.

Ever, my dear Nash,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXI.

To J. H. Butterworth, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 16. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

My first employment, after finding myself again re-established, and domesticated in my own home, is to write to my kind friends in England; and among

them, to whom could I more properly address the first letter, than to you? I know, and feel, that I should have written from the other side of the channel; but you know some of my infirmities, . . and, among the rest, you are probably not unaware, that to procrastinate, is rather a prominent error; but, in the present instance, while moving and unsettled, I could not write with any comfort, and therefore, of set purpose, postponed, till I should reach my own fireside; which I did on saturday evening last, this being tuesday morning.

Our return home was sufficiently prosperous. We had three or four comfortable days, with our friends the Vansittarts at Bisham; and five very interesting days at Oxford; where, having acquaintances and friends, especially at Balliol College, we were quite domesticated, having dined four days in the hall of the said college. We had opportunities of viewing, and in some degree appreciating, the Oxford system of education. It has certainly received great improvement, of late years: to religious instruction, both in the separate colleges, and in the public university examinations, considerable attention is paid. Studious habits are the fashion; scarcely a young man is to be seen in the streets, or in the squares of the colleges, before two o'clock each day; and the evenings of the fellows, are, for the most part, devoted to the prosecution of useful studies, and the enjoyment of innocent and improving conversation. The manners and habits of those I met, were particularly quiet and gentlemanlike. However, I am ready to believe that the English universities might derive some useful hints from us; and I am sure that we stand greatly in need of a lesson from them. It

is to be recollected, that the university of Dublin, is the university of a long depressed, and scarcely emerging people; and that Irish barbarity is the growth of English mismanagement. I say not this to recriminate, but to excuse. The countries, I am sure, were formed by Providence, to fall or stand together; the very evils which, from time to time, have grown out of the connection, are doubtless needful, though bitter ingredients in the process; and I am convinced, that, one day, we shall be united, no less in religion, letters, and civilization, than we are now united in legislature. But I have crept into sad prosing, and I must relieve you and myself from its continuance.

You will be glad to hear, that we found all our friends in good health; all having escaped the ravages of the fever. Two or three days we passed at Bellevue. Mr. Knox was there, and full of affectionate inquiries for you and Mrs. H. B. In addition to all other preventives of his writing letters, he is now engaged in writing, what, I believe truly, and he intends seriously, is to become a book: the object transcendently important: to settle what is the great distinguishing characteristic, what the one thing needful, of christianity. This, he proposes determining, first, on general grounds; then, from a close and continued examination of the two great epistles, Romans and Hebrews; several collateral, or rather subsidiary matters, will be treated of; especially the doctrine of the sacraments. He has, already, blocked out his rough draft; and is pursuing steadily his plan; so that I trust he will leave a finished work, on the subjects which have made the chief study of his best years.

For myself, thank God, I am uncommonly well ; as you may judge, when I add, that I briskly rise between five and six o'clock every morning, and light my own fire. The happy days we passed in England, and the invaluable friends whom we have there, constitute large and bright tracts, both in our memory and consciousness, to which, next almost to the brighter regions of religion, we may, at all times, retreat for shelter, when assailed by any of the inconveniences, or annoyances, of every-day life. Henbury, Battersea, Clapham, and why should I not add Fleet Street, are full of happy-making associations. Never were travellers more highly favoured, than we have been. ‘I can conceive no greater earthly enjoyment,’ said Mr. Knox, ‘than just such a tour as you have taken ; to be received into such an inner circle of friends, as you have been, is the best thing which this world affords.’ And he said truly. But let me add, that such an inner circle, so opening itself, and so embracing strangers, is the work of christianity. People of the world, however refined, however intellectual, however good-natured, could not so domesticate one. It is the work of that heavenly system, whose proper tendency is, to make mankind one great family. In most instances, hitherto, this work has been carried forward rather uncouthly : not religion, but *religionism*, having been the compressing power, the inner circle of christian friends, has been, commonly, more or less sectarian ; it remained, and this stage of improvement seems happily in progress, to unite the cordiality of a sect, with the freedom, refinement, and ease, of cultivated life ; and this union we enjoyed, in England, to our hearts’ content.

Mr. F. wrote to our dear friend Mr. Stock. I

hope soon to do the same. We are both your most attached friends. My love to Mrs. H. B.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXII.

To a Friend.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 16. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

At this scandalously tardy interval, I ought, perhaps, to feel ashamed of recalling two persons to your memory, who have allowed themselves time enough to be obliterated from it. Yet, still, such is the vanity, or self-complacency, shall I call it, of poor human nature, we are both willing to believe, that you will not be sorry to hear of our safe anchorage, in this quiet harbour, after a passage of four months through England, without a single adverse gale, and after a passage across the channel, rough indeed and tedious, but cheered by the remembrance of kindnesses received, and by the happy consciousness of possessing the friends, from whom such kindnesses flowed upon us.

When I think of all that we enjoyed at * * * * *, I feel myself on the verge of hurting both your delicacy and my own, by saying that, which is better, and more properly, felt than expressed. They were days which I never can forget; and which will often present themselves most cheerfully and gratefully, in a solitude, which, peopled, as a grateful imagination can now people it, is surely far preferable, to what

the world calls society, but what I think Hannah More strongly and justly terms, gregarious mixture. It seems to me, to be not among the least blessings of inward religion, that it congenializes and cordializes human life ; bringing into familiar, intimate, and almost domestic union, those, who feel alike on this one great concern. Minor differences, there may be, even in matters of scriptural truth ; still more decided differences, in what may be called matters of religious œconomy ; but these need not, and I trust the cases may become more numerous, where they will not, impede mutual charity. This, you will admit, is no unnatural train of thought for me to indulge in. I could expatiate upon it through pages ; but to you it is altogether needless that I should. You found me almost a stranger, my friend entirely so ; you took us to your own house, you made it ours, you made us feel as a part of your family ; and this you did, knowing that, on several points, and some of them important ones, we differed from you, and from your friends. But you were willing to give us credit, and I trust not altogether gratuitously, for some unity of spirit. Thus received, we were truly happy in your family circle, if, in all points, we did not think alike ; and thus feeling, we could hold sweet converse, without a single jarring note. Of this, I am confident there will be more in the world ; meantime, I cannot but be grateful to a good Providence, that I have seen and enjoyed so much of it. We are all hastening to that light of Eternity, which will dissipate innumerable clouds and shadows, of ignorance, prejudice, and misconception, which have kept, and which still keep, too many good men strangers to each others' goodness. Happy is it for those, who can, in any measure, anticipate this light ;

who, beginning with benevolence, can proceed with complacency, even where their companions may view some difficult and doubtful matters, with other optics than their own. This, I do not say with an atom of that indifferentism, which, in the jargon of the present day, is often nick-named catholicity. In matters vital, I could not yield, or compromise, a single jot ; and, in matters subordinate, but which I count important, (and there are many such) on fit occasions, I would not shrink from close and manly discussion. But my creed is this, . . . that, while errors, in matters vital, must destroy complacency, they should leave benevolence uninjured ; and that, in matters subordinate, while both may require a frank and determined assertion of our principles, both benevolence and complacency ought to subsist in full vigour, . . . always provided, that, on both sides, there exists a deep conviction of, and cordial attachment to, the vitals of our holy religion.

I know not how my pen has brought me into a sort of dissertation, when I meant to have given but a brief and friendly note. My paper now reminds me, that it is high time to release you : not, however, till I have added, that Cheltenham, the variety of travelling, and above all, the kindness of my friends, have sent me home restored in health, beyond the most sanguine expectations of myself and others ; that my companion, though just now labouring under a cold, is also substantially well and happy ; that we found all our relations and intimates happily and providentially safe, from all attacks of fever, or any other sickness ; that Mr. Knox, and the Bellevûe circle, were full of the kindest and most cordial inquiries for you and * * * * * ; and that, for myself and Mr. Forster, one of the most delightful possibilities

which this world can furnish, is, that we may, under Providence, again find ourselves at * * * * *. We both unite in the most grateful and cordial remembrances, together with unfeigned wishes for your happiness.

Farewell, my dear Sir,
Ever your most attached and faithful
friend and servant,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXIII.

To Mrs. M^cCormick.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 25. 1818.

YESTERDAY I saw in the paper the death of poor Tom Ross. Within a few years, how much has been taken from the sphere of our friends, intimates, or acquaintances! And, in a few years more, how many more vacancies must be made! May such things lead us to look, more and more, to that existence, which has no such vicissitudes; and for which those who are prepared, shall for ever live in a happy and inseparable union.

Your remembrance of our hours at the little window of Arno's vale, is truly grateful to me. To that time, I, also, look back sometimes with painful pleasure. If I was of any use in that trying time, it is a thing for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful; how different might have been my feelings, if I had lingered but three or four days longer in England. There is something very consolatory in the conviction, that even our ordinary movements, from place to place,

are ordered by a superintending Providence; and that they will be so ordered, we cannot doubt, so long as we make it our object, if I may so speak, to get Providence on our side. This last may appear an odd expression, but I believe you will admit there is some justice in it, when you consider but one little text of Rom. viii. 28., in which we are told, that 'all things work together for good'... not indiscriminately to every one, but 'to them that love God.' Thus much is plain and intelligible; the latter part of the text, indeed, has afforded room for much strange comment, from theologians of a certain cast; but for all practical purposes, it is enough to know, that none can be called, who do not love God; and that none, who sincerely and perseveringly love God, can be outside of the number of the called. This, then, is the branch of the text, in which we are mainly concerned. It is not needful, it is not expedient for us to scrutinize the hidden decrees and purposes of God. Secret things belong to himself alone; but he has clearly made known, that if we love and serve him in christian sincerity, all will go well with us, in this world, and in the next: in this world, not always, perhaps, as we may foolishly desire, but assuredly, as will be, on the whole, and with our endless being completely in view, most expedient for us.

I know not how, but I have got into a little sermon, and that sermon, what must be already familiar to you; however it is written, and must stand.

Give my love to all your household.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXIV.

To Mrs. J. H. Butterworth.

Abington Glebe, Mar. 16. 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT has curiously, and to me most pleasantly, happened, certainly more than once, that the very day after dispatching a letter to you, I have received, if, by Hibernian privilege, I may so call it, an anticipatory answer; how superior in value and interest, did I chuse to speak what I think, you would not readily believe me.

You are now, I calculate, enjoying the society of both your parents; could a wish transport me, I should not be far from your neighbourhood to-night, nor, perhaps, from your dinner-table to-morrow; as it is, I must content myself with an imaginary transfer of my person; my thoughts and feelings, at this present writing, need not suffer any change; and, indeed, it is not often altogether easy to dislodge them from their Clapham quarters, when they are put in requisition by duties nearer home.

I am greatly obliged, I speak technically, in a language which Mr. B. will translate, for three sheets of Mr. * * * * *'s 'objurgation.' I saw some extracts from it, in the Eclectic Review, the spirit of which I greatly disapproved. How incalculable the mischief, which intemperate, exaggerating partizans, can do a good cause!

I long to read Bishop Watson's memoirs. The curious confessions of a passing curious man! One

must wait, however, for the importation of an octavo edition. How much it costs one, and how needlessly it loads one's shelves, to be thrown outside the sphere of Hookham's, or Colburn's, or some such benevolent repository of literary small change, or literary small talk, whichever you please to call it.

'Through what varieties of untried being,' methodism, and all the other *isms*, are to pass, in the next thirty years, would be a fruitful theme of inquiry, for those who delight in vaticination. The stages, I cannot pretend to conjecture; but my fear is, that an unprecedented, and fearful sort of infidelity, well read in the vulgar theories of christianity, will be, perhaps within our own days, the inevitable, though not, I trust, the final issue.

Among the portentous signs of the times, a very remarkable one is, the accumulative apparatus, in a course of daily progress, for communicating every possible species of knowledge, (which we know on high authority, 'puffeth up,') in the most rapid and least costly manner, to the least ballasted, and, consequently, the most self-sufficient minds. In this miscellaneous farrago, it is unhappily notorious, that biblical lore, on the one hand, abounding with gloomy and revolting dogmatism, and on the other, fraught with curious and unedifying speculation, holds a very prominent rank, and is disseminated with perilous activity. But it is impossible not to regard, with an instinctive vigilance, various converging movements, less obviously, but not less surely, bearing, and to bear, upon the interests of our social, and religious common-weal. For the lowest class of life, and earliest stage of youth, we have every where established those Lancastrian, and national schools, of which we have often talked; admirably constructed, in material

discipline ; but, it is to be feared, quite destitute of that discipline which is mental : for the same age, in higher walks of society, we have countless books and plans, for manufacturing infant naturalists, chemists, mineralogists, metaphysicians, political economists, and what not. For the more advanced, at once in years, and in the world, we have all kinds of information, theatrically infused, without reading, in the lecture-room, and superficially inhaled, by light reading in reviews, and in circulating millions of cheap, attractive weekly numbers : again, for manufacturers and mechanics, who would be philosophers, though not philologists, we are to have, compressed within 64 half-crown pamphlets, (the prospectus now lies before me,) '*A complete course of Collegiate Education, being the course and the books, followed in the Universities of Cambridge and of Oxford ; and embracing the four following classes ; viz. 1. The Moral Sciences ; 2. Mathematics ; 3. Natural Philosophy, and the System of the World ; 4. Natural History.*' The greek and latin portions, be it observed, are to be done into English. And thus the universities are to be superseded ; and all their advantages communicated to every body, who will read 64 pamphlets, and disburse 64 half-crowns. The lure held out, in this scheme, is, that, *every one is to become his own instructor* ; and '*young men of undoubted talents*,' '*a vigorous and manly understanding*,' &c. &c., are given to understand, that, by assiduous self-instruction, they may hope to rival such men as '*Julius Scaliger*,' '*Budæus*,' and '*Erasmus* ;' '*Bacon, Locke, and Newton*.' This, I am well aware, is, with due reverence be it spoken ! a mere bookselling project ; but it is a significant sort of marginal note, in the history of to-day, which

marks the spirit of the age. ‘The trade’ would not manufacture such wares, if they were not certain of a market; and the certainty of such a market, implies other consequential certainties, from the yet remoter consequences of which, one cannot but shrink back, as from an unknown abyss!

* * * * *

The comfort is, that all will be over-ruled for the best end; meantime, while many are thus ‘going to and fro,’ may we and our friends, more and more, love to remain fixed and concentrated **AT HOME**; to meditate, and above all, to feel, within that sacred little inclosure, which contains more for our use than whole libraries, the sanctuary of our own hearts!

Mr. F. is full of grateful cordiality towards you and yours, including the objects both of your connubial and filial, and not omitting those of your maternal relations. Need I add, that I am always most affectionately yours and theirs? You know that I must be so, while I am

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXV.

To the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie.

March 25. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE accompanying pages will show you, that, since I received your kind letter, and the very acceptable volume which accompanied it, I have not been altogether idle: whether my employment may strike you as much more profitable than idleness, is another

question. Only I beg you will accept it as a token, at once, of regard for you, and of respect for Mr. Miller and his work. I shall be anxious about your opinion of my excogitations; and also desirous to know the divers judgments, at your university, of the last Bampton Lectures.

I have had no opportunity of hearing from, or conversing with, a human being on the subject, except Mr. Forster: his view of it, I may say, literally coincides with mine; yet the testimonies are the distinct testimonies of two independent thinkers.

Mr. F. joins me in sincerest regards to you, and kindest respects to our friends at Balliol.

My hand is immensely tired.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXVI.

To the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie.

Abington Glebe, March 18. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

AT this moment, the easiest, and perhaps not the least satisfactory way of putting you in possession of my *general* feeling, on the first perusal of Mr. Miller's volume, is simply to transcribe a passage from a letter but just finished, to a female friend, on your side of the water. For a more *special* consideration, I reserve myself, till I shall have completed at least a second reading of the book, in which I am already pretty far advanced. And now for my extract, which must include a small scrap of context, that only leads up to the more immediate object.

‘ Nothing but an impregnable reliance, on the gracious influence, and providential care, which, however inscrutably, are yet incessantly employed, in the protection and advancement of the catholic church, at large, and of our own reformed branch of it, in particular, could effectually cheer me, amidst the present strife of tongues: looking back for a moment, to more rigid times, and then looking around on all conflicting parties, I cannot but feel it a great blessing, that the faggot and the stake are out of fashion: did ancient usages, in this respect, prevail, I apprehend we should have few tongues left, to wage the wordy war. But, seriously speaking, there is a subordinate cause, not merely of future comfort, but of present hope. I am informed from a quarter, whose information and judgment I cannot question, that the number of moderate, quiet, unpresuming, but very able men, who keep aloof from party, and study to deepen their own interior christianity, is sensibly increasing; and I hail as a happy omen, of what such men are likely to put forth for our edification, the last Bampton Lectures; which I think were briefly mentioned, in my note of yesterday. I am much mistaken, if they will not interest you greatly: there is a freshness, an originality, a truth, a profundity, and, above all, and through all, a deep pervading seriousness, in and about them, which, in my poor judgment at least, place them very far indeed above all our modern publications.* I dare say they will be abused by many, and neglected by more, but no matter! Though they be not trashy enough for

* This was written, in the fervour of a first impression. I should now materially qualify the preference. In original power, and affecting seriousness, they stand high: not equally so in matured, and safe opinions. March 23. For the latter, I go to the Bampton Lectures of Dr. Van Mildert.

ephemeral popularity, they will live, when the rantings of a ***** shall be long extinct ; and the christian philosopher will place them in the same range with Pascal, and with Butler, when the pamphlet myriads of controversial bickering, shall have long ceased to moulder in their own place.'

March 19.

Having now executed so much of my purpose, as to read the lectures twice through ; to read several passages a third time ; and mark many more for reperusal, . . I shall venture to proceed, with the volume before me, to give, as well as I can, a more digested opinion ; candid, I trust, and impartial, but, I am sure, unbiassed by the judgment of others : for which last particular I deserve little credit, insulated as I am (with *one* invaluable exception) from all literary converse and communication. At the formality of this preamble, I am tempted to smile ; but I willingly incur the risk of appearing slightly ridiculous in this way, when I consider how much more really absurd it would be, to rush, with flippant and heedless familiarity, into the examination of such a volume.

My first reading of the lectures was extremely rapid. Important as the subject was felt to be, I could not pause upon it ; I was hurried on, by an impetuosity of interest, which can be properly compared only to the interest one feels, in reading a deep tragedy ; anxiety to reach the catastrophe, as the plot unravels, making it morally impossible to weigh particular expressions, or consider why we are pleased, much less to form definite objections to the conduct of the piece. When I was able to reconsider, coolly and at leisure, what I had been reading, the impres-

sion was, that I had been grappling with a most powerful, and original mind ; not *agonistically*, indeed, but simply endeavouring to keep up, and be carried along with it. His views were often such, as I had been unaccustomed to meet ; his ideas, with a slight sprinkling of paradox and distortion, were quite of a different stamp from the common-places of to-day. Many of our writers of most pretension resemble, at the best, those philosophers, who built their systems on assumed hypotheses ; or those factitious poets, who borrow every thing from poets who have gone before. Not so, Mr. Miller ; his philosophy, if occasionally rash, is always experimental : . . . his materials are fresh from the mint of his own mind. But his intellectual attainments, though unquestionably of a high order, delight me less (as any thing merely intellectual ought to do) than his moral qualities : such reverence for sacred things ; such a paramount anxiety about the one thing needful ; such charitable allowance for unbelievers ; such tenderness for men of humbler intellect ; such circumspect alertness to seize every opportunity of uncontroversially meeting, and counteracting, the leading practical errors of the time ; . . . these, altogether, bespeak a spirit, and a temper, that have risen superior to all party feeling, and that stand apart, with holy magnanimity, from all low-thoughted, and worldly speculation.

In what I have to say, there must be no effort towards exact analysis of Mr. Miller's plan. This would be foreign from the simplicity of a friendly letter ; and it would embarrass me, without answering any one good purpose that I know of. You will, therefore, have the goodness to excuse the want of systematic order ; and to accept my remarks as they

present themselves, without painful thought, or curious elaboration.

The first point on which you would naturally expect my opinion, is the recommendation of '*implicit faith*,' in the first lecture. And here, though I would not to engage to adopt every shade of sentiment and expression, I feel pleasure in saying, that I substantially coincide with Mr. Miller. I quite agree with him, that 'to *insist* upon inquiry, I mean inquiry more or less sceptical, indiscriminately, . . . this, be the portion of ability vouchsafed, what it may, . . is neither the way to discover truth, nor to promote unity,' p. 13. If there ever was a time, when this weighty sentiment ought to have sunk deeply, into every reflecting mind, and christian heart, the claims of that time, in this respect, must yield to the claims of the present. And those especially, who have the management of youthful minds, cannot too early impress, or too ardently cherish, the principle of resting satisfied, where competent satisfaction has been afforded; a principle, the neglect of which, in the boy, is often lamentably visible, in the subsequent oscillations of the man.' Mr. M. wisely deprecates the suspicion, that he would either '*suppress*,' or '*shun*,' in religious matters, any right inquiry. And I, too, in my humble degree, would carefully avoid, whatever might justly incur such suspicion: whilst, therefore, I would have parents lay a foundation, which, morally speaking, cannot, in after life, be wholly swept away, of unsuspicious and reposing confidence in holy writ, at the same time, I would warn them to beware, how they crush, or smother, the infant mind. In some children (though by far the smaller number) intellect has the decided pre-occupancy; and such require a peculiarly delicate, and

skilful management ; lest, on the one hand, the spirit of inquiry be so fostered, as to engender a habit of scepticism ; or lest, on the other hand, it be so checked, as to prevent its natural, and healthful exercise : in the former case, the bad result is obvious and single : in the latter case, supposing much mind in the subject, one of two evils would be likely to ensue ; the unfortunate being, either would, in after life, become a prey to the inward gnawings of conscious powers, never duly elicited, and taught to move in their appropriate sphere ; or else, on being emancipated from rigorous controul, would experience a perilous revulsion, would luxuriate in the discussion of all questions, whether within or without the range of our present capacities, and suffer final shipwreck on the shore of that illimitable ocean, which it may not be possible even for angelic natures to navigate with safety. With such caution, I do not hesitate to say, that a wisely modified educational implicitness, may be *most* necessary, to minds of the *greatest* native power. I say, educational implicitness, . . because it is in youth the habit must be formed, or it probably never will be formed at all ; and because, in the present day, there is an alarming tendency, to encourage youthful minds in the most unlimited inquiry . . one would almost say, *de omnibus rebus, et de quibusdam aliis* : I say, minds of the greatest power, . . because, in such a state of things, it is pretty clear, that minds of most power will be in the greatest danger, or tempted to take the widest range.

There is a particular class of minds, upon individuals of which I have frequently looked with deep pity : . . men that are always painfully and conscientiously, and oftentimes with considerable acuteness,

proving and examining the grounds of their faith, whether with respect to christianity at large, or to some of its mysterious influential truths. These persons rarely arrive at the conviction, that their faith is solidly established ; much less can they know, precisely, what the object of their faith is ; and least of all, can they enter the sacred enclosure, and enjoy the riches, the pleasures, and the glories it contains. They are, and they must be, ever uneasy ; uneasy, too, in exact proportion, to the acuteness of their talents, and the conscientiousness of their minds : the former, perpetually suggesting new doubts ; the latter, continually enforcing the duty, of bringing those doubts to the test of inquiry. Among such, I have never known, heard, or read of, a single instance of complete recovery. Many, doubtless, have been saved, but it has been as by fire, and through much tribulation ; for comfortable footing, in this life, they never find. I will not say how far it may be possible, not by dogmatic institution, but by awakening affectionate reliance, to lead such minds, in early youth, into, what may be comparatively called, the way of implicit faith. I should hope and believe the thing may be effectually done ; at all events, the attempt should be made ; and, even partial success, would be an incalculable blessing. For, let us suppose *some* foundation of implicit faith, at bottom, some ultimate persuasion, to which resort may be had in time of utter destitution, and then the adventurous explorer of forbidden regions, when falling from his presumptuous flight, may come to feel, with grateful wonder, that *underneath* him, are the everlasting arms.

Let me, on the other hand, suppose a person, and such a person it is my happiness to know, who, from

earliest youth, has been trained in the habit of reverential affiance in the definite, and catholic faith of our fathers ; to whom, as he was able to bear it, Scripture was communicated and opened, and piety was made familiar, both orally, and through the medium of interesting human compositions ; . . . to whom doubts and difficulties, as they arose, were either satisfactorily cleared up, or set aside, for a time, as not to be solved till riper years, . . . or intelligibly intimated to be matters above human ken, or matters, the discovery of which, may be possibly reserved for a more advanced age of the church ; . . . who was thus wisely kept from feeling the cravings of unprofitable curiosity, either by having inquiry satisfied at once, or by having it shown to be, as the case might happen, either absolutely unanswerable, or not safely answerable at the time being ; . . . let me suppose such a person, so trained, possessing great mental powers, in all respects highly cultivated, . . . and how would he probably proceed in religion ? In virtue of his early training, I conceive, he would be under no painful agonistic necessity of *reading*, to settle his *belief*, whether in christianity at large, or in any one of the great catholic verities : but, as leisure admitted, (and such a man would ‘make the leisure, that he did not find,’) it cannot be doubted, that, both for personal edification and enjoyment, and also for the purpose of being able to render a reasonable and profitable answer to others, he would read and digest, and perhaps even write books, on the evidence of the christian faith, and in defence of its cardinal truths. But, I am sure, he would find his most delightful recreation, within the sanctuary itself : free from all uneasy and perplexing doubts about his footing, he would feel himself on a sure foundation ; he would enjoy the

goodliness of the spiritual Canaan, as his own ; he would know his shepherd, and be known of him ; to him, the door would be, at all times, open, so that, at all times, he might go in and out, and find pasture. This is, happily, no imaginary picture. There *are* some, and I trust there *will* be many more, who, having begun with confiding affection, proceeded with cheerful, unembarrassed exercise of their minds, and advanced in the contemplation (not as matter of painful doubt, but healthful enjoyment) of the sacred Scriptures, have been rewarded by the richest discoveries on the way, and have, at length, attained that ‘sober certainty of waking bliss,’ which can be exchanged with advantage, only for the unclouded vision, and everlasting fruition of the life to come.

But I find that I stole imperceptibly into a lengthy digression. This you will, at all events, forgive ; but especially, if, by any means, it may serve to throw the least additional light, on the subject of Mr. Miller’s first lecture. It may be enough here to add, that I rejoice in his value for educational piety, and elementary faith ; that I cordially go along with his manly, and seasonable appeal (pp. 19, 20.) to a learned audience ; and that I think too much praise cannot be given to his charitable effort, at rescuing average, and inferior capacities, from the perils of needless and unlimited conflict, on the infidel’s own ground, and with his own weapons.

With the general views, presented in the second lecture, of the substantial agreement, and circumstantial differences, between the old and new dispensations, I nearly coincide, so far as they go. In this discussion, some things pleased me greatly ; for example, the ‘reciprocated position’ of law and gospel, with the analogous variety observable, in Jewish

and Christian apostasy : not omitting the included vindication of an erroneous, yet venerable church, from the imputation of strict idolatry ; (pp. 45 . . 47.) . . the view of an intervening twilight, between the two systems, each melting, as it were, into the other (p. 48.) ; the admirable, and timely hint, respecting that jealousy of enthusiasm, which almost proscribes spirituality (p. 49.) ; and the recapitulation, fraught with a seriousness, at once, the most calm, and the most awakening (pp. 50, 51.)

The third lecture, mainly consists of four deductions, from the view taken of the Jewish and Christian dispensation. With these, also, I find myself generally agreed. I am particularly gratified by the elicitation of faith, from the testimony of experience, that we have a soul, and from the conjectural conclusion of the most powerful unassisted minds, that there is an eternal home for this immortal principle ; together with the undeniable conclusion, that this immaterial traveller, must have suitable provisions and supplies, on its journey from its proper home ; and that, thence, it is consequently bound, no less in expediency, than in duty, to seek its supply ; that is, in plain words, to pray to God for his heavenly grace. To me, this chain of moral reasoning, thus analogically strengthened, appears equally original and just ; and, coming in this beautiful form, it is fitted, not merely to convince the understanding, but to captivate the heart.

This is an exemplification, too, of that soberly-adjusted union, between religion and philosophy, recommended in p. 187. ; in which, the function of the latter, is happily characterized, as ‘the ministry of illustration.’ I like, too, the vindication (pp. 59, 60.) of the legitimate use of those terms, which fanaticism

may be prone to abuse : the dereliction of such terms, by many divines of sounder views, and more purely evangelical piety, gives great advantage to those, who may be somewhat apt to claim a superiority in holiness, and scriptural correctness, above the rest of their brethren : while, again, the sober employment, the clear definition, and the judicious expansion of such phraseology, when, at once, truly scriptural, and in no degree offensive to correct, though unfashionable taste (what need, for example, to describe christianity, ‘as a feast of fat things?’ an obsolete, and surely, in these days, uncongenial archaism, not of scripture itself, but of our excellent translators ; why, again, speak of religious doctrine being ‘savoury?’ your own recollection may suggest many less offensive shades of expression, which should be avoided as the cant of the day, however sanctioned by the usage of many good and respectable men) ; I say, the sober employment, the clear definition, and the judicious expansion of true and appropriate scripture phraseology, would be the means of detecting several errors, and establishing several truths ; and would go far towards recommending our instructions to attention, and stamping them with authority.

The fourth lecture brings us upon very delicate ground : . . of this, Mr. Miller was abundantly aware ; and a far higher than any human tribunal has already weighed, and (may we not submissively conjecture?) approved the spirit of this humble supplication ; ‘ If it be a wrong light’ (in which the sacred volume is here pointed out to contemplation) ‘ may He, who is the Divine Author of that holy book, mercifully forgive a mistaken apprehension !’ and may the care of his watchful servants guard it from pernicious effect! p. 92. After reading and transcribing words like these, though

I esteemed the author's system erroneous, root and branch, and though I accounted it fraught with hazard to the christian commonweal, I trust I should be incapable of feeling towards *himself* otherwise, than with kindness and respect ; or, ' however largely I might protest against it,' of treating even his system, with any portion of that asperity, unhappily proverbial in theological discussion. . . Now, the truth is, I am far from deeming so hardly of his scheme. Yet, still, candour obliges me to say, that I cannot view Scripture, and mankind, precisely in the same light with Mr. Miller. That there is great ability in his argument, it were idle for me to mention : such a thinker, and such a writer, needs no such testimony. That there is, also, much of truth in his statement, I readily allow. But I cannot help thinking, that he has taken a partial, and inadequate view, both of the sacred volume, and of human nature ; that he has erected his argument on a basis, at once, by far too narrow, and, to my apprehension, somewhat deformed ; and that, until his work were corrected in a manner, of which, I believe, it would most advantageously admit, the very ability with which it is conducted, seems to render it the more indispensable, that ' guards' should be provided from some other quarter. In talking thus, it is quite remote from my intention obtrusively to play the critic. You have asked for my candid opinion ; it is given in candour and simplicity ; and, in another part of this letter, I will try to put you competently in possession of the reasons on which it is grounded. Should you see fit to communicate them to Mr. M., for his consideration, I beg that, at the same time, you will be pleased to assure him of my unfeigned respect, and, if it be not too familiar a phrase, I would add, *esteem*.

On the plan of the fifth and sixth lecture, I have little to observe here. They are, in fact, but detailed exemplifications of that general position, against which, as maintained by Mr. M., it has been already intimated, I have some objections to submit. In p. 62. I was glad to meet *that* interpretation of Romans, vii. 24., which I conceive to be the right one; which was maintained by the whole body of the Greek fathers, and by the great majority of the Latin; which is not merely justified, but demanded by the context, and by the analogy of Scripture; and the erroneous counter-interpretation to which, has been, and now is, at once, the cause, and the excuse, of much dwarfish and stunted christianity. The practical character of the epistolary writings, (pp. 172. 179.) is drawn by the hand of a master: and what is best, of a master, who has largely imbibed their spirit. The close, is one of the finest specimens I know of the moral, pathetic, and sublime.

The seventh and eighth lectures must be viewed connectedly, as an estimate of the bearing of christianity, on individual, and collective man: and here, too, *that* reader must of course find something to object, both respecting omission, and unconscious wrong colouring, who entertains the prior objection, at which I have already hinted. Still, however, there is much, that I very cordially approve; and several passages I have read, and shall continue to read, with absolute enjoyment and delight: . . . for example, that profound, yet animated view of what is called, ‘this present evil world,’ not as palpably manifested in atrocious crimes, but as more furtively, and more radically operative, in the deliberate preference of earth to heaven (pp. 197. 202.). One paragraph I cannot resist my inclination to transcribe,

that you may again enjoy it (for I am sure you have enjoyed it long ago) without the trouble of hunting for the exact page in which it stands. ‘ Men bear the image and superscription of the King of kings, written in broad and legible characters, upon all the powers of their body and mind, and yet will not acknowledge him. They shew it, in the cleverness of their heads, and in the skill of their hands, in the dignity of their upright attitude, in the strength of their manhood, in the beauty of their understanding, in the music of their tongue, in the thousand gifts and graces, that carry honour in the sight of their fellows: and yet they will not glorify God, the giver of all, either in their body, or in their spirit: they will not accept Christ, as a king to reign over them.’

.. This is the eloquence, not of words, nor even of thought, but of the inmost feelings of the inner man. It combines the best qualities of Pascal and Bossuet. Again, the compassionate, yet wisely guarded reflections (pp. 214. 216.) on a death-bed repentance, which two very opposite classes of religious teachers would do well most seriously to consider, .. especially that weighty counsel .. ‘ *Let extreme cases, be reserved for extreme demands.*’ But, perhaps, above all that is contained in these two lectures, I rejoice in the detailed illustrations of charity, as flowing from the abiding consciousness of joint-membership with Christ, which extends from p. 224. to p. 245. of this volume, .. on these it might be easy to enlarge, but enlargement would only attenuate their force. They comprise matter for the improvement, of all men, of all classes; and, in the current state of practical divinity, it might be difficult to select twenty pages, in continuance, to which, for the calm and affectionate correction of errors, much to be deplored in the pre-

sent day, one would more willingly send those whom it may concern.

I have now, my dear sir, passed rapidly through the whole field of Mr. Miller's lectures ; and paused briefly at some of the spots, where I was most captivated with the prospect. Had I merely consulted my own gratification, I should have paused more frequently : I looked wishfully at many a beautiful landscape, embosomed, sometimes, in the sterner scenery of mountain regions ; but my time was short, and my road comparatively long ; besides, however pleasant it may be for the traveller to expatiate at large, through a country rich in the beauties of nature, and the decorations of art, we know by woeful experience, that when he comes to tell the story of his wonderments, the effect is often very different upon the jaded reader ; in denying myself, therefore, I have spared you. It remains, then, that I enter on a less pleasing part of my design. With some features, both in the general outline, and the particular detail, I have already intimated that I am not altogether satisfied. It is but fair that I should state a part, at least, of my objections.* And this I shall attempt to do in all plainness.

* In stating, as I have elsewhere done, that the christian philosopher would place these lectures in the same range with Pascal and with Butler, I was not speaking at random. Even in the first hasty reading, I could not help observing traits, not only of similar powers, but of a similar propension towards the awful and severe. It may be said, indeed, that Mr. Miller, like his great predecessors (and to generalize his own words, p. 196.), 'instanced the doctrines likely to be *most offensive to objectors.*' And it must not be denied that this fact may have cast a darker shade on all three. But the constitutional melancholy of Pascal and Butler, is matter of biographical notoriety : and, without presuming to scrutinize the secret chambers of a brother's heart, it may be allowable to observe, that Mr. Miller professes to have selected those examples, which affected his own mind. However this may be, it is remarkable that M. Pascal (*Pensées*), Bishop Butler, and Mr. Miller, have each, treated only one side of their respective subjects ; and that side, not the cheerful one.

But, in the first instance, I would intreat permission to suggest a preliminary doubt, whether there be not an incompleteness in the very subject of the lectures, '*The divine authority of holy Scripture asserted, from its adaptation to the real state of human nature.*' From various passages it would appear, that, by the terms of this enunciation, Mr. M. intends to convey no other than the following proposition ; 'The whole of what we term *revealed religion*, is adapted to the real state of *entire* human nature ; and, consequently, it is to be received as of divine authority.' Now, I would beg to submit, in the first place, that the sacred Scriptures are *not* the whole of revealed religion ; and in the second place, that the sacred Scriptures, taken by themselves, are not adapted to the whole of our nature. Revealed religion includes divine institutions ; not merely the record of their appointment, or the description of their observances, but the institutions themselves, as matter of daily practice ; as visible to the eye, as audible to the ear, as present to the senses, as operative on the imagination, and, through the senses and imagination, producing effects, on the hearts, in the minds, and in the lives of men. The existence of such divinely-appointed means, in the Old Testament dispensation, Mr. M. recognizes (p. 44.), as who must not recognize them ? but, even so, he does not seem to consider them with sufficient distinctness, as separate from the written records of the institution. In the New Testament dispensation, he hardly seems to recognize any such ; though it must appear abundantly, both from Scripture and daily experience, that there is, outside the sacred canon, in christianity, as it proceeded from, and is administered by, its divine author, a specifically appointed apparatus,

adapted especially to the senses, the imagination, and the affections of mankind. It may be sufficient briefly to advert to the following divine appointments: an hierarchical church; days of commemorative observance; the two sacraments; and public worship. These, I take it, are all essential components of the great body of the christian revelation. I have already anticipated, in good measure, what respects adaptation to human nature. Holy Scripture does all for man, that a book, the best of books, can do: but is this all that can be done? The answer is obvious. It has pleased the almighty Author, and divine participator, of our nature, who best knows what that nature needs, to do much more; and I feel assured it may be abundantly proved, that, in subordination to, and furtherance of, the agency of the ever-blessed Trinity, the aggregate of holy Scripture, and of divinely-appointed ordinances, and that alone, makes full provision for the whole of man; for his body, soul, and spirit. Now, if this be so, it would seem to follow, that there is an aboriginal incompleteness, in the very subject of Mr. Miller's lectures. This train of thought, it were foreign from my present purpose to evolve. I hope the substance of the thing is placed before you, with tolerable distinctness. At your leisure, you may, perhaps, examine it, in some of its important bearings, with Scripture and experience as your guides; and particularly in the present times of latitudinarian indifference, you may be led to consider, how far it is safe and prudent, when treating of an efficacious provision for man's wants and wishes, to dwell upon the sacred volume, independently of its divinely-constituted adjuncts.

My leading objection to the execution of Mr.

Miller's plan would naturally resolve itself into two parts. I. He seems to have taken an inadequate, and partial view of holy Scripture ; II. He seems to have taken an inadequate, and partial view of human nature ; even of that part of human nature, to which holy Scripture is adapted. To this division I would willingly adhere ; and I shall endeavour to keep the two branches of it as distinct as may be. But Mr. Miller, taking holy Scripture as a picture of human nature, the consideration of the archetype, and that of the image, are so blended in his work, that I may sometimes inevitably encroach on my proposed order : any such lapses, I commend to your indulgent censure.

I. It must, in fairness, be admitted, that the defenders of religion, do not always treat ‘the objections of the respectful unbeliever with sufficient candour ;’ and that multitudes are too ready ‘to satisfy themselves, with weak, detached, and partial solutions.’ But, it would seem, also, that the retired student, especially if he be of a serious, contemplative, and manly cast of mind, may be in danger of magnifying difficulties, beyond their proper size ; and consequently, of grasping at a larger solution, than the case requires, or indeed admits. Perhaps, this latter observation, may not be altogether inapplicable to the case before us. Infidels, and certainly by no means the most courteous and respectful of the confraternity, have, with the microscopic industry of antiquarian research, spied out, and swept together, whatever is to be found, especially in the earlier Scriptures, most painful and repulsive, most gloomy and humiliating : this they have taken care to place in the most conspicuous point of view, unrelieved by any of that accompanying light, which shines, even

in the darkest page of Scripture: and those who read, for the benevolent purpose of refuting, such attacks, needs must have their field of vision largely occupied, by details of this afflicting character. It might be well, however, if they were not to rise, immediately, from such painful studies, to the work of confutation: were they to interpose a healthful, and refreshing ramble, through the walks of ordinary life, it is not improbable that the phantoms of the study might dwindle into comparatively small dimensions. The truth is, so far as my experience enables me to speak, I am obliged to express somewhat more than hesitation, whether many minds are now charged with serious doubts or scruples, or even much painful emotion, derived from that aspect of Scripture, to which Mr. M. refers. Infidel writers are comparatively out of fashion. And, whether from not dwelling on such parts of the Bible, or from that reverence which supersedes objection, or from a sort of feeling, as if the race described in the earlier books of Revelation, were a different race from ourselves, it so happens, that the bulk of christian people, whether children, or young men, or fathers in Christ, really think little about these matters: nor am I at all satisfied, either of the necessity, or expediency, that their thoughts should just now be forcibly impelled in this direction.

Thus much having been premised, I own myself not prepared to concede, that the Bible, *as a whole*, is materially different from the sort of record, which a reflecting person (and such only can be concerned in *such* a question) might *primâ facie*, and as it were by voluntary impulse, wish to find, in the shape of a *divine revelation*. He that wishes for a divine revelation at all, must wish for it, as applicable to his

wants ; just as Socrates wished, for some one to teach us how to pray. Now, to be applicable to the wants of a being *consciously* diseased, (which we may fairly assume him to be, who longs for a revelation,) the disease must be laid open, in its source, and at its height, in order that the suitableness of the remedy may be perceived, and its necessity acknowledged ; yea, and by the force of contrast, (past misery heightening present comfort,) its efficacy consciously, and gratefully felt, in the individual heart. Here, then, at once, would seem to vanish, that ‘abstract thought of something, both directly and indirectly free from any recognition of the painful and repulsive, . . of something pure and noble in all its parts, and bearing equally, and without any constitutional sign of imperfection whatsoever.’ This would, obviously, be a revelation quite unfit for man. We can conceive no time, in the lapse of ages, at which any thinking individual could have formed the notion, much less conceived the wish, of *such* a revelation, as a real thing. That which designs to raise any thing from the dust, must in some way, stoop, in order to effect its purpose ; and accordingly, where is the mythological system, or where the philosophical romance, not excepting the sublimest speculations of Plato, which does not place human wickedness somewhere about the basement of the building ?

Holy Scripture, then, as might reasonably be expected, in many places and particulars, draws a picture of mankind, as a naturally weak, erring, and unhappy race ; who have incurred an original taint, and superadded many and grievous errors of their own. But I confess myself unable to discern, nor do I regret the inability, that ‘ pervading gloominess of colouring,’ which Mr. M. speaks of. Scripture, to

my apprehension, exhibits even our fallen nature, as Archbishop Leighton beautifully describes it, . . stunned, indeed, and weakened, yet still retaining some faint ideas, some confused and obscure notions of the good it has lost, and some remaining seeds of its heavenly original, . . ‘cognata semina cœli.’ Accordingly, in the very darkest scenes (as has been already hinted) the wise and pious reader, will be apt to find compensatory light; . . just as the faithful piety of Abel, revives us from the murderous malignity of Cain, and, besides, the gloomiest horrors of man’s earlier history, serve but to prepare for the reception, and to enhance the blessing, of spiritual enfranchisement and renovation.

What appears to me, therefore, mainly objectionable, in Mr. M.’s view of the Old Testament, is this, that the dark ground of the picture is over-charged. It is, I trust, no captious, controversial disposition, but a sincere love for the highest truth and good (which I am sure deeply influences Mr. Miller also) that leads me to express my calm and clear conviction, that the volume of Revelation is *not* ‘at variance, with our original, and natural conceptions:’ that it is *not* ‘contrary to the main scope and tenor of all the writings of classical antiquity,’ . . that it is *not* ‘at variance with the thoughts and wishes of sober-minded christians,’ . . see p. 100. What it may appear, to very ‘speculative christians,’ or to the ‘theorists of an ideal perfectibility,’ we need not be careful to determine, or prone to conjecture; nor can the opinion of such men have much weight in a question, not theoretic and ideal, but practical and experimental. To me, as to Mr. M., holy Scripture appears to present the express image of man (however we may subordinately differ in our notions, of

the original, and the picture); but I should be sorry to sacrifice my comfortable assurance of its correspondence with human wishes, to the notion of its picturesque agreement with human character. Both, however, in my view, are entirely consistent with each other. It shews man what he is, in his un-renewed state, . . . vicious, and therefore miserable; it shews, also, what he wishes to be, . . . morally victorious, and thereby happy: and it amply indicates the means of emerging from the former state, and of attaining, and advancing in, the latter. I can see *no* pervading gloominess, inexplicably unlike the ordinary tenor of history.' In this respect, I would not altogether shrink from a comparison with Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, . . . with Justin, Livy, and Sallust. But, if any one think differently, I would only refer him to the dark pages of Tacitus and Suetonius, of Procopius and Gibbon. But, without adverting to any thing, either miraculous or theological, there *is* a difference, an unspeakable difference, between the profane, and sacred history; namely, the frequent, and delightful exhibition, in the latter, even in the earlier portion, of genuine, unaffected, elevated, humble goodness. To such lights, shining in a dark place, lights such as are not to be found in all heathen antiquity, Mr. M. cursorily alludes; but, surely, he does not give them that prominence, to which they are fairly entitled. Ascending yet higher, has he done justice to the piety, not merely awful and penitential, but eucharistic and divinely cheerful, of the Old Testament? The Psalms, indeed, he has noticed, and commended, not, however, in that rich, manly, and unlaboured strain of eloquence, which, with him, is native and original; but in a 'well known' quotation from

Hooker, beautiful indeed and just, . . but no way a substitute, for what one would naturally have sought, . . the prompt and salient ebullition of his own feeling. In this, and other places, if I seem to use the language, and adopt the tone of criticism, I intreat you will believe, that I am but speaking as candour tells me I *should* speak: and I have formed an erroneous estimate of Mr. Miller, if his wish would not be, that I should freely express my thoughts, in plain, though, I trust, in no degree disrespectful, and, I am sure, the most remote from unkindly words. Neither does it seem to me, that the *right use* is made of man's misery, as exhibited in Scripture. A 'sense of guiltiness,' and 'liability to the wrath of God,' are much insisted on: to these, the correlative relief, as stated by Mr. Miller, is, 'restoration to the divine favour.' Now, would it not be more scriptural, and far less liable to antinomian perversion, if one were to enlarge upon the *intrinsic hatefulness*, and *felt misery*, of sin; and to produce, as the correlative deliverance, the *creation of a clean heart*; the *renewal of a right spirit*; and the *restoration to the divine image*? which, though they be fully accomplished, only through the grace of our Lord, were yet sought for, anticipated, and partially attained, under the Old Testament; doubtless through the efficacy, at once, mysteriously *prospective* and *retrospective*, of our divine Redeemer's undertaking. It is but doing justice even to the degraded state of mankind, that there is a moral craving, for a moral deliverance. That craving is peculiarly manifested, in the devotional parts of the Old Testament; that deliverance is revealed and exemplified, throughout every portion of the New. Here are congruity, and adaptation, to the deepest feeling, and the greatest

want, of mankind. Ought they to have been omitted? But, as the dark side is too strongly coloured, in Mr. Miller's exhibition of the Old Testament, so, the bright side is too faintly adumbrated, in his picture of the New.* The death and sufferings of our Lord are put forward, (and how, indeed, can they be put forward too thankfully?) . . . but it is only in that *sacrificial* efficacy of them, which made room for the *salvability of all mankind*; not in that *purificatory* efficacy of them, which is indispensable to the *actual salvation of individuals*.- A view, that former one, which, taken thus detached and insulated, is fitted to give, either *no* comfort, or *false* comfort, to him that is weary and heavy laden with the burthen, not merely of future punishment apprehended, but of present misery experienced in the actual pressure of sin. It can be *no* comfort to him, that mankind, in general, *may be saved*, while he himself is *lost*: it would be *false* comfort to him, if, relying on an *extrinsic* act, while his heart is still impure, he were to rest in a notional salvation, instead of seeking, and praying for that *internal* influence, which, alone, can change his heart; and thus save him, not, *in idea*, from the *consequences* of sin, but, *in reality*, from *sin itself*. The purity of the gospel morals, indeed, is uncompromisingly maintained by Mr. Miller; but this height of

* As partial, but significant indications, of this, I am sure, unintentional depreciation, two short passages may be adduced... 'I do not say that he, (the sincere christian) is not liable to . . WRETCHEDNESS, like other men,' p. 76. Again, 'There are, (under the dispensation of the Spirit) the same people as before, and the same passions; but a freer light, and purer air; a soil more suitable to cultivation, and a less rugged surface; intercourse and civilization; . . causes such as these seem to have conspired to give them a more cheerful tone, through an INCREASED KNOWLEDGE.' pp. 131, 2. And is this all? Alas! this were miserable comfort. For who does not know, that *he who increaseth (MERELY) knowledge, increaseth sorrow?* Yet be it observed, this is the *apex* of a characteristic, and distinctive view of christian attainments!

moral requisition can serve but to enhance the sense of misery, while the standard is consciously unattained. The aids and influences of the Holy Spirit, are also fully recognized ; but, still, there seems to me a want of definitely comprehensible intermediation, between embodied man, and disembodied spirit. No single act, however awful, can serve the purpose of this intermediation ; . . . for a mere act, when thought upon, becomes an *ens rationis* ; and we know, how commonly the most solemn act, ever done upon this earth, is transmuted into a *dogma** ; but it is not by dogmas, that the sensitive, imaginative, affectionate, and moral qualities of compound man, can be wrought upon. What I seem, in a word, to want, in these Bampton Lectures, and what I abundantly find in the New Testament, is *that objective and transmutative efficacy of Christ himself, in his whole adorable character*, which the faithful christian may, and ought, habitually and devotionally to contemplate ; and which, *thus contemplated*, becomes,

* It was in connection, I think, with Mr. Miller's Bampton Lectures, and with this letter, that Mr. Jebb, about this time, mentioned to me, in a conversation at Abington, his own thoughts upon the mysterious end really accomplished by the sacrifice of Christ. The object of this great sacrifice appeared to his mind to be, the redemption of lost man from the power of Satan ; whose rightful property, as 'the Prince of this world,' fallen mankind had become. The property, therefore, must be re-purchased : and the purchase-money alone adequate to redeem it, as the facts of our redemption prove, was 'the death and passion of our Saviour Christ.' This he conceived to be the true explanation, in particular, of our Lord's agony, in the garden of Gethsemane : it was the price paid to him, who had the power of death, for a possession actually acquired by him. This view of the mysterious transaction is most plainly in accordance with St. Luke, iv. 5, 6., and with Heb. ii. 14, 15. ; of the latter passage, indeed, it is simply an expansion, 'Forasmuch then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself, likewise, took part of the same ; that, through death, he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil ; and deliver them, who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage.' . . . The sacrifice of Christ contemplated in this strictly scriptural light, he felt that all human dogmas about the wrath of God poured out upon the Son, as the substitute of fallen mankind, were at once and altogether done away.

not merely, though it is infinitely, the perfect living pattern, but the *influential and effective source*, of goodness : and in this manner peculiarly, it is, that he, who died as the Redeemer of all mankind, becomes the special Saviour of each individual, that trusts in him, that loves him, that comes to him, and places him continually before the spiritual eye of the soul. The congruity of the gospel to the wants and wishes of man, can then only be fully made out, when the *spirit* of such passages as the following, is *fully* taken into account: ‘*God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ:*’ and, again ; (where, be it observed, there is a direct antithesis between the law, and the gospel ; between the dispensation of the flesh, and the dispensation of the Spirit ; between the veiled face of Moses, and the unveiled face of Christ, . . . a fact which brings it immediately to bear on a prominent part of Mr. Miller’s plan;) ‘*But we all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.*’ This *Spirit of Liberty*, or, as it is elsewhere called, this *Spirit of Adoption*, emancipating from the felt evils of our nature, and introducing us to the filial enjoyment of *life and peace*, is the adaptation of adaptations, to that inward uneasiness, or, as the apostle terms it, *groaning*, . . . which is, more or less, consciously felt, by every unrenewed son and daughter of Adam.

II. As I was apprehensive might be the case, I find myself anticipated, by what has been already said, respecting Mr. Miller’s view of human nature ; . . . the dark side seems to me considerably heightened, and too much kept in view ; the bright side, on the

contrary, dimmed and obscured, and not sufficiently contemplated. Is it my object to train an individual to proficiency in the fine arts? it were surely preposterous, to dwell upon the utter incapacity of mankind for such pursuits; or to bring forward the wretched beings, who earn a precarious livelihood, by daubing the signs of petty ale-houses; instead of directing attention to those models of pictorial, and graphic excellence, which are justly the admiration of the world. Yet that which would be accounted absurd, in the science of the pencil, or the chisel, is admitted to pass current, in the science of human nature.

But, perhaps, the most radical omission is the following: . . . namely, that no notice is taken of that deep moral thirst of man's moral nature, which our Lord himself repeatedly recognizes; and for which he continually, and under a beautiful variety of images, offers the most abundant, inexhaustible supply. This thirst, it is, under a different name, which St. Paul attributes to the Gentiles themselves; . . . *Acts xvii. Ζητειν τον Κυριον, ει αρα γε ψηλαφησειαν αυτουν, και εύροιεν* with which Socrates so remarkably harmonizes: *ο δε μοι φαινονται ψηλαφωντες οι πολλοι, οσπερ εγ σκοτει.* Plato, *Phædon*, p. 99. Ed. Serr.

In connection with this view, I beg leave to refer you to the thirteenth chapter of the first volume of Mrs. More's ‘ Hints for a Princess;’ throughout which, there is matter admirably to the purpose; and from which, I will extract one paragraph, not because it is the most brilliant, or the most striking, . . . but, because it meets the present case, within a manageable compass. The author is speaking of the New Testament: ‘ In every essential point, the same view is taken of man's weakness and wants, of the nature of the human mind, and what is necessary to its ease

and comfort, as is taken by the wisest heathen philosophers : with this most important difference, however, that the chief good of man, that pure, perennial, mental happiness, about which they so much dis- cussed, after which they so eagerly panted, but of which they so confessedly failed, is here spoken of, substantially in their notion of it, as a blessing actually possessed, and the feeling of it described.' p. 230. The body of evidence which may be adduced, in testimony of this universal thirst ; it were needless, and consequently pedantic to describe to you. It must be abundantly familiar to your mind. You know the killing wants, and deep-toned complaints, on the one hand, the sublime anticipations, and ardent appetencies on the other, with which the pages of heathen antiquity, those faithful transcripts of natural feeling, every where abound ; you know also, where there is a supply, amply provided, and freely of fered, which not only meets, but infinitely surpasses, all the wishes, and all the thoughts, within the possibility of man's formation. Τῷ δε δυναμενῷ ὑπερ πάντα ποιησαι ὑπερ εκ περιττου ὡν αἰτωμεθα η νοούμεν, κατα την δύναμιν την ενεργουσαν εν ἡμιν. Eph. iii. 20. Judge you, whether such a congruity ought to have been omitted, where the subject was, ' THE DIVINE AUTHORITY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE ASSERTED, FROM ITS ADAPTATION TO THE REAL STATE OF HUMAN NATURE.'

And now, my dear Sir, I should hasten to the close of this already very long letter, did I not feel the necessity of adverting to a few passages, purposely reserved for distinct examination. The first of those passages is the following. ' Need we be afraid to ask, whether, divesting holy Scripture of its authority, and of that sacred and inseparable reverence, with

which it is now encompassed in the believer's heart, we should peculiarly desire to possess it, as a mere volume, or to commend it, as such, to universal circulation, at this day?' Here, two separate questions are blended, which, for obvious reasons, I must beg permission to answer one by one. And first, I would dispose of that, which seems to stand a little in our way, . . . by replying, that many good men, who deeply revere the sacredness, and the authority, of Scripture, do earnestly deprecate its universal circulation, at this day; if, by universal circulation be meant, a gratuitous and fortuitous scattering of Bibles, without inquiry, whether, and how far, the recipients of those Bibles, may be qualified, and prepared to read them, in the spirit of meekness, docility, and devotion: and why do they deprecate such dissemination? primarily, from this conviction, that the very best, and purest, and sublimest portions of Scripture, may, and probably will, be dangerously abused, by those, who have not had fit preparatory training, and who do not continue to receive proper accompanying instruction. This question, then, being set aside, as not exactly bearing on Mr. Miller's conclusion, I would say, that the other question, 'whether, divesting holy Scripture of its authority, and sacred reverence, &c., we should particularly desire it, as a mere volume,' is *one*, the very putting of which, to me seems fraught with danger; and the answering of which in the affirmative, would imply a virtual resignation, to the infidel, of that ground, which, from the days of Apion, of Porphyry, and Celsus, downward, has been most strenuously, and I will add, most successfully maintained, by the ablest advocates of the Jewish, and the Christian faith, . . . I mean, the native, and intrinsic excellence of Scripture. Sorry, indeed, should I be,

to rest my value for that sacred volume, upon mere authority, or upon undiscriminating reverence. No authority, not the supreme authority (I hope I speak it with becoming awe) of our Almighty Governor himself, could stamp a book with value, unless it were intrinsically valuable ; and never should we entice infidels to bow to authority (if this were the consummation sought by their conversion, which I do not think it ought to be . . something higher and nobler should be looked for,) never, I say, shall we entice infidels to bow to authority, by giving them to understand, that authority demands their veneration, for that which, even in the judgment of a sound believer, may be, or, at least, may be conceived to be, devoid of native and intrinsic claims to veneration.* But I am really at a loss how to reason, on this strange hypothesis. For, I will own, I cannot conceive the possibility of a man, who has understood, and felt, and loved the Bible as he ought, proceeding, '*even in imagination,*' to divest it of that authority, and sacred reverence, with which it is encompassed in his mind and heart. And, it is matter of pleasure to me, that, from Mr. Miller's own language, he appears alike unable to conceive this possibility ; for, in the very same sentence, in which he speaks of this divestiture, he speaks of the reverence so to be cast aside, as not only sacred, but '*inseparable.*' You, my dear Sir, will, I am sure, give me full credence, when I say, that thus to differ from, and thus to animadvert upon, a writer so powerful, so pious, and,

* This is strong language : but I conceive that weaker would not meet the case ; let it be considered, . . the *very least*, which Mr. M. concedes to the infidel, is this, that the revolting passages of Scripture, so far outweigh its moral excellencies, that, merely as a moral and philosophical work, the moral philosopher would prefer its non-existence. *As a whole*, therefore, it is void of intrinsic claims to veneration. *This is the very least.* But how many infidels may boast, how many tender-hearted christians may fear, that Mr. M. concedes *much more.*

in every way, so respectable, as Mr. M., is to me a painful duty ; and you will not be surprised, that I should even employ minute verbal criticism, in order, if possible, to narrow the distance between us. But I shall rejoice, should these lines meet Mr. M.'s eye, if he be induced to re-consider the expediency of putting impossible suppositions. To put them, *may* offend the weak christian ; *cannot* gratify the strong one ; and *must* tend to strengthen, in unbelievers, those prejudices, which, by another mode of procedure, might be demonstrated to be altogether untenable and absurd.

The next passage to which I must advert, is the following. ‘ It is certainly a volume, which, without authority, and an indwelling spirit of its own to secure it from abuse, the instructed would not desire to see commonly in the hands of the uninstructed.’ p. 103. *Mere* authority, I do believe, even among the most uneducated vulgar, would be a poor preservative from abuse ; and it is no less easy, than it is distressing, to revert to times, when THE AUTHORITY OF SCRIPTURE was the watchword, both among the infatuated people, and the usurping rulers, of these realms, for the perpetration of the worst of crimes. As to ‘ an indwelling spirit of its own,’ I know of none such, either claimed for Scripture, in its own pages ; or attributed to it by christian antiquity or the Church of England ; or the supposition of which, is countenanced by Mr. M.’s own text, of securing the Scriptures from abuse. The books, which compose that sacred volume, were, indeed, ‘ *given by inspiration of God* ;’ but, when so inspired, and so given, they were left to make their way in the world ; assisted and protected, not by any indwelling spirit of their own, but by the common providence and

grace of God, together with the instrumentality of God's faithful servants, especially of his chosen ministers. So early as the days of St. Peter and St. Paul, the whole existing canon of Scripture was wrested, by the unlearned and unstable, to their own destruction ; a perversion, which surely could not have occurred, had they been secured from abuse, by an indwelling spirit of their own. From the apostolic times, to the present, ecclesiastical history has been recording a series of *such* melancholy wrestings, perversions, and abuses. And, whoever but superficially regards the spirit and temper of our own age and country, will have abundant, and afflicting proof, that the Bible is by no means, infallibly, its own safeguard. Let us beware, in these days of latitudinarianism let us especially beware, lest, in amusing ourselves with the contemplation of imaginary securities, we neglect the true. He that thinks the holy Scriptures are shielded from abuse, by an indwelling, and protecting spirit of their own, will become, (unless he virtually relinquish, or practically deny, his own principles) more and more indifferent, respecting any external means of protecting from abuse. I am unwilling to pursue this question through all its consequences. I only submit one point to your consideration, . . . namely, how far the existence of this indwelling spirit in the Scripture, be consistent with the divine appointment of a standing ministry. As to *my* wish to see, or not to see, the Bible in the hands of the uninstructed, it is of small consequence. As to the totally uninstructed, I would say, let them, so far as means will allow, be instructed ; this is an indispensable preliminary step. After they are instructed, it will be sufficient time, to place that book in their hands, which, assuredly, is not elementary. As to the

imperfectly instructed, I should, for my own part, think much previous consideration of individual circumstances needful, before I would pronounce, whether, in any given instance, I ought, or ought not, to place the Bible in their hands. But I never conscientiously could give it indiscriminately ; neither perhaps, prudentially, and with a view to the greatest good, would I give it to all, even though assured, it was ‘protected from abuse by an indwelling spirit ;’ because, though it were not abused, a smaller, and less miscellaneous book might, in many cases, be more profitably used, than this profound and matchless volume.

The last passage which I have to observe upon, is the note occurring p. 107. ; if I rightly understand the scope of which, . . . it would seem to be Mr. Miller’s opinion, that, ‘the eulogies bestowed on holy Scripture, as a book unrivalled in the grandeur of its thoughts, and sublimity of its composition,’ are untenable, on the grounds of common sense, right reason, and natural taste. ‘For here,’ says he, ‘comes the very secret of the case ; panegyrists have bestowed their praise, under the influence of faith ; under the influence of faith, they have [it has] been received by others, assented to, extended.’ . . . ‘That is, in other words,’ the infidel objector might say, ‘christian theologians being themselves the judges, the admiration of Scripture is all a holy delusion ; it has no intelligible foundation ; and, in order to feel it, men must first sacrifice their judgment.’ Mr. Miller, I am sure, would be among the first to repel the calumny, which he has incautiously appeared to countenance. In matters merely of taste and style, he is largely indebted to the sacred volume ; he abounds in the most beautiful allusive applications

of scripture language, which evinces that he has drunk deeply ‘of Siloa’s brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God.’ Yet, I imagine, most readers would feel necessitated to declare, that, in this note, he has used language, not altogether blamelessly unguarded. Nor do the annexed qualifications, seem to me to make the case at all less questionable. . . ‘And, in truth, there cannot be any praise bestowed on holy Scripture, when surveyed by faith, and taste, and learning, united altogether, which it will not warrant, in every respect. It is the volume of the Spirit; wherefore, its excellencies, when surveyed through the medium of appropriate faculties, are necessarily inexhaustible.’ Here, in simple honesty, I am constrained to say, that taste and learning appear to be brought into the firm, as sleeping partners, on the express condition, that they shall take no share whatever in the management of the business. For, how does the case stand? . . . Scripture is the volume of the Spirit; it is to be surveyed with effect, only through the medium of appropriate, that is, of spiritual faculties; consequently, taste and learning have neither lot nor part in this matter; and, therefore, it were difficult to say, why the mention of them is here introduced. But the truth of the matter, I take to be simply this. Holy Scripture, as revelation, is spiritual; and its spiritual excellencies must be spiritually discerned, or not discerned at all. But, as a book of genius, it must be tried on the same principles with other books of genius: and, here, learning and taste have their appropriate employment. I do not see how faith is to take cognizance of good composition; or how good composition is the object of faith: that is *not* the appropriate faculty, in this concern. It is, indeed, admitted, that religious

feeling may remove a veil of antisciptural prejudice, and thus disclose a new field to the unobstructed exercise of sound, and fair, literary judgment. But it were easy to produce numerous instances, in which natural good taste, has so far prevailed against hatred for the book of revelation, as to extort, even from infidels themselves, a tribute of admiration to the beauties of that sacred volume. Voltaire borrowed many of the noblest passages of his tragedies, from the poetry of the Old Testament. Rousseau's panegyric on the Gospels, is familiar almost to every body. And Gibbon has given unqualified praise to the eloquence, the beauty, and the sublimity of the book of Job. Nor is faith, on the other hand, always favourable, to the cultivation of taste for the beauties of Scripture. In christians of narrow minds, it commonly has the opposite effect ; even when they have enjoyed a liberal education. The religious reverence of such men, very sincere, but not very enlightened, makes them shrink with horror (as though it were a kind of sacrilege) from a tasteful examination of Scripture, with regard to the perfections of its style and manner. And this, I do not say lightly, or without proof ; repeated examples of it have come within my own observation. Again, another cause remains, of a somewhat similar effect. To multitudes, that are both honest, and serious, religion is not pleasurable ; it is a thing, to them, unmixedly awful ; they never dream of seeking recreation from it ; they go to it, as a solemn, but rather painful duty ; and they get away from it, as soon as they can. Such people do not, and cannot, taste the beauties of Scripture : . . . yet they have real, though doubtless, imperfect faith. Doctor Johnson was of this number ; what he writes of the *Paradise Lost*, he would have

said of Scripture, if reverence permitted, . . ‘ Its perusal is a duty, rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation ; we desert our master, and seek for companions.’ But, by those, whose faith is strong, whose religious views are bright and cheerful, whose natural taste has been happily cultivated, and whose minds have been healthfully exercised, in the walks both of profane, and sacred letters, . . by such men, the Scripture will be loved and valued, not merely, (though that be their supreme excellence) as spiritually excellent, but, also, as pre-eminently beautiful and sublime ; . . and of such men, the sacred volume will become the chosen pleasure-ground. On this subject, were not the space, within which I have determined to confine myself, almost exhausted, I could willingly say more ; for with me it is a subject eminently practical. I am convinced, that christianity, in the most spiritual sense of the word, will never be treated as it ought, till *perfect love casteth out fear*. And when fear is thus cast out, the sacred volume will be read and studied with unalloyed delight. Meantime, those who are seeking to attain this happy state, will do well to provide themselves with every auxiliary, which may render holy Scripture pleasurable. And for my own part, in this respect, I can never forget my obligations to the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. The Praelectiones of your incomparable LOWTH, having excited a relish in me for the more exquisite beauties of holy writ, which, I humbly trust, will never leave me or forsake me.

And now, my dear Sir, it is full time that I should rest myself, and release you. From the length to which I have extended this review, you may estimate

how deeply I have been interested by Mr. Miller's volume. On any, or all of the subjects here treated, I shall be thankful for your candid opinion. In some points, we may differ ; on many, I trust, we shall be agreed ; and in nothing, probably, more sincerely, than in respect for Mr. Miller : his talents, I admire ; his charity, I love ; his practical seriousness, I regard with veneration. He has advanced much 'to strengthen good principles, and awaken charitable ones.' And, whatever be one's opinion of the argument of his volume, they who cherish his precepts, and imitate his conduct, can hardly fail to support our common Christianity, by that best 'argument, of good and holy lives.'

Yours ever,
JOHN JEBB.

March 25. 1818.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mrs. H. More.

Rutland Square, Dublin, June 1. 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is very good in you to express a wish to hear now and then, from one or other of the two pilgrims, whom you so kindly cherished at Barley Wood ; and could thoughts, and feelings, and pleasing recollections, and bright anticipations, have winged their own flight, without the chilling intervention of ink and paper, you would probably have had few more frequent correspondents, than the aforesaid hermits of Abington Glebe. But, alas, my paper wings are very rarely volant ; and it is often matter of wonder to me, why I am so incorrigibly backward in writing

to those, whom I delight to think upon, and with whose images my heart is peopled. Commonly secluded from living intercourse, why is it, that I do not ardently court and cultivate the next best means of friendly conversation? This is a question, which I cannot satisfactorily answer; there may be somewhat of constitutional shyness, and that shyness may be aggravated by solitary musings; but, however this may be, I am willing to be thought dull, or any thing but unmindful of those, who, while aught is recollected, can never be forgotten.

We had been grieved by most afflicting rumours of your state of health; and were greatly relieved by comfortable tidings, from our friend Mr. Ogilvie: to have those tidings substantially confirmed, under your own signature was delightful. The sufferings of your admirable sister, are, indeed, a serious drawback: but I have seen her suffer, and deeply pained as I was, the pain was mingled with emotions of a far different nature; for, where it pleases God to bestow such patience under sufferings, it is impossible not to anticipate the happiest issue, out of every affliction. May the afflictions of you, and the companion of your heart, be no more, and no greater, than shall be most conducive to your everlasting joy! And may all be sanctified, for the greatest possible good, of yourselves, and of the many that must be edified by such examples!

I take it for granted, that my friend C. F. has fully anticipated all I could say of the happy days, which we passed in the society of your friends and ours, in the course of last autumn; days, such as render one, in a moderate, and I trust not unallowable sense of the term, dearer to oneself, by a kind of interior relationship with the wise and good. Since that period,

two of the families, with whom we were happily domesticated for some weeks, have been visited by dangerous illness ; but it has pleased Providence to restore health to their dwellings.

Yesterday, I saw Mr. Knox ; who rejoices that he still holds a place in your affection ; and charged me to say every thing most kind, and grateful, and cordially affectionate, in his name. He particularly commissioned me to assure you, that his silence proceeds not from the slightest change, or diminution of regard for, and interest in, you and Mrs. Patty More. The truth is, and I can testify it largely from my own experience, that he is grown a more sluggish and infrequent correspondent, even than myself : his time is broken in upon to a very troublesome degree ; and, when left to himself, he is evolving chains of thought, which, from the peculiar construction of his mind, would be broken, never to be reunited, were he to interpose other mental occupation.

Do you ever see or hear from Dr. Edward Perceval ? He has left behind him, in Dublin, many most attached friends. . . As a physician, as a friend, as a good man, as a companionable gentleman, and as a person eminently and predominately intellectual, he has been a serious loss (excuse a slight tincture of Hibernianism, in this manner of construction,) to this city ; and I have no question, that he would here have risen, to the first professional eminence ; but, since he has left us, I trust that he will be as happy at Bath, as goodness, and usefulness, and full occupation, and the society of dear friends, and every fair measure of prosperity, worldly and intellectual, moral and religious, can make him.

If it please God to spare us for another year, I live in hopes of once more enjoying the happiness of

of seeing you and your sister. Pray give her my kindest and most grateful remembrances, and believe me, my dear Madam,

Your ever obliged,
And truly affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, January 2. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO assure you, that, far from a monopoly, there was a very moderate demand on my time and attention, by your brother Fellow * : he was, for the most part, assiduously gleaning matter from my books ; and I was left ample leisure to pursue my own devices. Several pleasant conversations, however, and, I trust, not wholly useless, passed with my guest, . . about whom I am much interested ; he is able, manly, and candid ; possessed of many fine qualities ; and, if his life be spared, likely to do credit to our university, and to Ireland. For myself, I have not been well since my return home ; and, partly from this cause, partly from the pressure of one or two matters that could not wait, I was unable to write to you a letter, though to do so was my daily wish. This evening, I lose not a post, or an hour, in hastening to return thanks for your very kind, and thrice welcome letter.

It rejoices me that you are so ardently engaged with the Fathers : and I have every hope that your work will proceed pleasantly to yourself, and issue

* Mr. Phelan.

profitably to the public. In the course of it, if I can be of any service, I shall be sincerely gratified ; and, just now, I will try to say as much to the purpose as I can. From the state of my head, however, I am unable to make the necessary searches for returning *proper* answers, and therefore for attempting *any* answers, to your specific queries : this must be the work of some clear and disembarrassed hour ; meantime, I will hazard a few more general hints.

The extracts should, I conceive, be rather for popular, than for learned use ; and this will, in a considerable measure, mark out what their character ought to be. Any very elaborate, or systematic arrangement, with this popularity in view, would be undesirable. Perhaps the work might advantageously be distributed in sections ; each section containing a given number of sub-sections ; and each sub-section being devoted to some specific subject, which might be illustrated by quotations from *two* or *three* Fathers. Working in this way, you would have opportunities of *grouping* ; which, to a painter, cannot but be a very agreeable exercise. Moral and spiritual topics, would, I think, be preferable to all others ; avoiding, of course, in the selection, whatever, on the one hand, might border too closely on metaphysics, or, on the other, might soar into the regions of mysticism. You would probably find it, at once, the easiest, and the most productive method, in the first place, to take your examples promiscuously, without premeditated plans respecting the choice or classification of them : your own taste and judgment will scarcely fail to *chuse* aright ; and classification is the last thing to be effected. In this respect, it is best to follow the example of the botanist, who collects his specimens wherever he can find them ; throws

them, without order, into his botanizing pouch ; and reserves the task of classical arrangement, for his *τελευταιον επιγεννημα*. The final arrangement, I presume, will be neither with respect to chronological order, nor to the Fathers who furnish your matter : and this consideration may set you much at ease in your selection ; you need only look for interesting subjects, wherever to be found ; you will be tied down to no train of Fathers, and to no particular period of the church ; the golden fourth century, and the earlier part of the fifth, will furnish rich materials ; nor do I think that the writings of Gregory the Great, and of St. Bernard, should be excluded from your catalogue : both of them allegorize most fancifully ; but it is astonishing in how separable a form, the most calm, sober, and profound sense every where exists, in the very bosom of their allegories. I know not whether you might not find it advisable, to commence with the latest writers, and so work your way back. At all events, I should prefer going, in the first instance, to the Post-Nicene, rather than to the Ante-Nicene, Fathers. They were so *settled*, on points of faith, that they flowed more freely, on matters of christian spirit and practice. Though I have dissuaded present classification, in the general, I would venture to suggest the subjects of one or two sections, which, if you happen to approve them, it might be well to keep in view. 1. *Natural Theology* ; especially with a view to such *a posteriori* evidences, from contrivance and design, as Cicero has beautifully touched, and Paley anatomically developed. If I mistake not, it would astonish many, to see how frequently the Fathers talk on such subjects, not only with the eloquence of finished orators, but with the accuracy, and almost the philosophical precision, on

which moderns are apt to value themselves. There is a noble passage in St. Chrysostom, of this nature ; to which, when qualified to institute a search, I will refer you. St. Basil, I conceive, would be likely to furnish matter of this description. II. *The evidences of Christianity.* Here, too, you might show, how largely the ancients have anticipated the moderns. The earlier parts of the work of S. Theophilus of Antioch, addressed to Autolycus ; Justin Martyr's dialogue with Trypho ; Minucius Felix ; Lactantius ; Origen against Celsus ; and the *Præparatio*, and *Demonstratio Evangelica*, of Eusebius ; might, perhaps, all be laid under contribution. Any thing that savoured of a harsh, controversial spirit, you would naturally exclude. III. *Biographical sketches.* Many interesting particulars are related by the Fathers, of themselves and others, which might be made very interesting, to readers of moral taste. *Martyrology* would here come in : St. Augustine's *Confessions* might afford something ; and I cannot now recollect, whether some passages from Cyprian to Donatus, *on the grace of God*, would be suitable to this division of the work, rather than to one of your moral, or spiritual sections : it should not, however, be out of view. There is a beautiful story of St. John and a robber, told, if I mistake not, both by Clemens Alexandrinus, and Eusebius, which you will, perhaps, think worthy of being extracted.

As to distinct references to particular passages of the Fathers, it is my conviction, that, what you seek and chuse for yourself, you will be apt to translate with most raciness and spirit. Should any, however, strike me forcibly, in the course of my reading, it is, I trust, needless to say, that I shall have particular pleasure in submitting them to your judgment.

And, as you proceed, I shall be very grateful for an account of your labours, and of your success ; as well as prompt, to the utmost of my power, in returning such answers as I may be enabled to give.

I have resumed my hebrew poetry ; and I seem, now, to see my way before me, more unembarrassed than at any former period : fresh matter, indeed, has presented itself to my mind ; but I see the places into which it will naturally fall : my botanical researches through the New Testament, are, for this object, nearly completed ; it only remains, that I bring my specimens to order, in the *hortus siccus*, which I have mentally constructed. In plain words, I have nearly examples enough ; and I have determined now to arrange them.

Many thanks for the MORERI : in purchasing a really good book, the price, unless it be absolutely extravagant, is a secondary matter. With the present purchase, I am well satisfied. Had not Mr. Phelan left me, I should have entrusted him with the purchase-money. I shall, however, in my next letter to my brother, desire him to pay it. Mr. Phelan has taken charge of the '*Corpus et Syntagma Confessionum.*'

I shall hope soon for a report of progress.

Mr. Forster was much gratified by your kind remembrance of him ; he charges me to give his best regards to you and Mrs. Nash, in which, (not omitting my good little friends, who always receive me so affectionately) I must beg most cordially to join.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXIX.

To Mrs. H. More.

Abington Glebe, May 14. 1819.

I CANNOT, my dear Madam, allow this packet to take its departure, without the addition of a few lines, from your other unworthy friend and correspondent. While I was undergoing the discipline of a compulsory ride, my companion was more agreeably employed in conversing with you; and has so truly expressed our common feelings, that I can only underwrite, with most heartfelt concurrence, every syllable he says.

The unbroken, and unvaried retirement of this place, leaves room for nothing of narrative. We have no Davises, and Johnstones, and Hoares, to communicate new ideas, or stimulate to exertion whatever share of mental powers it has pleased God to bestow. This I say, not, I humbly trust, in a repining spirit; goodness and mercy, I am sure, have placed us here; and, could we see the ultimate, or even the present advantages of our retirement, in any thing like their proper colours, we might well exclaim, '*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit!*' May we be enabled not to abuse the opportunities vouchsafed of self-improvement! and then it will little matter, whither our lot for life be cast, in the desert, or the city.

It gave us sincere pleasure to know, that you have been made legible, audible, and visible (for, have you not been acted?) to the people of the East. With

them, the dramatic form has ever been a favourite vehicle of moral, and in some sense, of spiritual truth : may we not, then, rationally hope, that the Sacred Dramas may become, to many among them, heralds and precursors of Moses and the Prophets ? The naturalization of such works in India, being coincident with the establishment of our English episcopacy there, I cannot but consider a remarkable, and pleasant circumstance.

You have doubtless heard, from other, and more authoritative quarters, that * * * * * is giving great satisfaction in Ireland. His speech on the state of fever in Ireland, has been very generally, and very justly admired, . . not merely, or principally, as a fine specimen of eloquence, but as flowing forth from the heart. Mr. Wilberforce said, the other day, that England owed a long arrear to this country ; I know of no way in which it may be so readily, and safely liquidated, as in the way of kindness. Let our statesmen but show, that they feel for us ; that they appreciate whatever is good, and are, no less benevolently than politically, desirous to correct, with lenient firmness, whatever is bad, in the spirit and habits of our population ; and more may be done for our advantage, by a few years of temperate controul, than has been done, by ages of harsh mismanagement, to barbarize and irritate. It is my hope that * * * * * may be the providential instrument of much good to this island ; nor can I think of any individual better qualified to be so, by talents, dispositions, and manners.

Farewell, my dear Madam ; I beg to be most kindly remembered to Mrs. Martha, and I trust that both you and she will believe me to be,

Ever, your obliged, affectionate and
faithful friend and servant,

JOHN JEBE.

LETTER LXX.

To Miss Jebb.

July 27. 1819.

LAST post brought me, from Maria, an account of your melancholy journey. It must be a relief to your own mind, as well as Alicia's, that the effort was made ; but, as circumstances stand, I have no doubt, that, for all parties, your return to Armagh was for the best. Our dear sister will be attended to, with the utmost tenderness ; while she will be spared many a pang, that would have inevitably been caused, by the presence of those who are dearest to her. This is truly the severest trial we have had ; but I know, my dear sister, you need not be reminded, that it comes from Him, who loves us better than we love ourselves ; and who knows infinitely better than we do, what is for our real good and happiness. He has been graciously pleased to order things so, that we have many consolations. Her frame of mind is placid, . . uneasinesses that pressed upon her, seem to have vanished, . . and from the sweet and calm expression of her countenance, Maria thinks, that she cannot suffer much pain. It would seem to be a providential blessing, bestowed on the close of a life like hers, that, after such severe suffering, she, like our poor brother-in-law, should enjoy a childlike peacefulness and tranquillity. Her change, when it takes place, I trust will be a blessed one ; . . and those who remain, it is my hope and prayer, will be strengthened, both to support them under this loss

with resignation, and to live so, as may best prepare them, after a life on which she may look down with interest and pleasure, for a happy reunion in a better world. This is a subject, on which I do not now feel equal to enlarge : but the reflection has, by many occurrences of the last four or five years, been forced upon me again and again, that the good hand of Providence is discernible, in many trials, with which different members of our family have been visited, which all seem to have produced very valuable moral effects : the present trial (as I have already said, the severest of all) is doubtless sent to produce similar effects ; and, if we receive it as we ought, may prove a blessing, in its never-ending consequences. May we be enabled thus to bear it ! Farewell, my dear sister : I must be brief : and, in truth, words cannot convey, what I wish, and what I feel, for you all. Endeavour, I intreat you, to keep up your spirits ; and to raise your mind and heart to those considerations, which alone can give you full and lasting consolation.

Ever, most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXI.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, July 29. 1819.

YOUR last letter was, on the whole, very cheering to me. All hope of our dear sister's restoration being over, it is a great consolation to be assured, that her cheerfulness and resignation are uninterrupted, and

that she is comparatively free from pain. I am very well pleased to hear, that she has received the Sacrament; a blessed means, to all who faithfully receive it, of sure, though secret strength and comfort. The life of a sincere christian, we are told, ‘is hid with Christ in God’; words of deep and mysterious import, which imply more, than, in this life, we shall comprehend; but which, certainly, include this truth, that all the good and happy tempers and feelings, which the truly pious are blessed with, flow from an invisible, but inexhaustible fountain, . . even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Father of our spirits. To this fountain, we are continually to resort; from thence, we are perpetually to draw the nutriment and refreshment of our spiritual life; ever remembering, that its most copious streams, flow through the channel of that blessed sacrament, in which we are made ‘to dwell in Christ, and Christ in us, we become one with Christ, and Christ with us.’ The blessed influences of that holy and mysterious rite, are independent of the hand that ministers: we naturally, indeed, wish and love to partake the consecrated elements, from the hands of a good and worthy minister; but we must be supremely mindful, that the grace is directly from above; from the source of every good gift, and every perfect distribution. I could wish, with you, that our dear sister had the comfort and advantage of occasional, and even frequent conversation, with some clergyman, at once soundly intelligent, and wisely pious: these things, however, cannot always be, exactly as we could wish. Meantime, I am happy to think, that, in her case, the preparation for changing this state of existence for a better, is not to be now begun: that preparation, I humbly trust, has been progressively

advancing, for many years ; and, where that has been the case, I am not disposed to lay exceeding stress, on the conversations of a few closing days, or weeks, of this mortal life. Her thoughts and hopes, I would willingly believe, are now much in heaven ; to raise them thitherward, and keep them there, you, my dear Maria, may, in your own quiet, unobtrusive, and prudent way, do much more than you are probably aware of ; not, you will do me the justice so to interpret my meaning, by uttering a syllable to alarm her with the near prospect of dissolution ; but, by such calm, easy, and natural references to the subjects which have afforded yourself most consolation, as, I am well assured, are quite familiar to your mind, and will flow without effort from your tongue.

Had the life of our dear sister been different from what it was, or even were she, now, less raised above the anxieties of this world, I might deem it right, that, at whatever hazard of present pain, she should not be left ignorant of her immediate danger. But it would seem, that our all-gracious Parent, in his own way, has been gradually weaning her from this life, and fitting her for a better ; to his goodness and wisdom, we may cheerfully submit the termination, of what he has, himself, undeniably commenced. Her heart, I trust, is right with him ; and, if this be so, what ineffable light may burst upon her understanding, in the first moment of Eternity ! Compared with this, all that could be communicated, in her present state, by a chosen body of the wisest, and most pious ministers on earth, would be as dim as twilight shadows.

One thing, however, I will say : has she any wish to see me ? If she has the slightest, I will hasten to town : if she has not expressed any such wish, I quite

agree with Richard and you, that I had better, on many accounts, remain where I am. On your observation, then, and your discretion, I rely: you have opportunities, from time to time, of judging how she is affected, and what may be most comfortable for her'; and, so far as I may be concerned, you will, I am sure, communicate the least symptom, that would indicate the expediency of my hastening to town.

Ever, my dear Maria,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 9. 1819.

MY DEAR NASH,

WITHIN this hour, I received your most acceptable letter; and I cannot let a post go, without a few lines in reply. In the first place, then, you may rest assured, that I did not impute your silence, as I am sure you did not impute mine, to the slightest failure of kindness and goodwill: you, I knew, were variously occupied; for myself, I was in middling health, and, perforce, obliged to relinquish, what I have since been unable to resume, .. any pursuit that could give subject to a letter of fairly common interest. Such is still my state: *health* probably looking up; but *mind*, unwillingly, yet inevitably stagnant. Yet, my motto being, “HOPE THE BEST,” I feel, every now and then, a certain under-current, that gives promise of a future flow, when superincumbent weeds and

muddiness shall, as I humbly trust, be providentially removed. But it is full time that I should get out of this bog. I rejoice, then, most cordially, my dear friend, to see you fairly afloat in an extensive parish; with an ample sphere of duty; adequate means of usefulness; emancipation from the bondage of the board-room; and various *et-cetera*, on which it is needless for me to enlarge. This change will, I trust, be a renewal of your health; while, in several respects, it must enlarge the circle of your rational enjoyment. The steps which have led to it, are so far out of the common road, that it would imply deficiency of moral sense, not to account them providential; and I congratulate you, particularly, on your having treasured up for yourself the gratifying consciousness, that, in the first instance, before your own, and your family's comfort and advantage, you consulted the feelings of poor Mrs. Davenport, and the afflicting circumstances, in which our worthy friend, her husband, now stands. You go to Ardstraw, with clean hands, and a feeling heart; without which, it would be a calamity to go any where; and with which, you may indulge a comfortable trust, that, whenever the time comes, and come it must, that, you or yours may stand in need of support or sympathy, support and sympathy will not be wanting.

You know not, my dear Nash, how much you over-rate whatever fitnesses I may have had, (and they were never extraordinary), for the office of a parish minister. I will, however, venture one hint, . . the dictate of past experience, corroborated by reflection, in later years of my course. I know your ardent zeal; that zeal will, of course, as it ought to do, especially in the midst of 18,000 parishioners, inspirit you to much parochial exertion: but, at the outset, I

would recommend extreme caution, how you embark in any one plan, or practice, beyond the known, and acknowledged routine of duty, which becomes a conscientious and discreet clergyman: not that I have the least apprehension of your proving indiscreet; but, simply, because I know, from what I have experienced, how much easier, safer, and more pleasant it is, to advance, than to retreat. In any course, it is not the part of wisdom to set out at full speed; but, least of all, where the course has been untried, and where we can by no means conjecture, how many pit-falls, or precipices, may lie before us; this just reminds me of the tremendous leap, which you were saved from taking, in a peripatetic expedition, during your College and bachelor days. I fear no such leap at Ardstraw; but, from any approximation to such, we cannot keep too far. His CHURCH, I take it, is the place, where a clergyman of our establishment appears to most advantage, and can be most extensively useful to his parishioners; and, in the church, he may, I am convinced, accomplish more by catechizing, than by preaching. It is on the young, that the catholic christianity of our reformed communion is best fitted to make a deep impression; and, unless it be impressed in youth, it, perhaps, can never be impressed as it ought: but, even in this indispensable branch of duty, I would commence with caution; and so as to give, in some time, *not less, but more,* than I might, at first, appear to promise. I would begin with the simple church catechism, unaccompanied with any other comment than *oral expansion*; and gradually proceed, as the field might appear to ripen for labours of a more productive kind. This, I fear, is sad prosing: but you'll forgive it.

Pray give my kind regards to Mrs. N. and Richard.
Ever, my dear Nash,

Your affectionate and faithful friend,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, June 30. 1821.

THOUGH I am a little tardy in saying so, your letter afforded me real gratification. As to myself, Mr. Forster has, I dare say, given in a bill of health ; to which I can only add, that, since leaving Cashel, I have by no means lost ground ; and now, at half past six in the morning, have taken, not only a shower-bath, but a ride of three miles, which a natural shower-bath prevented me from prolonging.

Your friend's scruples, respecting the Sacrament, are, I believe, of a nature far from uncommon. I have no doubt, however, in saying, that the very sense of her unfitness ought to induce her perseverance in frequent communion. We do not approach the Lord's table, *because* we are good and perfect, (this would be 'trusting in our own righteousness,') but in order that we may, through Divine Grace, *be made so*. The Sacrament is to be viewed, not only as a means of grace, but as the chief means ; and as God's appointed means, which we are not at liberty to neglect. As to the frequency of communion detracting from the solemnity of it, every one who knows human nature, knows, that it is the

tendency of all acts frequently repeated, of all habits fully formed, to diminish the outward, sensible impression : but it does not, therefore, follow, that we are to shun the repetition of good actions, or avoid the formation of good habits. If we often visit the sick poor, we shall less and less feel externally and palpably affected by the sense of the miseries which we see ; yet, who can doubt, that our internal benevolence will increase, however our outward expression of it may slacken, if we persevere in such visits from a right motive, that is, a charitable one ? If, again, we are prevented from often seeing a dear friend, the infrequent interviews, ‘few and far between,’ will doubtless be snatched with a keener relish, than if our intercourse were daily and hourly : yet who does not prefer, when circumstances admit of it, the calmer, and I will add, the profounder joy, of uninterrupted companionship ? Thus it is, also, with the Sacrament. They who communicate rarely, if they do it conscientiously, will probably feel a deep awe, and a strong excitement, either of the passions, or affections : this awe will become more intelligent, this excitement will be softened down, by frequent communion ; but, if we communicate aright, the inward parts will be greater, and the effects on our lives will be more lasting. Our communion will more resemble, ‘the sacred and homefelt delight, the sober certainty of waking bliss,’ when virtuous friends are for ever in each other’s society, than the tumultuous gratification of a meeting, between those friends, which has been long in coming, and which will not soon come again. It is to be observed, that, in the earliest, that is, the most pious ages of the Church, the faithful communicated weekly, sometimes daily. They kept up the feeling of solemnity,

by their conviction of the real, and special presence of Christ, in the eucharist: not, as it may be abundantly proved, a gross corporeal presence, like that believed by the Romanists; but a spiritual presence, to which our Lord particularly refers, in that promise, ‘where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them;’ and hence, probably, in the early Greek church, the communion was called ‘a gathering together.’ In late days, to the great detriment of piety, the notion has prevailed, that the communion is a bare commemoration; but, in fact, Christ is there present, in a special and peculiar manner, to communicate his own graces, and his own spirit, to devout participants in the holy mysteries: and, according to the words of our service, they who approach in faith and charity, are, in receiving the elements, made ‘to dwell in Christ, and Christ in them:’ they receive what is communicable of his blessed nature; and thence are enabled to keep his words, and conform to his example: if, therefore, we stedfastly believe, that Christ is present in the eucharist, and for these purposes, . . . the oftener we partake of it, the greater must be our proficiency: or, if we do not so increase in proficiency, the fault must lie, not in the frequency, but in the moral imperfections, of our acts of communion. The remedy is, not to diminish the number of our communions, but, by every means, to strive and pray, that we may increase the devotion of them. The lines of Johnson may be applied to the communion: . . .

But, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign’d;
For patience, sovereign o’er transmuted ill,
For love, which scarce collective man can fill,

For faith, which, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death, kind Nature's signal of retreat :
These goods, for man, the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain,
With these, celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

In a word, whoever, honestly, conscientiously, faithfully, and perseveringly, frequents the Lord's table, if only there be a just sense of the divine presence there enshrined, and the divine grace there poured forth, will be made, by the Sacrament, better than he is found by it.

Excuse any incoherencies in what I have written : my post messenger waits, and I have no time for deliberation ; I have been forced to write rapidly : but, however the expression may be imperfect, you have the result of my settled thoughts, the dictates of long and habitual conviction.

Ever, my dear Maria,
Most affectionately yours,
JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXIV.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

Abington Glebe, March 22. 1822.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

* * * * *

You may now like to hear something of the operation of the Insurrection Act. There can be no doubt, it has already struck a great terror into the insurgent population ; and, for the present, checked the commission of atrocities. But, while the people continue

armed, nothing like permanent tranquillity can be expected ; and, till they are disarmed, it will be altogether unsafe to remove the pressure of severe enactments : that pressure removed, the wretched disturbers would inevitably break out with increased violence. What makes the case more alarming, is, that the majority of the persons tried and convicted, (I speak especially of this county of Limerick), are the sons of comfortable farmers ; well-clad, well-fed, in good health, and not by any means goaded on by distress or suffering. Were the cause temporary, the effect, it might be hoped, would soon cease ; but matters are far otherwise. Meantime, there is solid and serious matter of gratification, in the manner in which the Insurrection Act has been carried into effect, under Serjeant * * * * *. He has shown, throughout, that mixture of mildness and severity, which the times, and the people to be dealt with, require. But what I particularly admire, is, his mode of acting with the magistracy. His perspicacity soon discovered one of the great banes of this country ; the rooted opinion, namely, that every thing is to be done by favour ; that a culprit can escape, or an honest man get his own, not by the equal administration of justice, but by the patronage of this or that gentleman. In some cases, it appeared, that persons on their trial, were full of this notion ; indeed, more than one prisoner thanked the magistrates for their lenity and favour. This, at once, called forth the virtuous indignation of Serjeant * * * * ; and on this text, he read the magistracy such a lecture as they will not soon forget. This lecture, together with many significant hints, and wholesome admonitions, to inefficient, or timid, or time-serving magistrates, cannot fail to have the

best effect. Indeed the effect is already apparent, in the increased energy of several ; and it will doubtless be progressive. But the most striking, and the most beneficial effect is, . . the impression made on the population of the country. With that sagacity, in which the lowest of our people abound, they at once discovered, that a new tone was taken up with the squire-magistrates. What they saw, they observed upon ; and it is astonishing, in how short a time, and to how wide an extent, the rumour is gone forth among them, that *equal justice* is about to be shown ; that the rich, as well as the poor, are lectured from the bench ; and that the judge, as they call him, has declared, that the Government of the country will administer the laws without favour or partiality. This is, surely, a remarkable circumstance ; and it speaks volumes, for the advantages that may arise, from a judicious promulgation of sound, and clearly intelligible principles of equity and justice, from the bench. A similar instance, I cannot forbear noticing. You may recollect, about two years ago, the trial and condemnation, at Limerick, of a Mr. * * * * *, connected with the first families in the county, for a most atrocious murder : (a case, by the way, lately adverted to, in the House of Commons.) This man, though more than suspected of the murder, was not only suffered to remain at large ; but several of the gentry and magistracy continued to live with him, as a familiar associate. At length, the affair reached the ears of Mr. Grant ; and, on his remonstrance, and through the exertions of Mr. Rice, S* * * * * was taken, tried, and, on the clearest evidence, convicted. Great efforts, however, were most scandalously made, by the jury who tried him, by the Grand Jury, and by the majority of the gentry, to prevail with the

judge, that he might be recommended for mercy. The judge showed a proper firmness ; and the law took its course. You can hardly conceive what an electric effect, this single act of justice had on the population of the country. It became matter of conversation, and honest joy, not only through the county of Limerick, but, to my certain knowledge, through the county of Tipperary. The people said, . . . ‘Now we see, that the law is executed upon rich, as well as upon poor : . . . now we may hope for equal justice.’* This fact, is still frequently referred to ; and the peasantry glory in it, as a triumph of truth and right, over influence and favour. Sir John Davies, the best and wisest writer I have ever read on the circumstances of Ireland, concludes his work with an admirable sentence, to the truth of which I most heartily subscribe. ‘There is no nation of people under the sun, that doth love *equal and indifferent justice* better than the Irish ; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves ; so as they may have the protection and benefit of the law, when, upon just cause, they do desire it.’

You will be glad to hear, that, so far, in this parish, our experiment has happily succeeded. Our people are not merely quiet and peaceable, but I have every reason to believe, that they are in the best possible temper and spirit. An old gentleman of this neighbourhood, said to Mr. F. the other day, . . . ‘Show confidence in an Irishman, Sir, and you may lead him where you will.’ This gentleman has studied the Irish character, during a long life ; and knows it well. The very principle here thrown out, is that on which

* The case was tried before the Bishop’s brother. . . Ed.

we have all along been endeavouring to act; and, hitherto, we have had no cause whatsoever to doubt its truth. At the special sessions, the week before last, a circumstance occurred, favourable to our peace and good order. Two neighbours of mine were tried, under the Insurrection Act, for having in their possession, and denying that they had it, some ammunition. A gun, they acknowledged and gave up. And it appeared, on trial, that they had the permission of two magistrates to keep, both arms, and ammunition. Their denial of the latter, however, brought them under the penalties of the Act; and, by the unanimous voice of the bench, they were declared guilty. At the same time, they were recommended to mercy, as Serjeant * * * * * stated, *on account of the peaceable and good conduct of their parish.* This testimony, our people rejoice in, as the highest compliment; and it will certainly have a powerful tendency to keep them right. But, as they now feel the efficacy of a good character, in *averting punishment*, so, I could be glad, if they were also made sensible of its power, to ensure rewards. We have lately seen it more than once stated in the newspapers, that a considerable augmentation of the police establishment, will probably take place. Should this be so, I should really think it a public advantage, if arrangements could be made, for placing at our disposal, among the parishioners of Abington, a few appointments on that establishment. Not having had any communication with the Irish Government, I could not presume to make such a proposal there; nor could I, in that quarter, state the grounds of such an application, which are altogether public. But if, on your side of the water, it should be thought right to recommend a reposing of this confidence, I can promise it will

not be abused. The very flower of our parishioners should be selected: men who would prove an acquisition to the service. And by giving our people to understand, that this mark of distinction and favour arises *solely from their own good conduct*, I am confident we might, at once, rivet the present right dispositions of this district, and hold forth a most salutary and influential example to the districts that surround us.

I have room and time only to add, that I am,

My dear Sir Robert,

Yours most cordially and sincerely,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXV.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

Feb. 15. 1823.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

* * * * * THIS is the first day I was able to set apart for being enthroned in the cathedral of Limerick. On many accounts, political, moral, and religious, I do not like the reducing this, which ought to be a solemnity, into an unimpressive form; matters therefore were so arranged, that the Chapter, headed by the Dean, met me at the cathedral door, a short time before the hour of daily service, which immediately followed the act of enthronement; and thus we had something more, and better, than a mere legal and official ceremony. Though a weekday, the church was quite full; and, to my delight, the anthem concluded with the Hallelujah Chorus; which I can

never hear, without feeling myself, for the time at least, raised above all earthly thoughts. To-morrow, being sunday, I mean to go into Limerick for both services ; and to begin my course, by taking the pulpit : for it is my wish, to be, at proper intervals, a preaching Bishop. Meantime, as the Palace is not ready to receive me, and as I gladly avoid the bustle of an hotel, I am resting for the saturday at *****'s, mid-way between * * * * * and Limerick, where Mr. Forster and I are endeavouring, not I hope unsuccessfully, to administer comfort to an afflicted family, deprived of their favourite child. The stroke, though severe, is merciful ; a fortnight has passed, since the removal of this most lovely and interesting little girl ; and already it is clear, that the deprivation, is doing spiritual good to the sufferers. I must now have done... My best wishes and prayers are offered up for you, for Lady Inglis, and for all my kind friends, (may I not now say ?) at Battersea Rise.

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,

Very affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXVI.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

Palace, Limerick, Nov. 26. 1823.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

* * * * * MR. FORSTER and I have, here and in Dublin, been brought into close contact with mortality. Not a month has passed, since my friend and Vicar-General, Mr. Hoare, was suddenly taken

away from us, in consequence of a fall from an open carriage. On the occasion of his funeral, I preached a sermon, which, for the satisfaction of his friends, and the citizens of Limerick at large, I permitted to be printed in our provincial newspaper : . . I send you, by this post, a copy of the publication ; and hope soon to present it to you in a better form. I sincerely loved this good man ; and though we thought differently on some points (he was calvinistic in his views), I reflect with pleasure, that we never had a moment's difference of feeling on any important matter, nor the slightest degree of verbal collision. He was a man of very moderate abilities ; but, by dint of mere goodness, he was eminently the spiritual and temporal benefactor of this city. I never had so forcibly brought before me, the inferiority of mere learning and cleverness, to the qualifications of the moral man, as in his case : and never before so cordially felt Johnson's beautiful allusion, which I had always admired, in his verses on poor Levett's death, to 'the single talent well employed.' Scarcely were poor Hoare's remains committed to the grave, when I was summoned to attend the dying bed of my dear sister, Mrs. Jebb. Our friend Mr. Forster accompanied me : and, instead of a painful office, I rejoice to say, it was one of comfort and happiness. I travelled to Dublin, of course, under much anxiety, and entered her room with trembling : but I had not been five minutes by her bedside, when I felt a perfect calm. Such was the influence of the peace and tranquillity in which she lay, on all around her, that the scene was almost cheerful. There was no absence of feeling in any one ; but there was no excitement, nothing overstrained. Her last days were such, as those of a christian ought to be : my brother and his

children have, throughout, been supported, by the best, and only true consolation ; and I trust it may not be presumptuous to believe, that they are under the very special blessing of divine Providence. * * *

* * * * *

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,

Your most affectionate and faithful

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXVII.

To T. H. Burke, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, Dec. 10. 1823.

MY DEAR SIR,

THOUGH neither preceded, nor accompanied, by any notice whence, or from whom, I could not for a moment be at a loss what friend I was to thank, for the beautiful bust of Edmund Burke, which now is a principal ornament of my drawing room. The extent of my ambition had been, to receive, from my friend the Provost, the Library cast, so soon as its place should be supplied by a bust of marble : my expectations, therefore, are greatly, and most agreeably surpassed ; and I trust I shall never cease to appreciate as I ought to do, such a present, so bestowed, by the great man's nearest relative ; especially as I can call that relative my friend.

May we hope that, in your rambles, you will be again induced to visit this country ? We shall be truly glad to see you ; and, in Mr. Forster, you have an old and attached comrade, who will not readily forget the days of Abington and Thornfield. Our

dear friends, at the latter place, have, since we met there, had their share of grief and suffering : but they are, thank God, well supported by the best consolations. My own family have not been exempt. A month has not passed, since, in company with my brother, I followed to the grave his excellent wife, whom I loved as my own sister. It was, and ever will be, to me, a source of thankfulness, that I witnessed some of her last hours ; which, without excitement, and without pretension, in calmness, good sense, and cheerful resignation, were, what I could wish and pray my own to be.

I hope to be in London at the meeting of Parliament. Mr. F. unites in best and kindest wishes, with,

My dear Sir,
Your obliged and faithful servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To T. H. Burke, Esq.

Henbury, Bristol, July 29. 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR kindness, I know, takes an interest in the movements of those friends, who, at all times, and in so many different ways, were indebted to you for their enjoyments, in London, and at Cambridge. You will be glad, therefore, to learn, that our progress has been prosperous, beyond our utmost expectations. The weather has been most favourable ;

and every thing combined to make our tour delightful, resembling, not a journey, but an excursion for pleasure.

On saturday, we reached Middleton Cheney, seeing Stowe on the way, and there we passed sunday : I was able to negociate, with excellent Archdeacon Churton, a point which I had much at heart, respecting the works of the late Dr. Townson. Monday we proceeded to Guilsborough, where we remained till thursday morning ; our time passed there very agreeably. Thursday, we saw the noble new buildings at Rugby school, breakfasting at the village : at Coventry, . . the churches and town hall : by Kenilworth, which we traversed for at least an hour and a half, to Warwick, where we devoted some hours to the castle, the church, and especially the Beauchamp chapel, . . the best preserved, and best kept, ecclesiastical remain, I have seen in England. The tomb of Beauchamp would well repay a pilgrimage. Thence, by Stratford on Avon, that night to Alcester. Friday, breakfasted at Worcester, visited the cathedral, thence, by the delightful Malvern hills, to Ross in Herefordshire. Saturday, we took boat on the Wye, from Ross to Chepstow, and thence to the New Passage across the Severn, and so to the hospitable house of the friends, with whom we are now enjoying ourselves. The varied beauties of the Wye, with the interlude of Tintern Abbey, as I cannot boast a descriptive pen, I shall not try to speak about. I can only say, I have not been so delighted at Killarney. Next week we hope to visit Mrs. Hannah More, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells ; whether we can compass a look at Sir Thomas Acland, in Devonshire, I know not as yet.

Now, my dear good friend, next to the service of

your God, apply to professional studies ; and make yourself, what you are well fitted to be, a valuable, useful, and creditable member of the Bar. Were it for no other reason, I am convinced, a regular and stated pursuit in life is absolutely needful, for rational and sure enjoyment. In youth, we may find objects to divert and engage on every side ; but, as years creep on, the daily calls of a profession are an inestimable blessing. You will, I know, take this sermonizing in good part.

Mr. Forster unites in most affectionate regards, with, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful
friend and servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

K * * * * *, Aug. 23. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN we had the happiness of meeting your sisters in Somersetshire, I little thought that such a length of time should pass, before I addressed, at least, a few lines to you. But our life of movement, with much to be seen, said, and heard, has been particularly unfriendly to correspondence. Hitherto, we have been prosperous, by the favour of a kind Providence, beyond our utmost hopes ; the weather, for the most part, delightful ; the country often beautiful, always interesting ; and the friends whom we have visited, friends indeed, in the true sense of the word.

The good Bishop of * * * * * and his family, are

full of heart ; plain and unaffected in their manners, and, on all subjects, open and unreserved : with them we were quite at home ; and the ecclesiastical antiquities of the place and neighbourhood are more to our taste, than almost any we have seen on our way towards Lancashire. We called on the Bishop of Hereford, and passed a couple of hours most agreeably, with him and Mr. Huntingford. I need not say to you, what sort of reception we met. It was with regret, that we tore ourselves away from the good old man ; . . . we parted with a mutual blessing, and I trust we shall meet again.

At Shrewsbury, we fell in with Mr. Justice Park, on his circuit ; and we dined with the judge, and the assembled magistrates of Salop. The entertainment was to us a novel sight ; but it served to remind us of what we had lost, in not joining our dear sheriff of Bedford.

Here, we were received in the kindest manner possible ; the whole family are natural, easy, unaffected, and full of the milk of humanity. The whole of our stay, and this is our tenth, and, I regret to say, our last day, has been an uninterrupted flow of enjoyment. Out of doors, all the lions of the county have been shown to us ; in doors, there has not been a single jarring note. Indeed, their hearts are all in perfect tune ; one and all, they are deeply interested in the first great concern of accountable beings. Religion is the foremost thing in their thoughts, not as a matter to be talked about ; not as food for controversy, on the one hand, or for curiosity, on the other ; but as the main concern of life.

What your movements are, I do not know ; therefore I direct this to the Carnatic ; knowing it will there be properly forwarded. A letter directed to

me, Post-office, Keswick, will either find me there, or be forwarded. To-morrow or next day, I hope to see Southey ; my further plans are not arranged ; whether to return by Port Patrick to Donaghadee, or by the steam-packet from Glasgow to Belfast. At all events, I must be at Limerick about the 22d of September, as my visitation there is fixed for the 30th.

You, Lady Inglis, and the family, are often in our thoughts, and always in our hearts.

Farewell, my dear friend.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXX.

To a Friend.

Palace, Limerick, Nov. 25. 1824.

MY DEAR * * * * *

ON returning home from Dublin, (where I was detained longer than I expected) I found, on my little table, your very welcome letter ; and I seize the first hour of respite from accumulated business, to answer it, not as I ought, but as I can ; for, in half an hour, I must proceed on the disagreeable pilgrimage of returning eight and ten mile visits. It vexes me that the pamphlets did not reach you as I designed ; I sent two packets for Mr. Goulbourn's signature at the Castle, in one of which were two copies of the letter on amusements ; and I rather think, in the whole cargo, there were enough of the other little publication to supply the purposes for which they

were designed. I pray have the goodness, at leisure, to inform me, whether the second parcel has come to hand ; if not, I shall take the earliest opportunity of supplying the deficiency. I am quite sorry at having occasioned any scruple in * * * * *'s mind, on the subject of her benevolent, and, doubtless, most valuable exertions, for the benefit of poor children. Those under her protection, I am sure, will be *trained* for a considerable part of the year ; and may we not hope that the training thus given, will extend its salutary influence through the remainder ? The question, too, is to be asked, whether, if her school were to be discontinued, the children would not, at all events, be taught, and not nearly so well taught, as they are at present ? On the whole, my judgment, my conscience, and my feelings, all go along with the continuance of the school. Paradoxical as I may, perhaps, appear, in some things, and not over friendly to the strong excitations of this age of ' Societies,' I do not wish to check education, but to see it *regulated*. There may, indeed, perhaps there *is*, and if I am not much mistaken there certainly *will be*, 'too much' of this 'good thing.' But it were idle to think of arresting the progress of things ; whatever intermediate mischief there may be, all, I am sure, is ordered, by the great and good Disposer, for ultimate good ; and, in the mean time, I rejoice in the existence of every school, which, for any portion of the year, can enjoy the personal superintendence, and through the whole of it, the patronage, of such ladies as I have in my mind's eye.

I do *not* like the use of the Scriptures, as a *school book* ; that is, as a book from which to learn the elements of reading. This practice, in my opinion, goes to desecrate the word of God, . . . to render it,

not familiar, but cheap and vulgar. It should ever be taken up with mingled reverence and affection ; but, surely, it is not thus, that children are apt to handle a *spelling-book*. My mind revolts from this usage : at the same time, I think it highly desirable, that selections from the Old Testament, and the historical parts of the New, should be *read*, by the higher classes ; and it might be well, if the reading of them were made a privilege, and a reward. Parts should be committed to memory ; and those parts should be selected, most likely to engage the imagination and affections ; for example, the history of Joseph ; some of the Psalms ; some of the parables, &c. &c. But I could wish to hear of your sister's little Scripture stories, being generally used in schools. And now, my time is just expended ; I fear to look back on what has been written, lest it should be incoherent prosing ; and, for the present, I am forced to keep back much that I would say, but, to modify an Irish phrase, you are a gainer by the loss. Mr. Forster has shewn me his note, to which I fully subscribe. He has anticipated me in his account of Mr. * * * * *'s delightful letter. On that subject, I cannot now enter ; I can only express my gratitude to Providence, for having given me such a friend as your nephew ; and my hope, that, with advancing years, our friendship may ripen and improve ; not without an humble trust, that we may be mutually serviceable to each other. I thank you for the *fact* of the *Swallows* ; I do not merely *admire*, I *love* it. Do not, I pray, let Mr. * * * * * be discouraged, at the present check of his education scheme, on Lord * * * * *'s estates. It is only for a time, to divert his beneficence into a channel, where it may flow unobstructed ; and you may rely on it, the stream will, in due season, diffuse

itself, not physically only, but morally and intellectually, through the land. In dealing with a semi-barbarous people, we must direct our earnest efforts, rather to the body than the mind. I know not whether, in Mr. * * * * *'s case, I regret a little partial, and temporary embarrassment. Without some difficulty to be overcome, nothing great, or valuable, can ever be achieved ; and as I foresee, in him, a providential instrument of much good to both Ireland and England, I cannot repine at his having a little of the training, which cannot be had, without somewhat of salutary obstruction. Would the art of Navigation, think you, be benefitted, if our mariners always had a favourable gale ?

I can only add my kindest remembrances, to all the good and happy circle at * * * * *.

Ever,

Your obliged and faithful friend and servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXI.

To the Rev. Dr. Walsh.

Palace, Limerick, Jan. 27. 1825.

REVEREND SIR,

I RETURN, with many thanks, the two books which you had the kindness to lend me.

‘The evangelical life of Christ,’ is the same which was given to me by Messrs. Blake and Grant, Commissioners of Education ; with this only difference, that, in the copy given by those gentlemen, the

Appendix is omitted. The omission, in my judgment, renders the work more suitable for the purposes intimated in the ‘Approbation,’ by Mr. D’Arcy, and the late most reverend Dr. Troy : . . namely, ‘to promote the diffusion of christian knowledge, among the lower classes of the R. C. communion,’ and to serve as a family, and school book. The authorities cited in the Appendix, from the Fathers and other ecclesiastical writers, on doctrinal and controversial topics, seem to me above the comprehension of young persons at school, and of the lower classes in general. I do not now speak with reference to the views, which I am obliged to take, of some of those subjects, and to the sense in which I must understand and apply, several of the cited authorities ; views, and a sense, in many respects, different from yours. But, setting aside all theological differences, and placing myself, so far as I am able, in the circumstances of a zealous pastor of your Church, I should recommend, for the use of schools, and for general circulation, the historical part alone ; and would reserve the controversial part, for the more educated classes, especially candidates for the sacred office. Some notes, of an explanatory, practical, and spiritual nature, might be advantageously annexed, in the proper places, under the text, in like manner with the illustrative marginal quotations, already introduced, from the Old Testament and Epistles.

As to the text of the ‘ Evangelical life,’ so far as I have been able to examine, it appears to me an excellent harmony of the Gospels, with a judicious abstract of the early apostolical history, as delivered in the Acts. The rendering of some of the passages in your translation, I should, of course, except against, for the use of catholics of the Church of England ; as you

would except against the rendering of some passages of ours, for the use of catholics of the Church of Rome. Each Church, in fact, may most advantageously adhere to their own version. And I heartily wish, that the narrative portion of the ‘ Evangelical History,’ could be largely circulated, among the R. C. youth, and adults, too, of this country.

I have looked into many parts of Reeve’s ‘ History of the Holy Bible.’ It is manifestly drawn up with the pure design of promoting piety towards God, and charity to man. It seems to convey, faithfully, the most essential, and instructive parts of sacred history. The reflections, so far as I have read them, are conceived in a very good spirit, and are particularly fitted to cherish the graces of humility, and brotherly love. In a work written by a Roman catholic divine, for members of his own communion, it must needs be that a divine of the Church of England, will meet some opinions, and shades of expression, which he cannot conscientiously approve. But I can say, with truth, and with cordial satisfaction, that, in its general tendency and leading, this book is most edifying. I particularly like the use made of the Fathers ; they are quoted for moral and spiritual, rather than for controversial purposes ; and, we must admit, that, for private and lay individuals, indeed we may take in churchmen too, it is of far greater moment, that they should be trained as humble, pious christians, than indoctrinated as acute, and keen controversialists.

Has ‘ Reeve’s History’ been ever printed in Ireland ? If not, it were surely most desirable, that a cheap, but correct edition of it, should be published. The plates, by all means, ought to be retained. The attention of young persons is fixed by them ; and the

facts of sacred history are so vividly impressed, that, in after life, they will not readily be forgotten.

I am, Reverend Sir,
Your faithful and obedient servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M. P.

July, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY thanks for your kind and considerate, though melancholy communication. It was not, however, the first : on monday, Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, at the request of Mr. Stopford, poor Lord Lilford's brother-in-law, wrote, just after having been at Grosvenor Place. Just at the time of the last moments of that excellent man, Sir T. Acland was in this house, planning the movements of the family through Ireland, and counselling us how to take care of them. But *He* is, I humbly trust, infinitely happier now ; and the seed of the righteous will be cared for. I rejoice to have known him ; and trust to do so, in other stages of being. I cannot prolong this topic.

Acland sympathized with us here, as you know he would do, in a heavy affliction, which, at the time of his visit, we more than apprehended. On sunday, I had an account that a dear sister of mine, was seized, at Rosstrevor, with an apoplexy ; and had continued insensible more than six hours : the physicians had scarcely any hope. We had entirely resigned her,

and had no means of hearing till tuesday morning. Acland was obliged to go, before the arrival of the post; but had greatly comforted us all. Thank God! the accounts were most unexpectedly favourable; my sister recovered, to the astonishment of the physicians, who declared they had never experienced such a case before. Ever since she has been doing well.

The Kerry journey, and the shock of sunday, affected my head more than usually, and my medical advisers found it necessary both to cup and bleed me. This mode of treatment has apparently been very successful.

I am grateful to the good Providence, for the recovery of dear Lady I. This is a low time with me: another day, and we lose poor Bourke, who can tell for how many years! There never lived a truer man! You know his destination has been altered: he goes out Lieutenant Governor of the Cape. A most honourable appointment, to a most confidential, and, at present, very critical post.

May God bless you and yours, including both families.

Ever, my dear friend,
Most truly yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Lord Lilford.

August, 1825.

How deeply I felt, and still feel, the unexpected and overwhelming blow of your excellent Father's death, I am truly unable to express. The intelligence reached me on a sick bed, and just relieved from the almost certainty, of a severe family affliction.

It has greatly consoled, and I trust somewhat raised and improved me, to learn, as I have done through various of your friends, with how firm and how christian a spirit, you and your sisters have bowed in submission to this great affliction. The first stunning effect of it, has by this time passed away. The calmer and deeper sense of sorrow, will not, and ought not to leave you, for a much longer time; and, I am confident, the tender recollection of what he was, and the hopeful assurance of what he is, will not fail, till you rejoin him in a happier world, to have the most beneficial influence on your hearts and minds. I did not know him long, but, in the short time that I enjoyed that happiness, I may venture to believe, that I knew him well. There was, if I may so speak, a transparency in his character, which at once shewed the very movement of his heart. From the day that he first honoured me with his notice, I felt that in him I had a friend; and that in any doubt, or emergency, I might rely on his counsel and support. I scarcely know how, or why, but so the fact was, that in a few days, I felt,

as if he had been the tried ‘ companion and guide, and mine own familiar friend,’ for many years ; and, making all due allowance for my own conscious inferiority, I have a melancholy, but heartfelt gratification in thinking, that the feeling was in some degree reciprocal. In the last letter that I had from this good man, he had the kindness to call himself *my Friend* (and with him, you well know, these were never words of course) ; and he added, that he hoped he might, without presumption, express the wish and the belief, that we should be better known to one another in a happier world. These, if not his very words, were certainly the ideas which his words expressed, and I shall never willingly forget them.

It is perhaps wrong in me, thus to indulge my own feelings, in speaking to one, whose recollections of this departed spirit, must be a thousand fold more numerous and tender than my own. But I am willing to believe that you will bear with me ; and that you will even derive some satisfaction, from this faint addition to the numberless proofs before you, that to *know* your Father, was to love and revere him.

I am truly unable to express the deep sense which I feel of the kindness, with which you and your sister, have, in the midst of your sorrow, not been unmindful of me. The happy intercourse with your family, which I was permitted to enjoy, I cannot consider in the light of mere acquaintance. I trust that, ere we parted, it had ripened into friendship ; and, however unworthy of such a distinction, I still cannot help clinging to it. It is my hope that, both in England and Ireland, opportunities may arise of renewing that intercourse ; and, in the mean time, I beg to assure your sisters and yourself, that my

humble prayers, have been, and are offered up in your behalf, to the Throne of grace and mercy!

Believe me, my dear Lord,

With true respect and affection,

Yours most faithfully,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To a Friend.

Limerick, Jan. 1. 1827.

HERE I am with candle-light, before seven o'clock in the morning, of this first day of the new year, . . . (many many happy returns of which, according to good old custom, allow me, from the bottom of my heart, to wish you and your happy circle), . . . here I am, after this unfashionable parenthesis, about to give an imperfect sketch, in obedience to your wish, of my notion, as to St. Luke xvii. 6., with its context.

You are probably aware, that the meaning and connection of the entire passage, (St. Luke xvii. 1 . . . 10.) has been matter of difficulty to commentators. The majority, indeed, of modern ones, have solved the difficulty, by cutting the knot; by asserting, roundly, that various discourses, or fragments of discourses, are here brought together, which have not the least connection one with the other. Thus, . . . v. 1, 2., is part of the narrative St. Matt. xviii. 1, &c. : v. 3, 4., are independent repetitions of St. Matt. xviii. 15. 21, 22.: v. 5, 6. part of the narrative St. Matt. xvii. 14 . . . 21.: and v. 7 . . . 10., a parable, in no respect cohering with what goes before, but delivered on

some other occasion, probably that recorded in St. Matt. xix. 27.

It would be inconsistent with the low and erroneous moral and spiritual views, at this stage, of our Lord's disciples, to suppose, that they here intended a moral faith ; or that they so much as knew the connection, between christian faith, and christian morals. That was matter of subsequent revelation. It seems more probable, that, at the time, they little heeded, and little relished the practical advice then given by our Lord ; . . . on the contrary, with that dulness of moral apprehension, which, every now and then, is manifest in their intercourse with their heavenly Master, they went off to another subject. While our Lord had been teaching them lessons of christian forgiveness, their minds were occupied with thoughts of puerile ambition ; they were anxious for an increase of those miraculous powers, which might gain them distinction among men ; and out of the abundance of their hearts, their mouths spake . . . ‘ Increase our faith’ . . . *enlarge our wonder-working power.* Something exactly of the same kind we meet, in Acts i. 4. 6. At the very time that our Lord promises to his disciples the baptism of the Holy Ghost, their imaginations are at work, in visions of a temporal Messiah, and the temporal aggrandizement of their nation, and they ask . . . ‘ Lord, wilt thou, at this time, restore the kingdom to Israel?’ And how completely does this correspond, with our own experience of human nature, in ordinary life? Who, that has a mind at all conversant in subjects which respect the spiritual, rather than the natural world, cannot recal occasions, where ‘ thoughts that breathed, and words that burned’ have fallen, dead and cold upon the ear, and the listless, gaping auditor, has asked some insigni-

fificant question, about a monkey, or a rope dancer. I was once reading with no small pathos, to a worthy old lady and her daughters, Cowper's beautiful lines on cruelty to animals, concluding with, . .

‘I'll place thee in thy grave, and sighing say,
I knew at least one hare, that had a friend! ’

What was my discomfiture, and how great my amusement, when the kind gentlewoman, ‘on hospitable thoughts intent,’ interrupted me with ‘oh, Mr. Jebb, do you like hare? we have a very fine one, perhaps you will dine with us to-morrow.’ Excuse this digression . . it is not meant in levity, it seems to me a little illustrative of the passage.

Taking, then, the prayer of the disciples in this sense, I view our Lord's answer, in the light of a grave rebuke; and the connection is too obvious, to need a single remark upon it. What follows, v. 7. 10., would seem to be thus connected, with what went before.

Our Lord further addresses himself, to the *unexpressed thoughts* of his followers. They, probably, were over-complacent, in their estimation of their own services; they thought they had, by their services, entitled themselves to further distinction; they thought they had acquired a right, to a more full participation of the miraculous powers, exercised by our Lord. He shews them their error; and, by a most apt analogy, checks their presumption. And here, by the bye (I take up my pen January 3. after an interruption of more than eight and forty hours) I cannot but remark, with what a just and beautiful propriety, our Lord varies the same image or illustration, so as to suit, precisely, the object which he has in view. In Saint Luke xvii. 7 . . 10, where he wishes to humble his disciples, he draws his analogy

from common life, from the conduct of any master to his labouring servant ; from the conduct, which any one of themselves, in the capacity of master, would observe towards such a servant. Where the servant returned from his labours in the field, the address to him, would not be ‘ Come,’ (for so it should be rendered) ‘ and sit down to meat,’ (at the table with me) but, ‘ Make ready, and serve me,’ &c. &c. Now, turn to Saint Luke, xii. 36, 37. Here, his object is, not to humiliate, but to encourage and incite : here, accordingly, the master, and that master our blessed Lord himself, not only does *not* command the servants to make ready, and serve him ; not only *does* desire them to sit down to meat ; but actually ‘ girds himself, and comes forth to serve them,’ (the word here translated ‘ come forth,’ is the same erroneously rendered, in Saint Luke xvii. 7. 30., παρελθων). Thus infinitely does the divine goodness, surpass the bounds of all human kindness ! . . . I will not add another remark ; but the close comparison of the two passages will amply repay you.

Now that I have endeavoured, very imperfectly, and in, I am sadly conscious, a most slovenly way, to answer your query, have I any room to hope that you will indulge my curiosity (for, be assured, curiosity is not exclusively a female accomplishment) by giving some account of the ‘ discussion,’ in which your inquiry had its rise. I hope there is a better motive than curiosity ; for discussions of this kind, set me upon thinking ; and my poor sluggish nature, generally needs some such stimulus. You could scarcely imagine, how seldom I am able to think, except there be some call to it from without.

This scrawl is full of incoherencies ; and it is abominably written, with a bad pen, and worse ink.

On the other hand, it is not worth the pains of transcription ; with your wonted kindness, then, take it, with all its faults upon its head. Once, I went to see Mr. Wilberforce, with some ladies, intimate acquaintances of his and mine. We found him in his study, in the act of making his toilet. He did not stop ; he poured water into his basin, and washed his face, saying, with a smile that I cannot forget, ‘ This is not ceremonious, . . but it is *very friendly* ’ . . you will make the application. Were you a fine lady, that I did not care about, I should certainly take up my best new pen, and transcribe this epistle in my fairest hand.

With kindest wishes for all within your reach, believe me ever,

Your gratefully attached
friend and servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Limerick, Jan. 23. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR most kind and satisfactory letter, found me in the midst of business ; and, ever since, such a multitude of rather teasing, but altogether indispensable details, has ‘ kept me from myself,’ that not merely my friendly correspondence, but my theological pursuits and studies have gone by the board. Each day I thought I might command a little time, as my own ; but disappointment has succeeded disappoint-

ment. I can truly say, with Saint Augustine, ‘Episcopatus non est artificium vitæ transigendæ.’ Mr. Beatty will give you the literal English of this little sentence ; my free and familiar rendering of it is ‘a bishoprick’s no pastime.’

A lunatic asylum takes up much of my time. To-day I am to be engaged in founding a society, for the relief of sick and indigent room-keepers. I made the proposition but last week, and have received great encouragement. That I am able to scrawl even these few lines, I attribute to my having risen at half past five o’clock ; and here I am, by candle-light. But alas ! a sad arrear stares me in the face ; some that ought to have been attended to long since.

* * * * *

Forgive the shortness and incoherence of this sad scrawl, and believe me, my dear friend, with sincere regard,

Your old and faithful friend and servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M. P.

Limerick, April 7. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR political intelligence, at this crisis, has to me the deepest interest : . . so much of our best and highest interests depend on the choice now made, that, in my view, he would be inexcusable, who could allow himself to be indifferent. I hope and intreat,

that, when you can find, occasionally, a leisure quarter of an hour, you will let me know what is thought and said.

Now I turn to the “Conversions in Ireland.” I fully appreciate the delicacy with which you question : let my opinions have been what they might, formed or half formed, sceptical or sanguine, favourable or unfavourable, with you I could have no manner of reserve. I shall say, therefore, exactly what I think ; and leave it entirely to your discretion, to make what use you please of my poor opinion.

At first, I own I was the reverse of sanguine : we heard *most*, indeed it may be said, we heard exclusively, of the transactions at Cavan ; and what took place there, I attributed, chiefly, to the exertions made, and the countenance given, under the auspices of Lord and Lady F * * * * ; taking into account, also, that many ardent spirits were engaged in the work, who certainly were not sparing of strong incitements. I did not, indeed, suspect the slightest use of indirect means, of pecuniary inducements &c. ; I thought all was very honest ; I doubted its being equally judicious ; and my opinion was, that conversions would not be likely to spread, in quarters where the encouragement, and protection, and flattering attentions, of a nobleman’s family did not exist. Within these few weeks, my opinion has undergone a considerable change. I have learned, from various trust-worthy quarters, that, in almost every part of Ireland, inquiry, and thirst for knowledge, and even, in some instances, a degree of religious anxiety, are gaining ground among the Roman catholics. Numbers, I am well informed, in neighbourhoods predominately popish, are thinking and inquiring, and

reading the Scriptures, who have not as yet proposed to conform : and what is specially remarkable, in the county of Tipperary, several of the priests, wish to place the Scriptures in the hands of their people ; and are still withheld from doing so, only by the injunctions of their superiors. From the papers, you learn what is going on in Dublin, as well as in Cavan ; you see, also, weekly notices of conversions, in all parts of the country. So far as I can learn, the clergy of the diocese of Ferns are acting very systematically to produce this effect ; several of the parochial clergy, with the sanction, and under the guidance of the Bishop, preach controversial sermons ; they have divided among themselves the most prominent subjects in debate ; and preach, rotationally, in each other's pulpits ; thus giving each congregation a view of the whole controversy. I do not much like this mode.

These movements are so general, that there must be considerable effect of some kind ; and I doubt not, that, under the good providence and grace of God, there will, in the end, be a beneficial result. But very much will depend upon the prudence, and the piety of the active agents. And, in these respects, I will confess, there seems to be much, that I cannot help seriously regretting ; much of a controversial spirit ; much use of language, more calculated to irritate, than to soothe ; much anxiety to multiply converts, so as to act rapidly, rather than soundly and securely. Then there has been too much of itinerancy ; too much employment of exciting means ; too great a tendency to make common cause, with every thing that calls itself protestant.

I speak, from what I have heard of proceedings, both in Cavan, and in Dublin : and I wish I could be certain, that the ardour of those who ought, above

all things, to regulate matters, and keep the instruments in due order, were tempered with sound wisdom and discretion. There is, I think, far too great a readiness to make public displays.

Now, as to my neighbourhood : in several parishes of this diocese, the spirit of inquiry is active among the Roman catholics ; in some, there have been a few actual converts ; and I have no doubt the conversions will be progressive. It is my wish, however, that the procedure should be of a quieter, and less exciting kind, than obtains elsewhere ; and the clergy from whom I expect fruits in this vineyard, are disposed to feel and act with me. The chief agent, hitherto, has been Mr. Murray, Vicar of Askeaton ; and I have particular satisfaction in, and through him. He is a truly good man ; mild and gentle, but with great firmness and perseverance ; sincerely pious, competently informed, and indefatigably diligent, with the talent of acting powerfully on the minds of the people, by goodness, kindness, zeal, and an earnest and constant appeal to the Holy Scriptures. The occurrences at Askeaton are remarkable ; the more so, as reformation had noiselessly commenced there, before it was dreamt of in the county of Cavan.

This parish is in a wild part of the County of Limerick, in which the population is predominantly Roman catholic. The late clergyman, though I believe a fairly respectable country-gentleman, was not an attentive parish minister ; in fact, the parishioners, I fear, had been much neglected. In the summer of 1824, on the death of the then incumbent, the Patron (Sir Matthew Blackiston) appointed Mr. Murray to the living. In October 1824, he came to reside. He and Mrs. Murray (an excellent coadjutrix to her husband) happened to be intrusted with

the disposal of 200*l.* a year, for charitable purposes, especially the education of the poor ; and thought it their duty to establish schools, without delay, in that neglected district. Three schools were, accordingly, formed ; one under the patronage of the Kildare-place Society, and with a protestant master ; the other two, supported solely by Mr. Murray, and, to meet the prejudices of the people, with Roman catholic masters. This was about January 1825. The priest, a violent, intemperate, but clever man, opposed these schools, and withdrew all the Roman catholic children : the masters, also, from fear of the priest, withdrew. Mrs. Murray, then, established a female school, in her own house ; and, in the hope of softening down the opposition of the priest, went so far as to exclude the Scriptures.

This concession, however, was unavailing : here, too, opposition early commenced, and the priest was in arms. But, now, the people rebelled ; their children were continued at school ; and, in some cases, the adults requested to borrow the Scriptures, and other religious books. In June 1825, two families withdrew from the Church of Rome, and joined the Church of England, at Askeaton ; this was the beginning of the reformation there.

Meantime, in a remoter part of the Union under his care, at a police station, Mr. Murray performed service weekly, on a week day, for the police constables, and a few scattered protestants. Gradually, and quite of their own accord, Roman catholics came to listen ; then they came, voluntarily also, to Mr. Murray's house, for further instruction ; and, lastly, attended service in the Parish Church. Thus matters proceeded, till, within the year 1825, there were forty regular converts ; all this without any public

notice taken ; Mr. Murray judging that the more unostentatiously he proceeded, the more likely he would be to make solid progress. Soon after (not happily, as I think, and certainly against Mr. Murray's wish) these transactions were noticed in the public papers. Conversions have been since progressive ; and at this time, when I write, the converts at Askeaton are in number, from 160 to 170 adults, besides about 300 young persons and children. The children are instructed by the schoolmistress, and Mrs Murray. The adults are distributed into three classes :

1. Late converts, and persons in training for Church of England, about 100.
2. Converts, in standing, from nine months, to a year, 38.
3. First converts, 27.

Mr. Murray meets each of these classes once a week ; and instructs them in the Old and New Testaments, with constant reference to the Liturgy. He has also established an adult school, several of the attendants at which, who could not formerly read, now read well.

The whole of this movement, I cannot but view as Providential. Mr. Murray was, at first, a passive instrument. He had formed no plan of conversion : he wished to be of use, indeed, to Roman catholics, as well as members of our own Church, in this parish, . . . but had no thought of bringing them over from the Church of Rome. He was wholly unconnected with societies, or with conversionary movements elsewhere. He held out no temporal inducements ; on the contrary, he fairly told the converts, that they must expect to encounter hardships, and possibly persecution. Still numbers presented themselves. He sifted their motives : those who were

insincere, he rejected ; there seemed to be very many such : those who were dubious, as to character or motives, he kept, for a long time, in a sort of probationary state : and he has had the satisfaction of finding, that a few, who were perhaps, at first, swayed by secular hopes, are now among his best converts. Numbers, it is to be observed, come to him, from considerable distances, to inquire, and to be instructed ; he receives none into our Church, till after a careful preparation of them ; and, in these duties, he is daily occupied, from breakfast to dinner. He has appointed the last sunday in each month, for the reception of converts into the Church ; and, on the last occasion, there were thirty-five. He tells me, that the converts, are the *best* members of his flock : the most regular in attendance at Church ; the most attentive to the service ; and very audible and fervent, in repeating the responses. It is in fact, he tells me, quite edifying to hear them. The two higher classes are thoroughly in earnest ; no small proportion of them sincere christians ; in the lowest class, no tendency to waver.

It is remarkable, that, of the converts, not one has been seen in a public house, since joining our Church. This, at first, was probably from the fear of being insulted ; at least, with some, it may have been so ; now, it is all from principle. In consequence, there is a visible improvement, in the decency and comfort of their houses and clothing, &c.

It is a curious little fact, that adults of 50 years of age and upwards, are now studious readers of the Bible ; and that, to enable them to read, Mr. Murray has actually exhausted a shopkeeper's store of convex spectacles ; he has bought not less than 20 pair of them : this is better than Goldsmith's ' twelve gross

of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.'

The service at funerals has had a powerful effect : numbers of Roman catholics are apt to attend ; behaving, generally, with great reverence : . . whenever our Saviour's name is mentioned, a general bow. Some time ago, at a funeral, there was a single exception, . . a man, who stood behind Mr. Murray, made faces, and turned the service into ridicule : Mr. M. observed that a man, at his own right hand, looked agitated and irritated. Mr. M. afterwards asked him, why he was so affected. He replied, 'Sir, I observed a person behind you making faces, and ridiculing the service : I never had a greater struggle in my life. I was strongly tempted to knock him down : . . the old man was getting up in me, but, thank God, I was able to restrain myself.' This honest convert had been the head of a clan, a fighting factionary at fairs ; a leader of 'the four year olds.'

The advances have been made by the R. C.s themselves. Mr. Murray has not sought converts : at first, there was a fear of the Priest ; that is now entirely gone ; and his violent opposition, instead of retarding, has accelerated the progress of conversion. Mr. Murray has had no coadjutor in this business. The methodists offered their aid, which was civilly rejected. Clerical aid was offered too, from persons active in the Dublin movements. Mr. M. thankfully declined their assistance. And he cordially unites with me in the wish to keep the matter in our own hands ; not to encourage itinerancy ; but to do whatever can be done within this diocese, by its own clergy exclusively. Several promising young clergymen in Mr. M.'s neighbourhood, are likely to have

converts ; and I have begged of him to advise, assist, and superintend their proceedings.

On the whole, I think conversions from the Church of Rome will go on in this diocese. My wish is to give encouragement, uncontroversially ; and, by any means in my power, to temper zeal with discretion, and recommend a meek and peaceful spirit. These things must form a prominent feature of my charge. I hope to visit here on the 7th of June.

I fear I have now tired you, by this lengthy, prosy statement : but I have not time to make it shorter : and to-day, from a headache, I am rather more than commonly dull.

I rejoice in the appointment of one whom you think well of, to the Indian Bishoprick. But I am sorry you say THE : I had hoped there would be, at least, two sees in India.

Continue, I beg, your political dispatches. Mr. F. begs his kindest regards.

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,
Your most affectionate and faithful friend,

J. L.

P. S. Mr. Murray tells me, his converts put his old protestants to shame ; and the spirit which they are kindling in the congregation is delightful. I mean shortly to visit Askeaton Church, on a sunday when converts are not to be received, and preach two sermons, morning and evening, not controversial. I think of two on the liturgy.

I ought to have mentioned, that Mr. Murray is on the best terms with the Roman catholics of his Parish ; and, as he rides through the country, those who do not know him, generally meet him with kindness and respect : often they will say, ‘ Ah

then, Sir, are you the gentleman that takes the people in?’

Imperfect as this letter is, it states facts which I should not like to forget ; some parts of it I ought to bear in mind, when I write my charge : would you, then, have the goodness to let me have a copy of it. Mr. Murray has left me but this morning : your inquiry could not have come more opportunely. Two days ago, I could not have stated half as many facts.

In Askeaton, there are, now, a parish, and a female school ; both well attended. There are two masters, for two additional schools, in training, in the Kildare Place Seminary.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P.

Saturday evening, April 7. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN my letter of this morning, there are some omissions, which I hasten to supply. So far as I recollect, I think I mentioned, that, in his procedures at Askeaton, Mr. Murray was unconnected with any society. This was not sufficiently full. He is a member both of the Bible, and Church-Missionary Society : . . but not only did he stand unconnected with them in their movements, he was unable to trace a vestige of their labours in his parish. There was not, to the best of his belief, a Bible, or Testament, among the Roman catholics, when he came there : there had not

been among them a missionary of any description ; not a Bible-reader ; not the least excitement of any kind. The whole process was natural, unsought, unanticipated ; in this case, we are enabled to say, in the words of Scripture, *αυτοματη ἡ γη καρποφορει*. To any one of sober reflection, this fact will be likely to enhance the value of the Askeaton conversions ; and to this quietness of their origin, may, in a considerable degree, be attributed their depth and smoothness. Throughout, there has not been any thing noisy or turbid. Under Providence, however, most is due to the unwearied, and wise exertions of Mr. Murray : he literally gives up his whole time ; and his opinion is, that, in the present circumstances of Ireland, whoever makes converts, must so devote himself ; or, instead of doing good, he will do mischief. This, too, is the opinion of Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney (whom I had great pleasure in meeting here, within the last two days). They seem to think, that, in some places, there may have been a little false excitement ; and that the converts may sometimes rather have had their heads filled with controversial dogmas, than their hearts filled with religious feeling. They were particularly pleased with what they saw at Sligo : the converts not numerous, but, as they thought, well-instructed, practical, and pious. At Cavan, I am told by a person anxious for the progress of conversion, there have been several relapses. I don't wonder at it, for my belief is, that there is far more effort, there, to multiply new converts, than to edify the old ones. The plan, indeed, must lead to this. I apprehend that, from various parts, not only of the county itself, but of the adjacent county of Fermanagh, many persons have been brought together, so as to make a great show in the town of Cavan ; and

received into the Church, after a very few days' inquiry and examination. For all this, I do not pledge myself; but if the proceedings were closely investigated, I believe the result would be not very different from the information I have received. Thus, Mr. * * * * *, Captain * * * * *, Mr. * * * * *, and many others, have proceeded, from time to time, as missionaries, to Cavan : when there, they have doubtless largely contributed to swell the tide of converts ; but, when they are gone, who is to keep up the impression made ? Where is the patient, persevering, pains-taking, truly pastoral care, such as Mr. Murray continually manifests ? This cannot be, under the circumstances : many of the converts are from distant parishes. The clergy of these parishes have not, at first, examined, have not afterwards received them into the Church ; their anxiety, and their exertions, cannot possibly equal those of the person, under whose own eye, and by whose single instrumentality, all has been effected. I cannot, with all this in view, but sincerely rejoice, that I am seconded by Mr. Murray, in my wish to keep away the visits of several very ardent, and very worthy men ; for I am satisfied they would mar the good that is in progress. At Askeaton, this caution has certainly not retarded the work, in point of time, nor restricted it, in point of numbers : I believe that no single parish, in any other part of Ireland, was so early in the field, or has produced so large a host of converts. So much for quantity : but if quality be considered, I think soberly, that Askeaton leaves all the rest at an immeasurable distance. I do not say this boastingly : I have not had any share in the transactions ; and, if I had, the glory would all be due to God. But I consider the facts valuable, as testimonies to

the superior efficacy of the more quiet, and less obtrusive way: now, as heretofore, and as we are taught it will be hereafter, ‘The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation.’

One thing I mean to press most strongly upon the clergy; that, if they are, by favourable openings, and by the course of events, rather than by their own seeking, led to make converts, they must first count the cost; they must give themselves, wholly, to the one great work of pastoral duty; and instruct, and train, and watch over the neophytes, as over their own children. Otherwise, it would be better to leave them in the Church of Rome; for to relieve and release them from the shackles of a slavish system, without substituting the kindly, and perpetual watchfulness of an exact, though liberal discipline, would be to place them in a condition worse than their first state. The fear of the priest, of penance, of purgatory, removed, the poor people would, too probably, become most profligate and licentious; or, if of a better spirit, would return to the old Church, for the guidance and direction, which they have failed to find in ours. In either case, disgrace would be brought on the reformation; and, what is of infinitely more moment, in either case, immortal souls would be placed in very imminent danger.

I had almost omitted one coincidence, which I cannot but account providential. To all appearance, there is now about to take place, in this part of Ireland, an opening for the exertions of a properly qualified body, of reformed episcopal clergymen, such as has not been since the period of the reformation. Now, it so happens, that, by the blessing of God on the strictness of the examination for orders, which I

thought it my duty to establish in this diocese, a body of very superior young divines is beginning to be formed here. Several of them have expressed a deep sense of obligation, for the course of study into which they were led ; and for the studious tastes and habits, which they have been thence led to form. They are, in all respects, superior to the generation of clergymen that is now passing away. The improvement is striking ; and it is much remarked. Within these few days, an acute intelligent layman told me, that these young men are not only exemplary themselves, but the cause of better habits, among their elder brethren in the ministry, than had formerly prevailed. Now, is there not something very remarkable in the coincidence, between the call that there is likely to be for ten-fold learning, diligence, and zeal, and the formation of such a character in the rising clergy ? I own, to me, it seems to bear the impress of the finger of God. The only drawback is, that those young men are, for the most part, only curates ; and that, with my narrow patronage, I cannot hope to advance them, according to their own merits, and the growing exigencies of the Church. But all this is in the best, and wisest care of the great Disposer : and I thankfully bless Him for the good that has been effected, rather than breathe the slightest murmur that all cannot be as I might wish. Indeed, I cannot have the least doubt, that all, not only will be, but actually is, better, than if the arrangement of events were left to human guidance. You recollect the unhappy philosopher in Rasselas.

I should have said, that the layman, to whom I have alluded, assures me, that, in all quarters where he has been, the young clergymen are looked up to

with a degree of veneration, such as, in days of old, would have been shewn to venerable gray hairs.

Now I must wish you good night.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P.

Limerick, April 25. 1827.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very much obliged to Sir Thomas Acland, for his present of Bishop Heber's most excellent and interesting charge: it seems to place the man before me. I thank you very cordially for your kind intimation of the monumental subscription. It is a gratification, and an honour, to be allowed to add my name to the list of contributors, and I beg you will have the goodness to apply the enclosed to the purpose. As the highest subscription is $20l.$ and as you say some English Bishops give $10l.$, I think it would be ostentatious in me to give more.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

* The day before his great illness.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P.

Feb. 6. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY thanks for the beautiful copy of your speeches, which, and the word is a bold one, I now prize more highly than I ever thought I should have done. I shall, when we meet in this room, request of you to transcribe into this volume, the earlier part of your note, which I wish to be preserved in my family . . I do not say *κτημα εσ αει*, for that would be presumptuous, . . but a deposit to be cherished, while that family, always I hope truth loving, and truth telling, shall be permitted to continue.

Believe me, my dear Friend,

unspeakably and unalterably yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XC.

*To the Rev. * * * * * * * .*

Leamington, Oct. 12. 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely obliged by the present of your late valuable work; it is little to say, that I think your main argument completely successful: I have no doubt, that far better judges than I can pretend to

be, must rank you among the best vindicators of the standard writers of our venerated, and venerable Church.

One thing, however, I am obliged most seriously to deplore; and I am sure your candour will not merely tolerate, but even thank me for, a plain, though respectful avowal of my sentiments.

I deeply regret, then, that you should, in however modified a sense, and with whatever cautionary feeling of attendant dangers, be favourable to a revision of our English Bible. That it has errors and imperfections, I most readily admit; what human performance is exempt from them? But I humbly conceive, that, in the present days of unsettlement, and appetency after change, the only safety lies, in keeping things as they are. We have not hitherto, indeed, had any great encouragement, from the revisionary labours even of our first scholars and divines; and I cannot but think our old-fashioned translation of King James, far preferable to the versions, with all their modern graces, of Lowth, Blaney, Newcome, &c. . . while even the Prayer-book version of the Psalms, with all its faults, is to me far more grateful, and edifying too, than the pedantic verbiage of Horsley. But looking around me in the present day, I see much to fear, and little to hope: for one trifling error corrected, I doubt we should have ten worse introduced; while in point of style, from every thing that has appeared of late years, I am obliged to think, we should be infinitely losers. I, then, for one, am content to bear with the few ills I know, rather than encounter thousands that I know not of. But in truth, with all its errors, ours is the best version I have seen, or hope to see. Let individuals give new versions, . . . the more the better;

but in days of epidemic quackery, let our authorised version be kept inviolate, and guarded as the apple of our eye.

Allow me to conclude, in the words of Bishop Middleton :

‘ The general fidelity of our English translation has been never questioned, and its style is incomparably superior to any thing which might be expected from the finical and perverted taste of our own age. It is simple ; it is harmonious ; it is energetic ; and, which is of no small importance, use has made it familiar, and time has rendered it sacred.’

I am, dear Sir, with true respect and regard,

Your faithful and obliged humble servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCI.

To the Rev. Hugh James Rose.

Dec. 27. 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

MR. RIVINGTON anticipated our common wishes ; on the morning of Christmas day our books arrived, mine, very beautifully bound. Mr. Forster, I know, will say for himself, some part of what he feels ; to express the whole, or a tenth part of it, would be impossible. I am in a similar predicament : assuredly I am ‘not displeased ;’ on the contrary, I am deeply grateful, for the greatest honour ever conferred on me.* Your kind partiality, indeed, deems of me far

* See the dedication of Mr. Rose’s work, ‘ Christianity always progressive.’

too highly : but you speak so manifestly from the heart, that, I would hope even the most fastidious will not be offended ; while goodnatured readers will quietly sprinkle their grains of salt. What I feel most grateful for, are your truly christian prayers : I entreat that they may not be discontinued. In the most important respects, my present situation has proved a blessing. I thank goodness, my cheerfulness has, throughout, been almost invariable ; and, particularly of late months, I have been enabled gently, and even beneficially to my health, to exercise my faculties.

I cannot hope to sit this session, but I will try to go through the form of taking my seat, so as, on occasion to give an honest proxy.

Yours ever,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCII.

To the Bishop of Ferns.

East Hill, Wandsworth, June 28. 1830.

MY DEAR LORD,

I now perceive why it was, that you put a query to me in a letter, more than a year ago : (see Croker's Boswell, I. 196 . . 7.)

My recollection is strong, almost of the very words in which the anecdote of George III. is told, in a book that I not very long since read.

He asked some young divine (his name I cannot recall, but it is mentioned,) what books he read ; the answer was, ' Modern practical and polemical di-

vines. ‘ You should read,’ said George III., ‘ the great divines of the 17th century ; there were giants in the earth in those days.’ Where this anecdote is to be found, I know not, but I suspect it is in that vast repository, ‘ Nichols’ Literary Anecdotes.’ Your neighbour, the present Mr. Nichols, in Parliament Street, can probably tell the whole.

Yours very truly,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCIII.

To a Friend.

No date.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I THANK you heartily for the position which you have bestowed on my effigies : and only wish, that its companions could transfuse some portion of their energy and genius, into the original. But one must endeavour to improve whatever has been given to ourselves : and strive, ‘ while our outward man decayeth,’ that we may be, in some degree, ‘ renewed in the inner man.’

I rejoice that health is restored to your house, and I sincerely hope that you may long be given to enjoy it, and every other blessing.

LETTER XCIV.

To a Friend.

Leamington, Nov. 15. 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM truly, most truly gratified, by your princely donation of *20l.*, to the fund we are raising, for the widow and orphans of our poor friend Phelan. A more delicately sensitive, and, in the best sense of the word, high-minded being, I never knew. His very peccancies arose from the fineness of his nature. I know not whether you are aware, that, while of very humble immediate origin, sprung from the very peasantry of Ireland, . . he was lineally descended from the Lords of a large territory, still familiarly known, among the cherishers of ancient tradition, as the country of the Phelans, or rather O'Phelans : it has often struck me, that he was one of nature's noblemen. I have no doubt, that blood very different from, and superior to, that of the usurping 'undertakers,' who so long misgoverned Ireland, flowed within his veins ; gentleman was marked, in every movement of his mind ; and I suspect, that one of his chief trials was, 'the oppressor's contumely, the proud man's scorn, and all the kicks and spurns, that patient merit of the unworthy takes.' But he is gone to a world, where men and things are judged of, not by the outward show, but by the inward reality ; and where ignoble nobility, and democratic aristocracy, are reduced to their proper level. He once told me an anecdote, that power-

fully impressed me. His parents, you know, and early education, were Roman catholic ; though, at an early period of his youth, he became, and, it is needless to say, continued throughout life, a zealous and enlightened, but moderate protestant, . . a true son of the church. Thus much premised, I begin my story. In his very youthful days, and while, like all of his rank, he was completely under ecclesiastical dominion, he was present at one of the multitudinous funeral feasts, so frequent among the lower Irish. A priest, to whom he then looked up with the most profound veneration, drew him to a window, commanding an extensive prospect into the county of Waterford. ‘Look, my boy,’ he said, ‘look round you ; every acre, every tree, every valley, every mountain, that you see, was once the property of your family, . . but it has been long usurped by the spoiler.’ ‘I felt my blood boil within me,’ said Phelan, relating the circumstance, ‘I had all the feelings of a rebel ; and, if it had not pleased Providence to guide me into a better faith, I should probably have perished on the scaffold.’ Now a better subject, more remote from the least tincture of disaffection, and more unaffectedly submissive, with all due and manly submission, to the powers that be, there never breathed than poor Phelan : but I doubt whether the impression made by the rebellious priest, ever was, or ever could have been, wholly obliterated from his mind. And conscious as he must have been of great powers, it, doubtless, caused him much and salutary discipline and self-control, to view, with calmness and resignation, the class of men, whom Providence, doubtless for purposes ultimately most wise and good, has suffered to lord it over hitherto, (and, I fear, for a long time to come,) unhappy Ire-

land. But I do, from my heart, believe, that, perhaps after many an hour of woe, British connection will, under Providence, become the safeguard, and happiness of Ireland.

Is any thing doing about Bishop Middleton's monument? the neglect of it is a reproach to the Church: if any thing is likely to be set on foot, I would very gladly give a second 10*l.*

Yours truly,
J. LIMERICK.

LETTER XCV.

To a Friend.

Leamington, Dec. 18. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM about to speak to you with that perfect candour, which you have always kindly tolerated. I think it would not be advisable to republish that printed sermon, which you last sent me. There are expressions in it, and in some of the others too, which I do not think justifiable, just, or altogether safe. In the other sermons, this could be readily adjusted; not so with this. The two particular points, on which I am obliged to hesitate, are, the character of Almighty God, and the consequences of man's fall. You seem to me to give an undue weight to some scriptural passages, without sufficiently taking into account other passages, of an opposite tendency; indeed, I may almost say, the general bearing and analogy of Scripture. You are so impressed with the hatefulness of sin, that perhaps, you do not always sufficiently

advert to the mercy of our heavenly Father ; and, in adverting to man's deplorable fall, you hardly enough keep in view, that, if man were totally depraved, there would be no purchase, so to speak, for divine grace to act upon. My creed, on this subject, is contained in three or four passages, which I will extract :

‘ Retinet tamen, licet tanto lapsu attonita, mens umbram aliquam et confusas veluti species amissi boni, et cognata semina cœli.’ *Archiepiscop. Leighton.*

‘ Non usque adeo, in anima humana, imago Dei terrenorum affectuum labe detrita est, ut nulla in ea velut lineamenta extrema remanserint.’ *St. Augustin.*

‘ Every man living hath stamped on him, the venerable image of his glorious Maker ; which nothing incident to him can utterly deface.’ *Barrow.*

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I do *ex animo* believe, what I have subscribed, the ninth article of our Church. But I am satisfied, that it is sometimes thought to countenance extreme statements, which are contrary to the revealed word of God. And I think we ought to use extreme caution, lest, to borrow the admirable words of our twentieth article, ‘ We so expound one place of Scripture, that it be repugnant unto another.’

I know, my dear friend, you will kindly excuse this plainness of language. I verily believe, that, though we may sometimes be led to regard, too exclusively, perhaps, some different aspect of the same subject, . . . we are still most substantially agreed. I doubt not that one moment of the light of eternity, will clear up every difficulty ; and we shall find ourselves to be, *εν πνευματι μια ψυχη*, (Philipp. i. 27.)

or, as it is yet more pithily expressed, in the same epistle (ii. 2.) *συμψυχοι, το ἐν φρονουμένες, joint-souled, one-minded.*

Ever, my dear Friend,
Most affectionately yours,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCVI.

To a Friend.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Easter Monday, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You should by all means endeavour, resolutely, and of set purpose, to turn away your thoughts from the present aspect of affairs. I know that this is difficult, but I know also, that it is practicable. You should read, and re-read, the earlier part of your son's wise letter.

We private people can do nothing, absolutely nothing, at this time ; if we could, it would be our duty to act, leaving the events with the all-wise, and all-gracious Disposer.

As it is, with respect to events, our duty is the same exactly ; and as to acting, it is probably a mercy, that we are not called to it, and are thus saved the too possible bitterness of future self-reproach. Meantime, we have a safe, quiet, delightful, and interminable field of occupation, in the performance of actual duties ; in the cultivation of our own hearts ; and in constant habitual reference of our friends, ourselves, and our concerns, to Him who careth for us.

In matters temporal, moral, intellectual, and political, it is a great truth, that mankind are apt, very much in vain, to rise up early and late to take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, where the purpose might be far better and more effectually served, by waiting quietly on the progress of events. But this I fear is prosing ; I shall therefore only add, that, when fit occasions arise, (and in every sphere, they are continually arising,) we are fitted, and intended, to be the very reverse of quietists ; but then the modes of beneficial action, are infinitely varied, and perhaps the best mode, is often of that seemingly passive kind, so beautifully described by Cowper :

... ‘ Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing ;
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours.....
Perhaps the world
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams ; perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.’

The whole passage from ‘ He is the happy man,’ to the end of the ‘ Task,’ is exquisitely beautiful, excepting two harsh epithets, and three morose lines about the world.

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCVII.

To a Friend.

East Hill, Wandsworth, May 10. 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You say truly, the situation of the country leaves no room for the concerns of the individual. When we meet, we shall have much to say: ‘It is now in vain to look back at past errors, and hopeless to look forward; after new year’s day, we shall probably date from the first year of the republic.’ Now, is not this awful language? But when, and by whom, was it penned? Not in *last* December, but in December 1782... Not by some thunder-struck old maid, or antiquated Dowager, but by the favourite nephew of the great Lord Chatham, the friend and cousin of William Pitt! Yet here we are, under our own vine and fig-tree, after the lapse of nearly fifty years; and I trust, notwithstanding the strange events that have happened, as far from a republic as ever.

* * * * *

And now my dear friend, do forgive me. I am not a politician, I am withdrawn from such things, not more by the hand of Providence, than by inclination. I endeavour to keep my easy, noiseless course: and it is my deliberate choice, to pass the remainder of my days, in the calm air of quiet and delightful studies. In a few days, I hope to give you proof that I have been lately so employed; and I thank God that I have, through his mercies, good prospect of a continuance of such employment. In-

nocent, at least as far as it respects others, and peaceful and joyous so far as respects myself. May you, my dear friend, enjoy many, many such years, more and more useful to others, and more and more blessed in your children and your friends.

Ever your most affectionate

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCVIII.

To the Rev. H. J. Rose.

East Hill, Wandsworth, May 20. 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED yesterday, through my bookseller, another mark of your unfading remembrance. I have just read with great pleasure your first sermon; and I will not for a moment doubt, that such instruction must, sooner or later, produce, with God's help, a sanctifying effect. It is among the most cheering and consolatory signs of the present awful times, that, in various quarters, the influential truths of christianity are uncompromizingly and attractively put forward. And though every one that engages in the arduous work of spiritual reform, must find, too frequently, that 'the old world is too many for young Melancthon,' I still have strong hopes, that, amidst the undoubted prevalence of the evil principle, a better spirit is unostentatiously at work, and will gradually, but surely, win its way.

Of politics, I say nothing. You pretty well know my trim. I have been obliged to be less sanguine than several of my most valued and excellent friends,

in expecting to resist a torrent, which to me seems irresistible, in a damaged, I fear, in a rotten boat, without a single trustworthy steersman. We are in a crisis ; and there must be some great change. My hope is, that even for the present, it may not be so bad as is apprehended ; and my belief is, that, in the end, all things will work together for good, in a way far transcending human ken. ‘ His ways are not as our ways ; nor His thoughts as our thoughts.’

I hope you and Mrs. Rose still retain your kind purpose, of looking in upon our eremitical manner of being.

A little parcel shall this day be forwarded to Cambridge, containing two copies of a small republication : it was intended to be a mere private impression, a present to my clergy. But, at the bookseller’s instance, it has also been given to the public. As it has scarcely any new matter, I do not presume to trouble my University friends at large with copies. But I venture to send it as a token of regard to you and Carrighan.

Ever, my dear Mr. Rose,

Your faithful friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCIX.

To the Rev. J. J. Hornby.

Leamington, Nov. 6. 1831.

MY DEAR MR. HORNBY,

BEFORE entering on any opinions or statements, concerning our internal affairs, it seems right to settle

certain first principles of all true policy. Now, to do what is right, and to trust to the event for our justification, . . . is, perhaps, of those first-principles, the very first. But how seldom has this principle been even fairly tried by statesmen, . . . and much less consistently acted upon? Yet, when conscientiously adhered to, it has ever been productive of the greatest possible advantage, to the person, or party, adopting it, as well as of real benefit, to the country at large. The administration of Lord Liverpool, especially from the peace of 1815, to the decay of his health and faculties, is, in many respects, a case in point. Observe, I do not enter into any discussion, of the wisdom, or policy, of his particular plans of government; but this I do say, that, so far, and so long as, disregarding particular interests, he acted with a virtuous and manly firmness, wherever the interests of the country, and of its great institutions, were involved in his decision, . . . he was more largely compensated, than ever before was British minister. The conviction, in every breast, that he acted from principle, enabled him to resist effectually, the exactions of, what is called, political influence: and, accordingly, during his best days, mere political influence was almost nullified, with the approving voice of the nation.

With the decline of Lord Liverpool's health, came a decay of his firmness: he yielded to the ordinary kinds of influence; he resorted to a policy, not of principle, but of supposed expediency; and, from that hour, the secret of his strength was gone. Since his time, expediency seems to have become, daily more and more, the only recognized tactic of our public men: and, both in England and Ireland, we are, at this moment, experiencing its sad conse-

quences. Both countries seem to be retrograding, with most fearful rapidity, towards their positive and relative condition, at the time of the first great French revolution.

Now, whether to check this downward movement, or to effect any advance towards a happier state of things, there is but the one course, affording the slightest promise of a successful issue, which can be safely, or even honourably pursued ; I mean, the adoption, as the sole governing principle, of uncompromising integrity. This is the only true policy. This, by carrying the nation with it, (and when has the British nation failed to honour genuine public virtue?) would give to an administration that consistently maintained it, that strength, that unity, and consequently, that permanence, in which recent administrations have proved so wofully deficient.

The principle of sound policy thus recommended, is strictly analogous to the great christian principle of faith. ‘ If a man be willing to do my will,’ said our Lord, ‘ he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.’ And so it is, with this first principle of policy : let it be honestly, firmly, perseveringly acted on, and the results will be almost equally certain. And the reason is obvious. The politician, who seeks to gain strength by cultivating particular interests, if he gain over one connection, is almost sure, in doing so, to lose other, and perhaps stronger ones. There is a running balance of profit and loss in his account, and he is but too likely to close it on the losing side. But the statesman, who honestly disregards every thing but the public welfare of his country, has that to support him, which no combination of interests could give, and which no combination of interests can take away : I mean, the

approbation of his own conscience, and the cordial, confiding acquiescence of the British people.

But has such a policy, has any thing like an approach to it, with exceptions ‘few and far between,’ yet prevailed among us? Let facts be appealed to, and they must painfully answer, that it has not. But this appeal must be reserved for my next letter. Meantime, believe me, my dear Mr. Hornby,

Your very sincere and faithful friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER C.

To the Rev. J. J. Hornby.

Leamington, Nov. 8. 1831.

MY DEAR MR. HORNBY,

IN my last letter, a policy, grounded on true public principle, was stated to be the great desideratum in these countries; and this, not only on the highest ground of the public good, but even with a view to the strength, unity, and permanence, of any administration, of whatever party or elements composed.

The truth of this maxim has been strongly, though partially, illustrated, by the contrast between the durable rule of one minister, and the rapid breaking-up of the crumbling administrations which followed, between March 1827, and November 1830.

I closed that letter, by offering an appeal to facts, that the line of policy there suggested has never had a fair trial; has never, for any considerable time together, been consistently acted upon. I shall now

endeavour to make that appeal ; only requesting of you to keep in mind, that it is a calm, dispassionate appeal to historical facts ; that it is not meant to throw censure, on any particular set of public men, or on any particular course of public measures ; but that it is merely designed to throw the light of dear-bought experience, on a system (if system it can be called) of mistaken policy, . . . with a view, if possible, to convert past errors into salutary correctives, and means of improvement for the future.

So far, indeed, as England, alone, is concerned, there may be much to remedy and improve ; but, comparatively speaking, there is little to complain of. For the last thirty years, especially, on the part of English governments, there has been a growing attention to the best interests of her national institutions ; and, in them, to the best interests of the nation. In the two leading institutions of this country, the Law, and the Church, . . . merit and fitness, ascertained professional merit and fitness, if not uniformly looked to in the selection for stations of trust and influence, have, at least, held a prominent place, in the estimate of the minister of the day. Fitness and merit have taken a lead, in recommending suitable candidates, for the highest offices of Church and State ; a sufficient lead, to give a tone and efficiency to the whole system of subordinate machinery ; and to promote, moreover, a successive growth of equally good materials, for the future service and support of the country. . . . All this notwithstanding, it must be freely confessed, there are many abuses, in England, of place and power, which need correction. And, within the last few years especially, there seems to have been an occasional yielding to undue influence, and unworthy modes of seeking advancement. But,

whatever may require amendment in the administration of crown patronage in England, there is this consolation, that amendment is within easy reach. Right principle, on the whole, prevails: good habits have been formed: and the sense of the country is on the good side.

But my special concern is with Ireland: whose state, past and present, is, alas! but too intimately known to me. And, in Ireland, I am conscientiously compelled to affirm, the state of things, . . of governors and governed, . . has ever been, and, at this moment, is, wholly and painfully different. You will bear with a true lover of Ireland (amidst all her faults and misfortunes,) if he states her wrongs, with the freedom of a friend; and if, with the plainness of an honest man, he would ‘speak the truth, yet serve no private end.’

The atrocious misrule of Ireland, for ages previous to her legislative union with Great Britain, (an union, hitherto, but too analogous to the league between the giant and the dwarf, in the story-book) the unprincipled misrule of unhappy Ireland, for centuries, is matter of melancholy history. On all hands, it would seem, now, to be acknowledged, that this heir-loom of misgovernment, to which each new administration succeeded, is mainly accountable for the deplorable condition of Ireland, in the nineteenth century.

Whether the acknowledgment has been made to any practical effect, let the facts of the case determine.

For ages prior to the legislative union of the countries, it was the English plan, to govern Ireland by a system of exclusion. Primate Boulter’s Letters, (a book which should, in the hands of Irish Governments, be a perpetual warning) Primate Boulter’s

Letters will tell you, that, in his days, as it had been from the first, the crime of being a born Irishman, was an insurmountable obstacle to high advancement, either in the Church, or at the Bar. On every successive vacancy, in either Bench, his continual cry was, . . ‘Send over an Englishman, or you cannot hold the country.’ Nor did this rule of Helotism cease, with the administration of Archbishop Boulter. What he honestly, I believe, though most impolitely, recommended, was the course, quite as pertinaciously, though less honestly pursued, by various successive ministers; until the indignant eloquence of Grattan, embodied the reproach of centuries, in that stinging epigram . . (he is speaking of the neglect, by the governments of his time, of the celebrated Dean Kirwan) . . ‘The curse of Swift is upon him, . . to have been born an Irishman, to have been a man of genius, and to have used it for the good of his country.’

Such was the treatment, and consequent condition, of the Church in Ireland: and the treatment of the Bar was not essentially different. Irishmen, it is true, found, or forced their way, in this open profession, to second, or third-rate distinction. But too generally, it was not native merit, but native demerit, which proved successful. Political influence, on the one hand, and parliamentary adventuring, on the other, were the only avenues to legal advancement. And even the highest talents could find no worthier path to eminence, than political servility, or factious opposition. Men’s services were to be bought, or their hostility was to be purchased off; and the very administration of the laws was thus abandoned to adventurers. The consequences were inevitable. The first-rate Irish barristers trusted, almost entirely to

what, in the idiom of the country, is most expressly termed, their ‘mother wit.’ In consequence, when a great English lawyer became Irish Chancellor, he perfectly astonished the Bar, by his demands for legal lore. But Lord Redesdale’s demands were scarcely made, before they were zealously complied with. Men studied, when they found that study was in requisition ; and, in a few years, the Irish Bar attained high legal reputation.

Union engagements, (the heavy tax which went to fine down a yet heavier rent of corruption) continued to tie up the hands of the government, from doing its duty, either by the Church, or by the Bar.

About the year 1815, these demoralizing engagements slackened : and something like a purification of both departments was commenced. On the effects of this incipient change upon the Church, it is not for a churchman to dwell. But of the effects on the Irish Bench and Bar, I speak but the united voice of England and Ireland, when I say, they surpassed all anticipation.

From a state so low, as to escape censure only by being contemptible, the Judicial Bench rose rapidly in public estimation ; and the character of the court of King’s Bench, in particular, was held up, both in and out of parliament, as a model of the right administration of justice.

This brief experience of the fruits, in both professions, of Government’s simply doing its duty, would, we might suppose, have induced every subsequent Government to persevere in the exercise of its powers, according to this new and beneficial course. Whether they have done so, may be judged of, by two plain facts. The first, that adventuring in the House of Commons has become, as before the Union, the as-

certained mode, for lawyers of first, and of fifth-rate pretensions, to reach the highest dignities of their profession : to the obvious discouragement and discountenance of the highest attainments ; . . of that legal knowledge, and that depth of research, which are the *sine quibus non*, of English professional reputation. The second fact, equally undeniable, and still more melancholy, respects the Church, and it is this, that, since the year 1822, while one or two creditable appointments have been made on other grounds, and in connection with the University, not a single appointment, high or low, has taken place in Ireland, on that ground, which, with every wise government, and in every well ordered church establishment, ought to stand first, . . the ground of theological learning and attainments. In one word, the qualification which has, in England, long stood first, and always stood high, has absolutely stood below zero in Ireland, . . and has become, if possible, less than a negative quality. Such, I must repeat, has been, and such continues to be, the neglect of what ought to be this paramount claim, . . that, for all the appointments made by the crown, since the period above alluded to, the Government have not so much to show, in justification of their choice of men, as even a single published sermon of common respectability !

Let me now put you in possession, with all brevity, of a few consequences of this state of things.

1. To my own certain knowledge, it has, hitherto, withheld men of first-rate abilities, who were conscientiously desirous to undertake the sacred office, but who possessed not the spirit of martyrs, from burying themselves in the hopeless dungeon of the Church.

2. Others, who, under happier circumstances, might have proved pillars and ornaments of the sanctuary, have been driven to seek in London, by hard literary toil, that livelihood, which their profession altogether failed in Ireland to afford.
3. The broken fortunes of the Church in Ireland have been left to be sustained, by the few generous and mounting spirits, who find a melancholy pleasure, in labouring without hope of recompense in this life, and in dignifying, where they cannot redress, the misfortunes of their country.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Hornby,
Your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CI.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P.

Leamington, Jan. 5. 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE were truly gratified by your kind and seasonable dispatch. We have frequently, indeed, heard as our hearts most wished, of you and Lady I., of the Dowager, and your sisters: but to have it confirmed under your own hand, and at this peace-giving season, is matter of real thankfulness. You must, to be sure, soon encounter ‘the strife of tongues;’ but it is an inestimable blessing, that you have that within, (and may you have more and more of it !) which will guard and keep you from ‘the provoking of all men.’ Our lot is, indeed, cast in troublous times, and it is

perhaps impossible, not to feel alarmed, sometimes, at the awful aspect of things. But still I feel an unwavering reliance on the goodness of Providence. I have, indeed, long ceased to have any reliance on mere politicians, and possibly, were I now called upon to act, I should feel conscientiously obliged to take a different part even from you. But between you and me, there can never be any uncomfortable difference of opinion, certainly none at all of principle. It is one of the happiest possible consolations, especially in times like the present, that there are some few spirits, more, probably, than we think, who are living for eternity. Such, I believe my friend * * * * * to be ; indeed I have reason to know it with certainty. And, with the exception of a very few private friends, he is the single political mover, in or out of power, in whom I am disposed to place reliance. But I am deeply satisfied, that all human reliance is, at best, uncertain. I look therefore to the Rock of Ages. We may, perhaps, have serious difficulties to encounter ; but we have the privilege and blessing of looking forward to the end. And my firm belief is, that we shall find, if we confidently and religiously look for them, even in these unsettled and unsettling times, some ‘glimpses,’ as I think Robert Hall calls them, ‘of a better futurity.’

My health and spirits are excellent, and I may say unvarying. We join in offering the best wishes of this holy and happy season for yourself, Lady Inglis, the good inmates of Milton Bryan, and all at Battersea Rise.

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,
Your most faithful and affectionate friend,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CII.

To Henry Sargent, Esq.

Leamington, Feb. 1. 1832.

MY DEAR SARGINT,

OUR intercourse is, indeed, renewed under most afflicting circumstances*: but I can never sufficiently express my sense of that kind presence of mind, which, at such a moment, led you to think of an absent friend.

The purpose of your letter was completely answered. It first conveyed the sad intelligence; and so judicious was your manner of breaking the dreadful tidings, that I was altogether saved from the bad consequences, which must have otherwise attended the abrupt disclosure of a newspaper. Our martyred and sainted friend was truly ripe for his removal; and there is something no less affecting than delightful in the fact, that his last work on earth, was to administer to his fellow creature, the comforts of our holy religion; and that his last companions were the Bible, and the book of common prayer. I am sure that his face was as the face of an angel; and that, like our blessed Lord, and like the first martyr, he prayed of God, in spirit, at least, not to lay this sin to the charge of his murderers . . ‘ Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.’ I am neither willing, nor well able, now to pursue this subject. More than two days have passed, since

* The murder, in a way at once the most savage and unprovoked, of their common friend, the late Rev. Irwin Whitty, Rector of Golden, in the Diocese of Cashel. C. F.

I received your letters, . . but I have scarcely been a moment free from a stunning sensation. My health, however, and my pulse, are not perceptibly affected : and I certainly could not have sustained such a shock a year ago. I never can forget your true friendship, at such a moment. How is poor Mrs. Whitty ? I am anxious to know.

Ever, my dear Sargint,
your unchanged friend,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CIII.

To Mrs Beatty.

East Hill, Wandsworth, March 27. 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR account of health, in so very sickly a season, is most truly gratifying. To have escaped even with a sharp attack, is, indeed, matter for thankfulness ; and I am glad to find you write in so good a tone of spirits. I am satisfied that there is no recipe, for persons of every condition, like pious confidence, and thankful hearts, with a due proportion of cheerfulness. For my own part, in the worst times, my spirits have never flagged ; and they are not now in the least cast down. Let me recommend to your attention the first lesson for Lady-day (the Annunciation). It is full of divine comfort : they call it apocryphal ; but, surely, if ever there was a lesson of inspired wisdom, it is there. This chapter was my best anodyne, near six years ago, when I lay, in Limerick, on the bed of

sickness and pain. May it, in all time of difficulty, be as effectual for you, my old friend!

The Remains (Phelan's), I think you know, have been already printed; some of the memoir is actually at press, and I steal time, from the composition of the remainder, to write this note. All will be printed, as I hope, in the course of next month.

All that I suffered, from the prevalent sickly season, was discomfort, and prudential confinement.

Ever, my dear Mrs. Beatty,

Your obliged and faithful friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CIV.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M.P.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Dec. 10. 1832.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

MAY I request that you will be good enough to hand the enclosed note, to the trustees of the fund for the redemption of Abbotsford? Independently of my private and very real value, for the manly virtues, and transcendent genius, of Sir Walter Scott, I really think this a great national object; and I feel myself under a personal obligation, for the many hours of sickness that have been cheered by him. The times look menacing; but come what may, 'while we have time,' it is good for us, according to our several means, to try to distribute.

Believe me, my dear friend,

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CV.

To the Rev. Walter F. Hook.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Dec. 14. 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

It seems a great while since I have written to, or heard from you, and I fear the fault has been altogether on my side; I have to offer in excuse only an occupation of mind, which, perhaps, I suffered to become too exclusive: but it has been always my course in literary matters, whatever have been my pursuits for the time being, to devote myself to them, and to be *totus in illis*. In this way, Burnet's lives got hold of me; and it was but yesterday that I received and corrected the last proof of an introduction to a new edition of them. They will soon, I hope, be offered for your acceptance. I have added pretty copious notes; rather select, I would hope, than numerous; and the collection of them has given me unmixed pleasure. Mr. Duncan has sent me a very handsome copy of your Lectures, and by your directions, offered to place any number of copies at my disposal; I have therefore taken three, and shall give them in a manner I think you would not disapprove.

Pray make my cordial remembrances to Mrs. Walter Hook, and, with the best regards of Mr. F., which were he forthcoming, he would send, believe me,

My dear Mr. Hook,

Your obliged and sincere friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CVI.

To the Rev. Walter F. Hook.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Feb. 20. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

FOR a week or ten days past, I have been again restored to my chair: but much of relaxation and debility yet remain, which can be removed only by time, and more bracing weather. Meantime, I am eagerly looking forward to the importation, from my Limerick library, of a relay of books, which will, I trust, be the precursor of fresh literary employment. I am delighted with your appreciation of Mr. Knox; and anticipate much good from the extension of his writings, and his example. I am much interested by your account of your friend Mr. * * * * *. It is one of the favourable signs of these troublous times, that there are so many unaffectedly good, and intellectually excellent laymen.

May I beg that you will return my grateful acknowledgments to Dr. Butler, for his interesting pamphlet: we are certainly on the eve of great changes. I hope, rather than confidently expect, that they may be considerably made; but perhaps we were near a stagnation, and needed some tempests to purify our atmosphere. When ‘fools rush in,’ it is well that such men as Dr. Butler should throw in some of the ballast and solidity of their experienced wisdom. I am ashamed, though such is the weakness of human nature, that I find it impossible not to be gratified by his very handsome compliment. I

fear if he knew me better, he would find ample reason materially to qualify his too partial estimate, for which, after all, I suspect myself principally indebted to the favourable reports of a friend of mine not many miles from Coventry.

I pray present my affectionate compliments to Mrs. W. Hook, and, when you have an opportunity, to your mother and sister.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

JOHN LIMERICK,

LETTER CVII.

To Joseph Massey Harvey, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, March 7. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR able and interesting account of the Temperance Society has not failed to interest me, as, I think, it ought to do. I have accordingly written to Dr. Forster, begging, that my name and subscription may be given, to that valuable institution; and, in the hope that others, and especially, the more influential among the clergy, may be similarly impressed with myself, I have taken the liberty of inclosing to him your letter; which most clearly, and forcibly, states the strong points of the case.

Dr. Ryan's letter does him great credit indeed; it is such, as becomes a good man, and a christian bishop. And it affords me real and deep gratification, whenever an object is proposed to our accept-

ance, in which persons of what persuasion soever, may, and should, conscientiously and zealously co-operate, for the promotion of good morals, and, indirectly at least, of religion also, among our fellow-men. These things seem to afford us glimpses, if not foretastes, of that better world, and happier state of being, where, I verily believe, many distinctions which now keep us separate, will vanish into thin air, whilst IN HIS LIGHT, WE SHALL SEE LIGHT !

The sight of your hand-writing, after so long an interval, gave me real pleasure. It was next to meeting an old and sincere friend. I never have forgotten the kind interest which you and your family showed, in 1827, during my illness ; and allow me to add, that about eighteen months ago, I sincerely sympathized with your privations. I now no less cordially sympathize in your thankfulness, both for mercies vouchsafed, and those occasional remembrances of mortality, which are good for us all. Of both one and other, since we parted, I have graciously had my share ; and, though much crippled in body, I thank God, I never was more active in mind. The great draw-back has been, and is, that performance of episcopal duties must, at least for a time, be relinquished : but this should be cheerfully submitted to, as coming from the Divine hand. Meantime, I would hope that the climate of this place (which peculiarly agrees with me), and the masterly skill of Sir Henry Halford, are gradually bringing about an improvement. One thing, at least, is encouraging ; the use of the electric fluid, which, three or four years ago, he was obliged to relinquish, as dangerously exciting, he has now been justified in again prescribing ; and, as the electrician thinks, with some prospect of final success. Our friend,

Mr. Forster, was much gratified by your kind recollection. He unites with me in hearty good wishes for you, and yours.

I remain, with sincerest respect and esteem,

Your grateful friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CVIII.

To a Friend.

East Hill, Wandsworth, April 13. 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH, for a long time, the state of my health, and since, the inevitable accumulation of business not to be postponed, have made me a very worthless correspondent, you have, at all times, and especially for the last two or three months, occupied a large portion of my thoughts ; and it has, at times, pressed more painfully on my mind than you can well imagine, that I was quite unable to express, even a portion of what I felt. I have not been unmindful of your wish, to know somewhat of Bishop Mant's publication 'On the Happiness of the Blessed ;' I procured it, and have read quite enough to satisfy me that it is well deserving of attention. I have just finished the third chapter, on 'the recognition of each other by the blessed,' . . and though it would not be difficult to find abundant passages, on that subject, more animated and glowing, there is a calm, equable, and sober conviction running through the whole of the Bishop's reasoning, likely to afford greater satisfac-

tion, to almost all minds, at some times, and to some minds, at any time, than more imaginative flights. The tone of the whole, as far as I have gone, does credit to the Bishop's piety; and, in some of the interspersed sonnets, there is a poetic conception and expression, which often reminds one of the sonnets of Milton, and which is, unquestionably superior to very many among the sonnets of Wordsworth. Take, for example, the following, and there are many such: . . .

THE RE-UNION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

There is a void in torn affection's heart
Which yearns to be supplied, on God's high will
Though it repose submissively, yet still
Of those who bore in its regards a part
The cherished forms it holds, as in a chart
Depicted, hoping He may yet fulfil
Their restitution. Pardon it if ill
Lurk in that hope, good Father! True thou art,
Thou sayest the just shall bliss in fulness prove,
And what thou sayest, thy bounty will provide:
And yet, meseems, the blissful souls above,
The sense of earth's sweet charities denied,
Might feel a craving in those realms of love,
By angel hosts, and patriarchs unsupplied.

Do you ever see the British Critic and Quarterly Theological Review? In the number which appeared the 1st of this month, there is an article on 'Burnet's Lives.' It speaks, I am sure with kind and honest intention, of me, though far too excessively. But I am delighted at the justice done to my inestimable friend, Mr. Knox, and so, I am sure, will many friends at * * * *. By letters received from many quarters, it would seem, that incalculable good has been done,

by the publication of his thoughts on christian preaching; and I anticipate much more.

Give our kind remembrances to all our friends at ***** , and believe me,

Your truly grateful and affectionate friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CIX.

To the Rev. Walter F. Hook.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Whitsun-Monday, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just seen your letter to our friend Mr. Forster, and cannot resist the desire of saying, that, thank God, I am in fair bodily, though of course rather increpid, health. But my mind, I thank him yet more fervently, is unclouded. And, even now, I have a prospect of more continuous and delightful labour, than I have enjoyed for thirteen years back. All that you say about good Bishop Low, is, to me, deeply interesting: ever since I was able to think on the subject, I have thought with reverence of the non-established episcopacy of Scotland; and my old feeling has certainly not been diminished by recent and passing events.

To the Kildare-Place Society, I never belonged, having some objections to its constitution; but I believe its publications are, at once, unexceptionable and useful. Its miscellaneous tracts are among the best I have seen.

Assure yourself of my undiminished interest in

yourself and Mrs. Hook; to her and to you, I venture to give a Bishop's blessing, and am, my dear Mr. Hook,

Your obliged and affectionate
Friend and servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CX.

To Sharon Turner, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Feb. 12. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM happy to be enabled, with my own pen, to return thanks for your kind inquiries, and to say, that, though not quite recovered from the effects of my late bilious affection, I am considerably better, and have good prospect of being soon quite restored. But how shall I thank you for your inestimable present?* It is indeed one of the most cheering signs of the present disjointed times, that so many worshippers of God, in spirit and in truth, are, especially among the lay part of the community, from time to time disclosing themselves: the country where things are so, must, in time, right itself: and, in the interim, we may well repose on the faithfulness of *Him* who careth for us. I received your book last night, and immediately, with great delight read your ‘Introductory Essay;’ you have brought together many

* Of a most instructive volume of characters and reflections, privately printed by Mr. Turner, more than twenty years before.

cheering examples of the influence of religion on powerful minds; their united force, to me, is irresistible; and the just weight which you give in the introduction, to the imperfect, but sincere opinions, of those who had lived carelessly, as well as the testimonies of those gentle worthies which you scatter throughout the work, are such as put to shame the weak devotion of many high professing christians.

Your approbation of my editorial productions, almost the only ones compatible with my present state of health, is deeply gratifying; and such testimonies are my best stimulus to perseverance in this humble, but useful department. You have excited my wish to become acquainted with your early companion, ‘Mrs. Burnet’s Devotions:’ my bookseller is in quest of it, but it is more difficult to be met with than I had imagined. Lately, I have been fortunate enough to procure a very full, and nearly complete collection of all Bishop Burnet’s works: 50 vols. folio, 4to. 8vo. et infra.

Allow me to intreat your acceptance of two books, which I lately caused to be printed. Townson was a private impression, which was about two years after re-printed for sale: the re-print of Scougal, How, and Cudworth, is, I trust, not unseasonable. I find an edition of a thousand copies of it, has appeared from the Protestant Episcopal press of New York.

Mr. Forster unites in the expression of sincere respect, esteem, and gratitude, with, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged, and very
faithful humble servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CXI. *

To James Duncan, Esq.

Saturday, Nov. 2. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

You know, that I always wish to have something on the stocks: now I have lately been thinking about the recommendation of my reviewer, in the British Critic for April last, reinforced as it has been, by the suggestions of my friend Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, that I should edit Bishop Berkeley's 'Minute Philosopher.' This, I am willing to try my hand upon: giving occasional and illustrative notes, as I have done to Burnet; therefore I should be much obliged by your getting for me the first edition (1732) of the Minute Philosopher, and having it interleaved in cloth boards. This I would print from; and preparing it properly, will give me pleasant employment, for six months.

Yours very truly,
JOHN LIMERICK.

* The *last* letter written by Bp. Jebb. C. F.

A P P E N D I X.

DIOCESES OF LIMERICK, ARDFERT, AND AGHADOE.

RULES RESPECTING ORDINATION.

No person can be ordained a Deacon, who has not completed his twenty-third, or a Priest, who has not completed his twenty-fourth year. Candidates are to exhibit certificates of their age.

The Bishop will ordain only for his own Dioceses ; and will not, in any case, grant Letters Dimissory.

No person will be received as a Candidate for Deacon's Orders, without a *bonâ fide* Nomination to a Cure, to be actually served by him, within the above-named United Dioceses : nor will any person be ordained a Priest, who is not, at the time, a Curate in the same.

Candidates will, before examination, be required to produce, both from the Universities wherein they have graduated, and from three beneficed Clergymen of good repute, testimonials of their life and doctrine. Deacons seeking to be priested, must exhibit their letters of orders.

Previously to the Chaplain's examination, Candidates will be tried by the Bishop himself, in their manner of reading the Liturgy, and in the plain grammatical construction of the Greek Testament. Should any Candidate fail in either of these particulars, there, so far as he is concerned, the trial must cease : for a deficiency in these prime essentials, no degree of preparation in other branches, can be allowed to atone.

At the close of the examination, each Candidate is to write on some theological question, to be proposed by the Bishop.

JOHN LIMERICK.

Dec. 22, 1823.

ORDINATION COURSE.

FOR DEACON'S ORDERS.

1. *Evidences of Christianity* : Grotius *de Veritate*. Dr. Paley.
Dr. Doddridge.
2. *Thirty-nine Articles* : Bishop Burnet's Exposition.

3. *Ecclesiastical History*: First four Centuries, and History of the Reformation; in Mosheim.
4. *Apostles' Creed*: Bishop Pearson's Exposition.
5. *Common Prayer*: Wheatly's Illustration. Shepherd's Elucidation.
6. *Introduction to Scripture*: Dr. Gray's Key to the Old Testament. Bishop Percy's Key to the New Testament.
7. *Greek Testament*: Four Gospels, and Acts of the Apostles; to be closely studied, with, at least, some one approved Commentator. A familiar acquaintance with the original text will be expected.
8. *Pastoral Care*: Bishop Burnet's Treatise.

FOR PRIEST'S ORDERS; *in addition to the above.*

Dr. Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*.

Dr. Prideaux's *Connexion*.

Bishop Butler's *Analogy*.

The Epistles in Greek; with some approved Commentator.

Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Books I. III. V.

Candidates are apprised, that any Gentleman coming insufficiently prepared, in any one book of the above list, cannot be presented for Ordination to the Bishop of Limerick.

Signed by order,

CHARLES FORSTER, B.D.

Dec. 22, 1823.

Examining Chaplain.

THE SONG OF MOSES. *Deuteronomium. xxxii.*

I.

MOSES.

Give ear, oh ye Heavens, and I will speak !
 And let the earth hear the words of my mouth.
 My doctrine shall distil as the rain,
 My speech shall flow as the dew ;
 As soft showers on the herbs,
 As thick drops upon the grass.
 Because I will publish the name of JEHOVAH,
 Ascribe ye greatness to our God !

II.

THE Rock ! His work is perfect,
 For all his ways are judgment :
 God is truth, and not iniquity ;
 Just and upright is He.
 They have corrupted themselves; not his, are the polluted
 children* ;
 A perverse and crooked generation !
 Do ye thus requite JEHOVAH,
 Oh foolish people, and unwise ?
 Is He not thy Father, who hath bought thee ?
 Hath he not made thee, and strengthened thee ?

III.

Remember the ancient days,
 Consider the years of generation upon generation ;
 Ask thy father, and he will show thee,
 Thine elders, and they will tell thee.
 When the Most High divided to the nations their settlements,
 When he separated the sons of *Adam* :
 He assigned the boundaries of the peoples,
 According to the number of the sons of *Israel* ;
 For, the portion of JEHOVAH is his people ;
 Jacob, the measuring-line of his inheritance.

* The reading which would authorize this rendering is sanctioned by the Samaritan, the Septuagint, and the Syriac, partly too by *Aquila*, *Symmachus*, and the *Vulgate*.

IV.

He found him in a desert land,
 And in a waste, howling wilderness :
He led him about, *He* instructed him,
He kept him as the apple of *His* eye.
 As the eagle stirreth up his nest,
 Hovereth about his brood,
 Spreadeth abroad his wings,
 Taketh them up,
 Carrieth them on his shoulder,
JEHOVAH, alone, did lead him,
 And with **HIM** was no strange God.

V.

He made him ride on the heights of the earth ;
 And he did eat the increase of the fields :
 And *He* made him imbibe honey from the rock,
 And oil from the rock of flint :
 Butter of kine, and milk of sheep,
 And fat of lambs and rams, the children of Basan,
 And goats, with the marrow of wheat ;
 And the blood of the grape thou drankest pure.
 But *Jeshurun* waxed fat, and spurned :
 Thou art waxen fat, gross, involved in fatness !
 He forsook the God that made him,
 And despised the *Rock* of his salvation.

VI.

They made him jealous with strange gods ;
 With abominations they provoked Him ;
 They sacrificed to devils, not to God,
 To gods whom they had not known ;
 To new gods, who have lately come up ;
 Your fathers did not fear them.
 Of the *rock* that begat thee thou art unmindful,
 And consignest to oblivion the God that brought thee forth.

VII.

And **JEHOVAH** saw ; and *He* rebuked with indignation
 His sons and his daughters ; and *He* said —

JEHOVAH.

‘ I will hide my face from them,
 I will see what shall be their end;
 For they are a generation of frowardnesses,
 Children in whom is no faith.

They have made me jealous, with that which is not God,
 They have provoked me with their vanities ;
 And I will make them jealous, with that which is not a people,
 With a foolish nation I will provoke them.’

VIII.

‘ For a fire is kindled in my fury,
 And shall burn to nethermost Hades ;
 And shall swallow up the earth with her fruits,
 And shall consume the foundations of the mountains.
 I will heap upon them calamities,
 Mine arrows I will spend upon them :
 Burnt with hunger, and devoured with fiery heat,
 And with bitter destruction.
 The tusk of wild beasts, I will also dispatch against them,
 With the venom of serpents of the dust.
 From without, the sword shall destroy,
 And from their inmost apartments, terror,
 Both the young man, and the virgin,
 The suckling, and the man of grey hairs.’

IX.

‘ I said, I would scatter them into corners,
 I would abolish from man their remembrance,
 Did I not fear the anger of the enemy,
 Lest their foes should be foolishly elated ;
 Lest they should say, . . ‘ Our hand is high, . .
 And it is not JEHOVAH who hath done all this.’
 For they are a nation void of counsel,
 Neither possess they any understanding.

X.

‘ O that they were wise ! That they understood this !
 That they would consider their latter end !
 How should one chase a thousand,
 And two put to flight ten thousand,
 If it were not that their Rock had sold them,
 And that JEHOVAH had shut them in !’

XI.

ISRAEL.

Truly not as our *Rock* is their rock :
 And be our enemies the judges :
 For, from the vine of Sodom, is their vine,
 And from the fields of Gomorrah :
 Their grapes are grapes of gall,
 Their clusters are bitter :
 Poison of dragons is their vine,
 And deadly* venom of aspics.'

XII.

JEHOVAH.

' Is not this laid up in store with me,
 Sealed up among my treasures ?
 To me belong vengeance and retribution ;
 In due time their foot shall stumble.
 For at hand is the day of their destruction ;
 And that which shall come upon them is hastening.'

XIII.

MOSES.

' Thus JEHOVAH will judge his people,
 And on his servants he will have compassion ;
 When he seeth that their hand is weak,
 That they are wasted, blocked up, and forsaken.'

XIV.

JEHOVAH.

And He shall say, ' Where are their gods ?
 The rock in which they trusted ?
 Who did eat the flesh of their sacrifices,
 Who drank the wine of their libations.†

* Or 'incurable.' This rendering is sanctioned by the *Samaritan*, the *Septuagint*, and *Vulgate*. It is said that asp's poison kills within three hours; and that there is no possibility of applying a remedy.

† See Lowth's translation of Isaiah, lvii. 6. lxv. 11. When the worship of the true God is spoken of, the term 'drink offering,' should, I conceive, be employed; when heathen worship, the term libation.

‘ Let them arise and help you,
 Let them be your protectors.
 Behold now, that I, even I,
 And no gods with me,
 I can kill, and make alive,
 I have pierced, and I will heal,
 And out of my hand, there is none that can deliver !’ }

XV.

‘ For I lift up to the heavens mine hand,
 And swear, As I live for ever, . . .
 So will I whet the lightning of my sword,
 And my hand shall grasp the weapons of judgment ;
 I will render vengeance unto my foes,
 And those who have hated me, I will recompense.
 I will make mine arrows drunk with blood,
 And my sword shall devour flesh,
 With the blood of the slain, and the captives,
 From the hairy * head of the foe.’

XVI.

CHORUS.

‘ Rejoice, O ye nations, with his people,
 For the blood of his servants he will avenge ;
 For he will render vengeance unto his foes ;
 And he will be merciful to the land of his people !’

PSALM CVII.

PROEM.

PRAISE ye JEHOVAH, for he is good,
 For everlasting is his mercy !
 Let the ransomed of Jehovah speak,
 Whom he hath redeemed from the hand of the foe ;
 And from the nations hath assembled them,
 From the east, and from the west; from the north, and from the
 sea.

* Perhaps ‘ scalped.’

NARRATION.

I.

They wandered in the desert, in the pathless waste,
A city of habitation they did not find ;
Famished with hunger, parched with thirst,
Their souls within them fainted.

Then they cried unto JEHOVAH in their trouble ;
Out of their afflictions He delivereth them ;
He led them forth by the right way,
That they might reach a city of habitation.

Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
For He hath satisfied the craving soul,
And the famished soul, He hath filled with goodness.

II.

The dwellers in darkness, and the shadow of death,
Bound in affliction, and in iron ;
Because they rebelled against the words of God,
And the counsel of the Highest they despised, . . .
Then He humbled with labour their heart,
They fell down . . . and there was not a helper.

Then they cried unto Jehovah in their trouble ;
Out of their afflictions, He delivereth them ;
He led them forth from darkness, and the shadow of death,
And their bonds, He burst asunder.

Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
For He hath destroyed the gates of brass,
And the bars of iron hath smitten asunder !

III.

Fools, for the way of their transgression,
And for their iniquities, are afflicted ;
All food their soul abhorreth.

They have even drawn near to the gates of death.
Then they cried unto JEHOVAH in their trouble,
Out of their troubles He delivereth them ;
He sendeth his word, and healeth them,
He snatcheth them out of their graves.

Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
And let them sacrifice the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And let them declare his works with rejoicing.

IV.

They who descend to the sea in ships,
 Who prosecute business in many waters ;
 These behold the works of JEHOVAH,
 Even his wonders in the deep !
 He speaketh, and raiseth the spirit of the tempest,
 And He exalteth the waves thereof.
 They climb the heavens, they sink to the abyss,
 Their soul is melted because of trouble,
 They reel and stagger like a drunken man,
 And all their wisdom is swallowed up.
 Then they cry unto JEHOVAH in their trouble,
 Out of their afflictions He delivereth them ;
 He maketh the tempest a calm,
 And the waves thereof are still :
 Then they rejoice because of the stillness,
 And He brought them to the haven of their wishes.

Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
 And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
 And let them exalt him, in the assembly of the people,
 And in the council of the elders, let them extol him !

CHORAL HYMN.

I.

He turneth rivers into a desert,
 And springs of water into drought ;
 The fruitful land into saltiness,
 For the wickedness of them who dwell therein.

II.

He turneth the desert into standing water,
 The thirsty land into water-springs ;
 And there he causeth the famished to dwell,
 And they prepare a city of habitation.

III.

And they sow fields, and they plant vineyards,
 And they yield fruits of increase ;
 And he blesseth them, and they multiply greatly,
 And their cattle he doth not diminish.

IV.

And they are minished, and brought low, by tyranny,
 By affliction, and sorrow of soul ;
 He poureth contempt on the tyrants,
 And maketh them wander in the pathless waste.

V.

And he raiseth the poor from misery,
 And giveth him families like a flock.
 The righteous behold and rejoice ;
 And all iniquity shall stop her mouth.

GRAND CHORUS.

Who is wise ? and he will ponder these things ;
 And they shall understand the mercies of JEHOVAH.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE 107TH PSALM.

This admirable composition is second, perhaps, to none of the sacred odes, in luminous arrangement, in justness of imagery, in suavity of style, and in all the graces which flow from a happy distribution of subject. It has been classed, by Bishop Lowth, among the Hebrew idyls, as distinguished by intercalary verses. And, on a close comparison, it will be found, also, to resemble the Pindaric ode; some of its divisions bearing no slight analogy to the strophe, antistrophe, and epode of the Greeks ; whilst it exhibits a fertility of invention, a quickness of transition, a conciseness and sententiousness of style, similar, but superior, to what have been accounted the characteristic excellencies of the Theban bard. We may particularly affirm of this poem, that it is eminently distinguished by that judicious selection, and happy combination, of the most appropriate, and natural circumstances, which Longinus ranks among the great sources of the sublime.

This ode naturally distributes itself into three unequal divisions : —

I. The proem, or introduction ; inviting the children of Israel to celebrate the manifold mercies of Jehovah.

II. The narration, or general statement of the subject ; which, in four stanzas of similar construction, evinces the goodness of God, by his affording present help, to those who devoutly seek it :

1. To wanderers in a desert, oppressed with hunger and thirst ;
2. to those bound in prison ; 3. to persons languishing in sickness ;
4. to mariners, in danger of shipwreck.

III. A choral hymn of praise, giving a nearer view, and a more minute detail, of those providential mercies, which peculiarly respected the children of Israel.

The proem speaks for itself.

In the narration, towards the middle of each stanza, there is an intercalary couplet, which most beautifully, and emphatically marks the transition, from extreme distress, to deliverance, and joyful triumph ; and which is uniformly followed by two, or more lines, stating the precise nature, and absolute fulness, of the relief afforded. To this, most naturally, succeeds another intercalary couplet, expressing the great end and object of the poem, . .

‘ Let them praise Jehovah for his mercy,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men.’

Each stanza, then, closes with a varied couplet ; in the first two recapitulating God’s mercy ; in the last two, exciting men, by amplified exhortation, to celebrate that mercy.

The choral hymn, is most judiciously distributed into smaller portions ; and is thus, at once, adapted to a more minute and special detail of circumstances, as well as to the purposes of alternate recitation. That this branch of the poem is, in reality, a choral hymn, I conceive may be pronounced from the strongest internal evidence. The praise of Jehovah, is the great object of the sacred poet ; he never loses sight of it. The proem is a most animated, and heart-awakening invitation to this praise ; each succeeding stanza not only renewes the invitation, but so affectingly exhibits the divine goodness, that every hearer, of common sensibility, must feel an inward disposition for acts of praise ; and the fourth stanza, especially, concludes with this requisition of gratitude and joy : . .

‘ Let them praise Jehovah for his goodness,
And his wonders wrought in favour of men ;
And let them exalt him, in the assembly of the people,
And in the council of the elders, let them extol him !’

What, then, could be more natural, what more accordant with the great design of the psalmist, than that the whole congregation should immediately break forth in singing . . that the elders, from their division of the temple, and the people, in their places,

should alternately chant the succeeding quatrains, and that both should unite with pious exultation, in the concluding couplet, which most emphatically conveys the moral of this noble ode?

It remains to be observed that, in the first two stanzas of the narration, there are beautiful references to the passage of the Israelites through the wilderness, and to the Babylonish captivity. It is curious that these great events are absolutely specified in the Chaldee paraphrase; which thus speaks: . . ‘Concerning the people of the house of Israel, he prophesied, and said, ‘They wandered in the desert, in the pathless waste,’ &c. And again, ‘Concerning Zedekiah, and the princes of Israel, who were captives in Babylon, and dwelt in darkness, and the shadow of death,’ &c. &c.

These two stanzas, then, confessedly relating to the history and circumstances of the Jewish nation alone; and the last two, no less evidently celebrating those providential mercies, which are common to men of all countries, . . with what happy fitness is it ordered, that the choral hymn should amplify the topics of the two former, as coming more directly home to the business and bosoms, to the feelings and the piety, of a jewish congregation? God’s general mercies had been already most nobly celebrated; but the special favour of Jehovah, to his own peculiar nation, was surely the most appropriate topic for a choral hymn of praise, . . ‘in the assembly of the people, and in the council of the elders.’

In the following notes, it shall be my chief object to remark such beauties, as flow from the arrangement and structure of this sacred poem; to point out the nice adaptation and congruity of its parts; to illustrate its exquisitely natural imagery, by similar, though, generally, far inferior passages from the ancients; in a word, to offer such observations, as would probably be made by a commentator, on his favourite classic.

NOTES ON THE 107TH PSALM.

Line 6. ‘And from the sea.’] In the Old Testament, this generally signifies the Mediterranean, which lies west of Judea. Here, however, it must signify the Red Sea, which is situated south of Judea. See also, Ps. lxx. 8. cxiv. 3.

Line 7. ‘They wandered,’ &c.] In the vast deserts which bordered on Judea, to wander from the right path, was equivalent

to certain death, not only from the pressure of famine, but from the attacks of ravenous wild beasts. In that sublime ode, Deuteronomy, xxxii., the first instance of God's providential care is, his finding out Israel *in his wanderings*:—

‘ He found him in a desert land,
And in a waste howling wilderness.’

Lines 13, 14. ‘ He led them forth,’ &c.] There is a beautiful antithetical parallelism, between these, and lines 7, 8., which may be most clearly illustrated, by simply placing them together: . . .

‘ They wandered in the desert, in the pathless waste,
A city of habitation they did not find.
He led them forth by the right way,
That they might reach a city of habitation.’

Lines 17, 18, ‘ For he hath satisfied,’ &c.] The wanderers had been represented (lines 11, 12.), so exhausted by the extremity of hunger and thirst, that their very souls inwardly fainted. Thirst, implying the most violent torture, is put last. In this couplet, full relief is afforded to both wants. And, as that which was most grievous, was naturally the most craving, the order is reversed: first, the thirsty soul, then, the famished soul, is completely satisfied. In the structure of this couplet, the original exhibits a beauty, which commentators have not been aware of; and which I have endeavoured not wholly to lose, in the present version: a beauty the more worthy of observation, as it not only frequently recurs, in this poem, but constitutes a remarkable feature in Hebrew poetry. Couplets, it is well known, are commonly so constructed, that the lines may be alternately sung, by the opposite divisions of the choir. When, therefore, one line closes with an important word, it is so managed, in numberless instances, that the antiphonal line of the couplet shall commence with a word, or expression, precisely parallel: Which is exactly according to nature; for, if you present an object to a mirror, that part of it which is farthest from you, will appear nearest in the reflected image. Here, for example, one side of the choir sings, . . .

‘ For he hath satisfied the craving soul,’
The other immediately replies, . . .
‘ And the famished soul he hath filled with goodness.’
Again, at the close of the next stanza, one side sings, . . .
‘ For he hath destroyed the gates of brass,’

The other answers, . .

‘ And the bars of iron hath he smitten asunder.’

This construction is peculiarly suitable to the close of a stanza, because it generally enables the writer to leave behind him the impression of a full and complete effect. To exemplify, from the two cases just adduced. The rapid succession, and duplication, of ‘ *the craving soul*,’ and ‘ *the famished soul*,’ . . while it marks the extremity of the past affliction, is abundantly counterpoised by the satisfactory termination, . .

‘ He hath filled with goodness.’

Had the couplet been written thus, . .

‘ For he hath satisfied the craving soul,

And he hath filled with goodness the famished soul,’

it is evident, that the impression of relief would be very incomplete, the idea of famine being suffered to remain behind.

In like manner, had it been written, . .

‘ For he hath destroyed *the gates of brass*,

And hath smitten asunder *the bars of iron*,’

it cannot surely be said, that a thorough sense of enlargement would have been produced. The bars would still have been clanking in our ears. But the sacred poet has evinced no less sound judgment, than poetical invention. He has not only caught the most characteristic features of his subject, but arranged his very terms, precisely as they should be arranged; and the effect is, that whoever can enter into the spirit of this divine ode, is ready to praise Jehovah for his mercy, because the famished is abundantly satisfied, the captive is completely restored to liberty.

Lines 21, 22. ‘ Because they rebelled,’ &c.] Another example of the same construction which has been just dwelt upon. Though this couplet be not the close of a stanza, the arrangement is here peculiarly proper. The object is, pointedly to express the ingratitude, and daring presumption of rebels, against their most gracious Benefactor; therefore, the climax of their iniquity is reserved for the last.

‘ And the counsel of the Highest they despised.’

A distribution most naturally introductory of what follows, . .

‘ Then he humbled, with labour, their heart.’

The punishment is made instantly to follow this aggravated baseness.

Lines 27, 28, 31, 32.] Here, there is the same happy correspondence, between the exigence and the relief, as in the last stanza. Compare lines 19, 20, 23. The antithesis is perfect, but quite unforced and natural.

Line 33. ‘Fools, for the way of their transgression.’] Among the Jews, diseases were very commonly sent, as a providential chastisement. See, especially, Deuteron. xxviii. 21, 22. When our Lord had miraculously cured the disabled man, at the pool of Bethesda, he dismissed him with these words, . . Ιδε, ἐγινης γεγονας μυηκετι ἀμαρτανε ἵνα μη χειρον τι σαι γενηται. ‘Behold, thou art made whole; sin no more, lest something worse come upon thee.’ And, even under the Christian dispensation, the apostles had the power of miraculously inflicting diseases, and even death, upon offenders. To this, St. Paul expressly refers, 1 Cor. xi. 30.

Line 35. ‘All food their soul abhorreth.’] This is exquisitely natural. Who that has been confined to a sick bed, does not feel its force? The same thought is beautifully amplified, by one of the earliest sacred writers: —

‘He is chastened, also, with pain upon his bed,
And the multitude of his bones with strong pain:
His life abhorreth bread,
And his soul delicate food;
His flesh is consumed, which was seen,
And his bones stand out, which were not seen:
His soul hath drawn near to the grave,
And his life to the destroyers.’

Job, xxxiii. 20 . . 22.

Lines 37 . . 40.] It would be injustice not to refer to Job, xxxiii. 24 . . 26.

Lines 43, 44.] In the closing couplet, the same structure is not observed, as at the termination of the last two stanzas; the reason is obvious; this line,

‘Let them declare his works with rejoicing,’

sends the auditory to immediate acts of praise, with joy in their hearts.

How different would be the effect, if the couplet ran thus: . .

‘And let them sacrifice, the sacrifices of thanksgiving,
And with rejoicing let them declare his works.’

The same precept, indeed the same words, are here; but the life and spirit are fled!

Line 45. ‘They who descend to the sea.’] ‘Mare, immensum potentiae occultae documentum, ut prorsus, nec aliud ultra quæri debeat, nec par aut simile possit inveniri.’ Plin.

‘The sea is an immeasurable evidence of unseen power; none beyond it should be sought, . . . neither can any equal or similar be found.’

And, doubtless, this observation is true, if it be limited to the exercise of divine power in the material world, with which Pliny was best acquainted, and of which his subject naturally led him to treat.

I cannot deny myself the gratification of here inserting Addison’s just and beautiful panegyric, on this passage of the psalmist.

‘As I have made several voyages upon the sea, I have been often tossed in storms, and, on that occasion, have frequently reflected on the descriptions of them in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recommends one in Homer, because the poet has not amused himself with little fancies upon the occasion, as authors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had done; but because he has gathered together those circumstances, which are the most apt to terrify the imagination, and which really happen in the raging of a tempest. It is for the same reason that I prefer the following description of a ship in a storm, which the psalmist has made, before any other I have ever met with.

‘How much more comfortable, as well as rational, is this system of the psalmist, than the pagan scheme, in Virgil and other poets; where one deity is represented as raising a storm, and another as laying it. Were we only to consider the sublime, in this piece of poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Being, thus raising a tumult among the elements, and recovering them out of their confusion; thus troubling, and becalming nature?’ . . *Spec. No. 489.*

Line 51. ‘They climb the heavens, they sink to the abyss.’] It would be easy to accumulate passages, expressing the same idea, from Virgil, Ovid, Lucan, &c. It is sufficient, however, to select one; at least as poetical as any that are omitted.

‘Tollimus in cœlum curvato gurgite: et iidem
Subductâ ad manes imos descendimus undâ.

Virgil, AEn. iii. 564.

‘To heaven, aloft, on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide.’

Dryden.

Too little is here left to the imagination of the reader; the poet has thought it necessary to explain the *cause* of the ascent and descent; and, by so doing, has detracted from the terror of the description. How inferior to the conciseness, the vehemence, the dignified simplicity, of the sacred poet!

Line 53. ‘They reel and stagger.’] In the following lines, there is a more amplified, but less picturesque use of the same image . . .

‘ Because of the prophets, my heart is broken within me,
Violently shaken are all my bones;
I am become as a drunken man,
And like a man whom wine hath subdued.’

Jeremiah, xxiii. 9.

Lines 57, 58. ‘He maketh the tempest a calm.’] This, at once, reminds us of that manifestation of divine power, which clearly evinced our blessed Lord to be, indeed, the same God celebrated by the psalmist. I quote St. Mark’s description, because it is exactly in the form and spirit of Hebrew poetry, . . . while the parallel passages (St. Matt. viii. 26. St. Luke, viii. 24.) are manifestly prosaic.

Καὶ διεγέρθεις, επετιμησε τῷ ανεμῷ,
Καὶ εἰπε τῇ θαλασσῇ, σιωπά, πεφίμωσο.
Καὶ εκοπασεν ὁ ανεμός,
Καὶ εγενετο γαληνη μεγαλη.

Marc. iv. 39.

‘ And having arisen, he rebuked the wind,
And said unto the sea, Peace, be mute;
And the wind ceased,
And there was a great calm.’

This surely is matchless. Perhaps the following passage, is the nearest approach to it, in any classical author.

‘ Permitte divis cætera, qui simul
Stravere ventos æquare fervido
Depræliantes; nec cupressi,
Nec veteres agitantur orni.’* *Horat. Od. ix. lib. 1.*

* In this beautiful passage, one cannot help lamenting, that the effect is diminished, by want of proper attention to the collocation of the words, a blemish, the very reverse of the excellence, which has been pointed out in the note on lines 17. and 18. Matters should have been so managed, that ‘ simul

‘ Then, to the guardian powers divine,
The cares of future life resign :
For, when the warning winds arise,
And o'er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak, and lo ! the tempest dies ;
On the smooth bosom of the deep,
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.’

stravere’ should have immediately preceded ‘ nec cupressi.’ As it is, we have ‘ the winds warring’ with the ‘ fervid ocean,’ after the storm has been laid; and whilst this elemental conflict is raging, . . we are told, . . that not even the sensitive mountain ash is agitated.

Horace, when he pleases, can arrange his terms far more judiciously. See Ode 28. Book i. lines 4. 6.

SELECT WORTHIES
OF
THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

CONTENTS.

1. 1549. ... 1622. Sir Henry Savile, knight.
2. 1570. ... 1641. Bishop Bedel.
3. 1575. ... 1640. Dr. Thomas Jackson.
4. 1580. ... 1656. Archbishop Ussher.
5. 1584. ... 1656. John Hales, of Eton.
6. 1586. ... 1638. Joseph Mede, B. D.
7. 1593. ... 1683. Isaac Walton.
8. 1604. ... 1691. Dr. Pocock.
9. 1608. ... 1661. Dr. Thomas Fuller.
10. 1609. ... 1683. Dr. Whichcote.
11. 1611. ... 1684. Archbishop Leighton.
12. 1612. ... 1686. Bishop Pearson.
13. 1613. ... 1667. Bishop Taylor.
14. 1614 ... 1687. Dr. Henry More.
15. 1617 ... 1688. Dr. Ralph Cudworth.
16. 1617 ... 1675. Dr. Lightfoot.
17. 1618. ... 1652. Mr. John Smith, of Cambridge.
18. 1618. ... 1671. Dr. John Worthington.
19. 1626. ... 1707. Bishop Patrick.
20. 1627. ... 1691. Honourable Robert Boyle.
21. 1630. ... 1677. Dr. Isaac Barrow.
22. 1634. ... 1709. Bishop Bull.
23. 1637. ... 1710. Bishop Ken.
24. 1642. ... 1727. Sir Isaac Newton.
25. 1643. ... 1713. Bishop Burnet.
26. 1650. ... 1678. Mr. Henry Scougal.
27. 1650. ... 1729. Archbishop King.
28. 1653. ... 1716. Dr. South.
29. 1653. ... 1695. Mr. Kettlewell.
30. 1654. ... 1714. Archbishop Sharp.
31. 1676. ... 1715. John Norris, of Bemerton.
32. 1678. ... 1761. Bishop Sherlock.
33. 1692. ... 1762. Archbishop Secker.
34. 1706. ... 1787. Philip Skelton.
35. 1709. ... 1783. Sir Eardley Wilmot, knight.
36. 1710. ... 1787. Bishop Lowth.
37. 1726. ... 1799. William Jones, of Nayland.
38. 1730. ... 1792. Bishop Horne.
39. 1731. ... 1808. Bishop Porteus.
40. 1732. ... 1807. Mr. William Stevens.
41. 1734. ... 1813. Granville Sharp.
42. 1747. ... 1831. Dr. Hales.

SELECT WORTHIES

OF

THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

I. SIR HENRY SAVILE, knight. Born, 1549 : Died, 1622.

SIR HENRY SAVILE, one of England's chief literary benefactors, was second son of Henry, second son of John Savile, of New Hall, in the county of York, esquire. His mother was Elizabeth*, daughter of Robert Ramsden, gentleman. He was born at Bradley, in the township of Stainland, and parish of Halifax, on the thirtieth of November, 1549.

At about eleven years of age, in the beginning of 1561, he was admitted at Brasen-nose College, Oxford ; and commenced bachelor of arts, on the fourteenth of January, 1565.† On which occasion, though little more than a 'boy-bachelor,' he performed, before an admiring auditory, considerably more than the accustomed exercises ; thus establishing, what he ever after sustained, a just reputation for scholarship and dialectic skill. About that time, he was elected probationer-fellow of Merton college, along with the once celebrated Edmund Bunney.‡ In 1570, he proceeded master of arts ; having qualified for that degree, by learnedly reading on the Almagest of Ptolemy ; thereby extending his fame, both as a sound scholar, and as no ordinary mathematician : of his

* So the *Biographia Britannica*, after Wood. Mr. Chalmers (Gen. Biogr. Dict.), it is presumed erroneously, calls her Ellen.

† Wood, *Fasti*.

‡ Afterward noted as an extempore preacher ; and jocularly said to have a *divinity squirt*. He did good service, however, in freeing 'Parson's Christian Directory' from the errors of the church of Rome. See *Bliss's Wood. Ath. Oxon.* ii. 219 . . 224.

attainments in this latter department, indeed, he soon gave public proof, by delivering a voluntary course of lectures, to the students of the university. He now daily added to his academic weight ; and was elected proctor for two successive years, 1575—6 : an unusual, and honourable distinction, at a time when the proctors were selected from the university at large, not, as now, taken, according to a pre-determined cycle, from particular colleges.

Soon after, (in 1578) he visited the Continent : not, we may be assured, from idle curiosity, nor in pursuit of mental dissipation, but to improve both mind and manners, by curious inquiry, and attentive observation. Doubtless, he recollects the weighty saying of Ascham, that ‘ Ulysses is not commended, so much, nor so oft, in Homer, because he was Πολύτροπος, that is, *skilful in many men's manners and fashions*, as because he was Πολύμητις, that is, *wise in all purposes, and ware in all places* : which wisdom and wareness will not serve a traveller, except Pallas be always at his elbow ; that is, *God's special grace from heaven, to keep him in God's fear, in all his doings, in all his journey.*’ *

In the course of this excursion, he commenced an intimacy with several learned foreigners ; and, through their good offices, obtained many rare and valuable manuscripts ; or, where this was not practicable, accurate copies of them. This object attained, he returned to England, not only unspoiled by travel, but a man of high super-added accomplishments. He was now appointed tutor to queen Elizabeth ; or, as it has been otherwise, and, perhaps, more accurately expressed, he read greek and mathematics with her majesty ; who had a great esteem for him.

In 1585, he was chosen warden of Merton college : and, thus, on the happiest terms, renewed his intercourse with a society, which he had always esteemed and loved. During six-and-thirty years, he governed it with exemplary firmness and integrity ; and raised its character for learning, and all good literature, by choosing,

* ‘ Scholemaster ;’ *Ascham's Works*, 248. Ed. Bennett. First published, 1571. Savile, therefore, had certainly read it before his continental tour ; and probably made it his travelling companion. He could not, however, have seen Tate and Brady’s version of the hundred and twenty-first psalm ; the sentiments, and very structure, of the last verse of which, are powerfully recalled, by Ascham’s beautiful expressions : . . .

At home, abroad, in peace or war,
Thy God shall thee defend ;
And guide thee through life's pilgrimage,
Safe to thy journey's end.

at the stated periods of election, the best and most disciplined scholars.* It is mentioned, to his honour, that he administered his important trust ‘with the utmost care, and with a diligence, more, almost, than human, by day and by night.’† His sagacity was frequently accredited by the future eminence of those who were the early objects of his patronage. Among these, it would be injustice not to signalize two eminent scholars, . . . Reynolds ‡, afterward bishop of Norwich, and Earle §, afterwards successively bishop of Worcester and Salisbury.

* A similar instance of conscientious integrity, (the more remarkable, because directly opposed to his puritanical bias,) is recorded of Dr. Anthony Tuckney; first the tutor, then the opponent, and at all times the friend, of the excellent and philosophic Whicheote . . . ‘In his elections at St. John’s, [Cambridge; of which college he was master,] when the president, according to the eant of the times, would call upon him to have regard to the godly, the master answered, no one should have greater regard to the truly godly than himself: but he was determined to choose none but scholars; adding, very wisely, they may deceive me in their godliness, but they cannot in their scholarship.’ . . . Preface to eight letters annexed to Whicheote’s Aphorisms.

† ‘Summa curâ, et diligentia fere plusquam humanâ, perdius et pernox.’ Reg. ii. act. soc. coll. Merton, p. 217.

‡ Edward Reynolds, D.D. Born 1599. Bishop of Norwich, 1661. Died, 1676. His progress it is not quite comfortable to dwell upon. His works, however, are able; and Sir Thomas Brown assures us, ‘that he was a person of singular affability, meekness, and humility; of great learning: a frequent preacher, and a constant resident.’ *Repertorium of the cathedral church of Norwich.*

His besetting weakness seems to have been an over-pliability of character; to this, most of his aberrations may be traced.

§ John Earle, D.D. Born at York, 1601; entered at Merton, Oxford, 1620; M.A. 1624; dean of Westminster, 1660; bp. of Worcester, 1660; bp. of Salisbury, 1663; died, at Oxford, 1665.

‘Dr. Earle was a contemner of the world, religious, and most worthy of the office of a bishop. He was a person, also, of the sweetest and most obliging nature, that lived in our age; and since Mr. Richard Hooker died, none have lived, whom God hath blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper, than he.’ . . . *Walton’s Lives*, 4to. 269. *Bliss’s Wood*. iii.712.

‘He was the man of all the clergy, for whom the king [Charles II.] had the greatest esteem. He had been his sub-tutor, and followed him in all his exile, with so clear a character, that the king could never see or hear of any thing amiss in him. So he, who had a secret pleasure in finding out any thing that lessened a man esteemed for piety, yet had a value for him, beyond all men of his order.’ . . . *Burnet. Own Times*, i. 225. Ed. Routh.

‘He was a person very notable for his elegance in the greek and latin tongues; and, being fellow of Merton college in Oxford, and having been proctor of the university, and some very witty pieces having been published

He was appointed provost of Eton, in 1596 ; and materially advanced its reputation, by raising to its fellowship the most distinguished men that he could find : of these, the ever-memorable John Hales * (usually styled of Eton), was the coryphæus. It is said, however, that, among the young scholars, the provost incurred some odium, by strictness, severity, and a disrelish for those who were accounted ‘ sprightly wits.’† It should, however, in fairness, be considered, what abominable coarseness passed for wit, in those days. Nor, with the manners of the times in view, can we wonder, that so refined a man as Savile, was used to say, . . . ‘ Give me the plodding student : if I would look for wits, I would go to Newgate ; there be the wits.’ We are told, that the only scholar he ever accepted as recommended for a wit, was John Earle, afterwards bishop of Sarum. But it may well be questioned, whether, as the narrative would seem to intimate, *wit alone*, was the ground of recommendation, from so grave a character as Dr. Goodwin of Christ-church (for he was the alledged recommender), to the learned and laborious editor of S. Chrysostom. Surely, the mere reputation of precocious flippancy, . . . and, in Earle’s dawn of life, before

without his consent, though known to be his, [probably his ‘ Mierocosmography,’] he grew suddenly into a very general esteem with all men ; being a man of great piety and devotion ; a most eloquent and powerful preacher ; and of a conversation so pleasant and delightful, so very innocent and so very facetious, that no man’s company was more desired, and more loved. No man was more negligent, in his habit and mien ; no man more wary and cultivated, in his behaviour and discourse ; insomueh that he had the greater advantage when he was known, by promising so little before he was known. He was an excellent poet in latin, greek, and english, as appears by many pieces yet abroad. Though he suppressed many more himself, especially of english, incomparably good, out of an austerity to those sallies of his youth. He was very dear to the lord Falkland, with whom he spent as mueh time, as he could make his own ; and, as that lord would impute the speedy progress he had made in the greek tongue, to the information and assistance he had from Mr. Earles, [sic] so, Mr. Earles, would frequently profess, that he had got more useful learning, by his conversation at Tew, (the lord Falkland’s house,) than he had at Oxford. He was amongst the few excellent men, who never had, nor ever could have an enemy, but such an one, as was an enemy to all learning and virtue, and, therefore, would never make himself known.’ . . . *Lord Clarendon. Life*, 51. Oxford, 1761.

* A sketch of his life and character will be found, in the fifth article of this work.

† Aubrey, ii. 525. Mr. Gifford well observes, that ‘ all governors were severe, in those days.’ . . . ‘ Aubrey,’ he adds, ‘ has other complaints ; but his idle stories are the mere gossip of the day.’ . . . *Ben Jonson’s Works*, viii. 207.

he was even an Eton school-boy, it could have been nothing more, . . . would have been a strange title for admission, to a royal seminary. The hearsay evidence of no very exact narrator (no more can be said of Mr. Aubrey's testimony), will scarcely be received, to the disparagement of one, whose whole life was devoted to the pursuit, and encouragement, of useful and ornamental learning. And, after all, Savile's preference of the 'plodding student,' to the 'newgate wit,' is but a lively version, of the judgment passed, by one of the profoundest scholars, and most playful geniuses, whom England ever saw; this, as it is in few hands, yet applicable to all times, the reader will, probably, thank me for extracting below, though at some length.*

James the First, on his accession to the crown of England, peculiarly relished the learning and attainments of Savile. Indeed, we have the authority, as Wood expresses it, of 'our ancients†,' of those most experienced in the ways of courts, for saying, that the

* 'Quick wits be, in most part of all their doings, over-quick, hasty, rash, heady, and brain-sick. In youth, they be ready scoffers, privy mockers, and ever over-light and merry: in age, soon testy, very waspish, and always over-miserable. They be like trees, that show forth fair blossoms, and broad leaves, in spring time; but bring out small, and not very long-lasting fruit, in harvest-time: and *that*, only such as fall and rot, before they be ripe; and so, never, or seldom, come to any good at all. For this ye shall find most true by experience, that, amongst a number of quick wits in youth, few be found, in the end, either very fortunate for themselves, or very profitable to serve the commonwealth. . . Contrariwise, a youth that is not over-dull, heavy, knotty, and lumpish, but hard, tough, and somewhat staffish, . . . such a wit, I say, both for learning, and whole course of living, proveth always the best. In wood and stone, not the softest, but the hardest, be aptest for portraiture; both fairest for pleasure, and most durable for profit. Hard wits be hard to receive, but sure to keep; painful without weariness, heedful without wavering, constant without new-fangledness; bearing heavy things though not lightly, yet willingly; entering hard things, though not easily, yet deeply; and so, come to that perfectness of learning in the end, that quick wits seem in hope, but do not, indeed, or else very seldom, attain unto. Also for manners and life, hard wits, commonly, are hardly carried, either to desire every new thing, or else to marvel at every strange thing: and, therefore, they be careful and diligent in their own matters, not curious and busy in other men's affairs; and so, they become wise themselves, and also, are counted honest by others. They be grave, steadfast, silent of tongue, secret of heart. Not hasty in making, but constant in keeping, any promise. Not rash in uttering, but ware in considering any matter: and thereby, not quick in speaking, but deep of judgement, whether they write or give counsel, in all weighty affairs. *And these* be the men, that become, in the end, both most fortunate in themselves, and always best esteemed abroad in the world.' R. Ascham. 'Scholemaster.' *Works*, 207 . . 209.

† *Athenæ Oxonienses.*

king would most willingly have advanced him, either in church or state. But modest, retiring, and unambitious in his nature, he declined all such overtures * ; and accepted but the honour of knighthood, which his majesty conferred upon him, at Windsor Castle, on the twenty-first of September, 1604. Much about this year, soon, probably, after he was knighted, he lost his only son Henry, who died at the age of eight years. Thus bereaved of that sweet hope, which the greatest men have most affectionately cherished, and often most pathetically mourned over †, he exclusively devoted that fortune, a large portion of which he had always applied munificently, to the promotion of good letters. He sought out manuscripts; he edited and published books; he fostered hopeful students; he endowed scientific establishments; and by such noble acts he has made his memory honourable, ‘not only among the learned, for ever; but even till the general conflagration shall consume all books and learning.’ ‡

In 1619, he founded at Oxford two professorships; one in geometry, the other in astronomy; appointing for each, a salary of an hundred and sixty pounds a year; besides making an additional bequest of six hundred pounds, to purchase lands for the like uses. This munificence was peculiarly judicious and seasonable: for, at that time, scholastic learning and polemical divinity were almost exclusively cultivated, and in Sir Henry’s deed of gift, it is expressly declared, that ‘geometry was then almost unknown and abandoned in England.’ And, perhaps, if there had not, at that

* Savile, in quietness of mind and heart, much resembled his great successor Sir Henry Wotton. He did not, indeed, like this humble spirit, assume the office of deacon, in the church. But it has been justly said, that, in purity, and elevation, he was truly a ‘*lay bishop*.’ And he might have well anticipated the language of Wotton, when congratulated by a friend on entering into holy orders: . . ‘I thank God, and the king, by whose goodness I am now in this condition; a condition which that emperor, Charles V., seemed to approve; who, after so many remarkable victories, when his glory was great in the eyes of all men, freely gave up his crown, and the many cares that attended it, making a holy retreat to a cloistered life; where he might, by devout meditations, consult with God; and have leisure, both to examine the errors of his life past, and prepare for that great day, wherein all flesh must make an account of their actions. And I daily magnify God, for this peculiar mercy, of a quiet mind, and a liberal maintenance; when my age and infirmities seem to sound me a retreat, from the pleasures of this world; and invite me to contemplation, wherein I have ever taken the greatest felicity.’ . . *Zouch’s Walton’s Lives*. 164.

† Who does not know, almost by heart, Mr. Burke’s tribute to the memory of his son?

‡ Bishop Mountague. ‘*Diatribæ*’ upon Selden’s history of tithes.

time, arisen a Savile, there might not have sprung up, within less than half a century, a Barrow, and a Newton. The celebrated Briggs * was the first geometry professor on his foundation. But Aubrey †, on the authority of Bishop Ward ‡, says, ‘ that he first sent to Gunter § for that purpose ; who, coming with his sector and quadrant, fell to resolving of triangles, and doing a great many fine things ; then, said the grave knight, Do you call this reading of geometry ? this is shewing of tricks, man : and so, dismissed him with scorn, and sent for Briggs.’ Whatever may be the minute accuracy of this curious story, it carries internal evidence of general truth. It strongly marks Sir Henry’s dislike, of all pretension of display ; and every thing, that could justly be termed the quackery of science : but, not impossibly, it may have retained a tincture of discourteousness and austerity, foreign to his accomplished mind, from the coarse medium through which it has been transmitted.

He gave his collection of mathematical books, ‘ to a peculiar little library, belonging to the Savilian professors || ;’ also an hundred pounds to the mathematical chest ; adding a further legacy, to the same chest, to the university, and to his professors jointly ; he bestowed, likewise, an hundred and twenty pounds, towards rebuilding the schools ; several rare manuscripts and printed books, to the Bodleian library ; and a quantity of matrices and greek types, to the printing-press at Oxford. Part of the endowment of the professorship was the manor of Little Hayes, in Essex.

Finally, having lived beyond the ordinary term of man’s life, and done many generous and noble acts, for the benefit of learning, and learned men, he peacefully departed in Eton College, on the nineteenth day of February, sixteen hundred and twenty-two ; and was interred in the chapel of that college, near the remains of his

* Henry Briggs. Born in 1556, or 1560. Died, 1630. See Ward’s lives of the Gresham professors, 120 . . 129.

† Aubrey’s Lives, vol. ii.

‡ Seth Ward, D.D. successively bishop of Exeter and Salisbury. Born, 1618. Died, 1689.

§ Edmund Gunter: a celebrated practical mathematician. Born, 1581. Died, 1626.

|| Aubrey. Of this gift, Sir Henry himself tells Mr. Camden, . . ‘ I, for my part, have cleared my study of all the mathematical books, which I had gathered in so many years and countries ; greek and latin printed and manuscript : but with express charge, that they may make use of them, if there be any thing of worth in them, but never to set out any thing of mine in print.’

son Henry.* He left one only daughter, Elizabeth, married to Sir John Sedley, of Kent, baronet; himself, like his father-in-law, a public benefactor. Sir Henry's lady, of whom little is recorded †, was Margaret, daughter of George Dacres, of Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, esquire.

The lamented tidings of his death having reached Oxford, the vice-chancellor and doctors ordered a speech to be publicly delivered, commemorative of his scholarship, his benefactions, and his virtues. This was done, by Thomas Goffe of Christ-church: and the speech, together with several copies of laudatory verses, was soon after published, under the title of 'Ultima verba Savilii.' In the chapel of Eton college, on the south side of the communion-table, a stone of black marble was placed over his grave; and a splendid cenotaph was erected to his memory, in the choir of Merton college. Thus have his mortal remains been affectionately

* It is a remarkable coincidenee, that the eircle of his life, like that of Sir Henry Wotton's, was by death closed up, and completed about the seventy-seeond year of his age, at Eton college, where he now lies buried. The reader will pardon the insertion of one little extract: 'When, the summer before his death, Sir Henry Wotton returned to Eton, from an excursion to Winchester college, he thus addressed himself to a friend: "How useful was that advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend, to perform his customary devotions in a constant place; because, in that place, we usually meet with those very thoughts, which possessed us at our last being there. And I find it thus far experimentally true, that, at my now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, I was occasioned to remember these very thoughts of my youth, which then possessed me: sweet thoughts, indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares. But age and experience have taught me, that those were but empty hopes; for I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretell, *Sufficient for the day is the evil thercof.* Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreations, and, questionless, possessed with the same thoughts, that then possessed me." . . Zouch's *Walton*, 4to. 185 . . 188.

† For a remarkable anecdote, we are indebted to Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, ii. 49. Sir Henry Savile's edition of S. Chrysostom required such long, and close application, that his lady thought herself rather neglected: coming one day, into his study, Sir Henry, said she, I would I were a book too; for then, you would a little more respect me. To this, a bystander replied, . . You must then be an almanack, madam; that he might change every year. The repartee gave some dissatisfaction. On another occasion, however, she acquitted herself better. A short time before his great work was finished, and when he lay confined to the bed of sickness, she said, . . 'If Sir Harry dies, I will burn Chrysostom, for killing my husband.' Mr. Boyse told her, that would be a great pity, for he was one of the sweetest preachers, since the apostles' times. Then, said lady Savile, I would not do it, for all the world. *Bliss's Wood. Gen. Biog. Dict.*

honoured : his better part, we humbly trust, is now conscious and happy, in the receptacle of separate spirits.

The scholars of his own time, gave him, living and dead, the highest praise. Isaac Casaubon, John Boyse, Josias Mercerus, Isaac Gruter, Joseph Scaliger, and Marcus Meibomius, all speak of him in very honourable terms ; and Bishop Mountague, a profound judge in such matters, terms him ‘ the magazine of all learning.’ Mr. Gifford says, that ‘ he was one of the most learned men, of a learned age.’ Edition of B. Jonson, viii. 207.

He devoted much time and thought, to the publication of valuable works ; the principal of these, it seems proper briefly to indicate : . .

- I. An English version of four books of Tacitus, and the life of Agricola, with notes. Lond. 1581 and 1598, folio. The fifth edition appeared 1622, folio. The notes were subsequently translated into latin, by Isaac Gruter, and printed at Amsterdam, 1649.*
- II. *Fasti regum et episcoporum Angliae, &c.* London, folio, 1596. Reprinted, Frankfort, 1601.
- III. A view of certain military matters. London, folio, 1598. Translated into latin, by M. Freherus, Heidelb. 1601. 8vo. Re-printed by Gruter, Amst. 12mo. 1649.
- IV. Nazianzen’s Steliteutics. 1610.
- V. *Xenophontis institutio Cyri, Græce*, 4to. 1613.
- VI. S. Johannis Chrysostomi, opera omnia, Græce. 8 vols. folio. Eton, 1613. To this noble edition, he added learned notes ; in which he was assisted by John Boyse, Andrew Downes, Thomas Allen, and some others. The cost was

* ‘ One of the most important translations in the sixteenth century, was that of the first four books of Tacitus, and the life of Agricola, by Sir H. Savile. Ben Jonson has commended this work, in an epigram, which begins : . .

‘ If, my religion safe, I durst embrace
That stranger doctrine of Pythagoras,
I should believe the soul of Tacitus
In thee, most weighty SAVILE, lived to us.’ *Dr. Zouch*, 220.

A contemporary writer has the following eulogy : . . ‘ Tacitus doth, in part, speak most pure and excellent english, by the industry of that most learned and judicious gentleman, whose long labour, and infinite charge in a far greater work, [the *Savile Chrysostom*] have won him the love of the most learned ; and drawn, not only the eye of Greece, but all Europe, to his admiration.’ *Peacham’s Complete Gentleman.* 1627. p. 47.

not less than eight thousand pounds.* Having himself previously visited all the public and private libraries of note, at home, and transcribed whatever bore on his design, he sent skilful copyists abroad, into France, Germany, Italy, and the east, to transcribe, and collate. He acknowledges great obligations for aid, to I. A. de Thou; M. Velserus; G. L. Lingelsheim; A. Schottus; J. Ca-saubon; F. le Duc; J. Gruter; D. Hœschelius; S. Tent-nagel; and Gabriel, archbishop of Philadelphia.

- VII. Thomæ Bradwardini, de causâ Dei, &c. lib. iii. Lond. 1618.
- VIII. Prælectiones tresdecem, in principium elementorum Eu-clidis, Oxoniæ habitæ, Ann. 1620. Oxon. 4to. 1621. †
- IX. Oratio coram reginâ Elizabethâ. First published Oxon. 1658.
- X. A latin translation of ‘The apology for the oath of allegiance,’ by James I.
- XI. In manuscript: The original of monasteries; Orations; Tract on the Union with Scotland: all these, in the Bod-leian. MS. notes on many books in his library; particu-larly those on Eusebius, used by Valesius. Four letters,

* ‘Learning, says Fuller, (Holy State, p. 186.) hath gained most by these books, by which, the printers have lost. Our worthy english knight, who set forth the *golden mouthed* father, in a *silver* print, was a loser by it.

‘To the excellency of this edition, a learned foreigner has given his testimony by applying to it the line in Horace: . . .

‘Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum’ tale fatemur.’ Dr. Zouch, 220.

† These prælections have, long since, passed away. Let it, however, be considered, that, at the time of their delivery, ‘Geometry was almost unknown and abandoned in England.’ The truth is, that, though Dr. Wallis declared Sir Henry Savile to have been inferior in mathematical knowledge to none of his contemporaries, he should be regarded rather as the munificent patron, than as the successful cultivator of science. But it is impossible to say, how far the weight of his influence and example may have fixed on that deserted walk, the attention of ardent and aspiring students. *Père Malebranche* has some remarks on Sir Henry, and his lectures, which do far more credit to his wit and comicality, than either to his good nature or philosophy. See the *Recherche de la vérité*, i. 416 . . 422. Paris, 1712. It may be just mentioned, that Mr. West honourably placed the provost of Eton college, in the midst of an illustrious triumvirate; Sir Robert Cotton, Sir Henry Savile, and Mr. Selden. *Nichols’s Literary Anecdotes*, vi. 643. When Sir Henry surrendered the chair to Mr. Briggs, he took leave of his audience in these words: . . ‘Trado lampadem successori meo, qui vos ad intima geometriæ mysteria perducet.’ *Ward’s Professors of Gresham College*, 124.

published among those of Camden, 1659. A letter in the fourth volume of Strype. Letters from Savile will also be found, among the Cottonian, and Harleian MSS.

Sir H. Savile was one of the learned men, to whom the province of translating the Bible was confided, in the reign of James I. His name is in the fifth class, among those, to whom the four Gospels, the Acts, and the Apocalypse, were consigned.

We will conclude with a passage, which shows, how near we were to possessing the life of this great man, by the hand of a master: . . . ‘ Among the literary characters of the seventeenth century, none appears with more transcendent lustre, than that of Sir HENRY SAVILE; a magnificent patron of merit, and a complete gentleman. He seems to have traversed the whole range of science; being equally celebrated for his knowledge of ancient and modern learning. The life of this illustrious scholar would be a valuable acquisition to the republic of letters. That it was actually compiled by Mr. IZAAK WALTON, we have every reason to conclude. Dr. King, bishop of Chichester, in his letter to him, dated Nov. 17. 1664, tells him, that he has done much for Sir Henry Savile, the contemporary and friend of Mr. Richard Hooker. It is seriously to be regretted, that the most diligent inquiry after this work, has hitherto proved unsuccessful.’ *Dr. Zouch. Life of Walton*, p. xxiv.

THE END.

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